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JAMES THOMSON

ÆTAT. LVI.

Gibbons Trans. No. 7

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES THOMSON.

COMPRISING ALL HIS

PASTORAL, DRAMATIC, LYRICAL, AND DIDACTIC POEMS,

AND

A FEW OF HIS JUVENILE PRODUCTIONS.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

BY THE REV. PATRICK MURDOCH, D.D., F.R.S.

AND NOTES BY NICHOLS.

DULCES ANTE OMNIA MUSÆ.—VIRGILIUS.

LONDON:

WILLIAM TEGG AND CO., CHEAPSIDE.

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PREFACE.

In the present edition of the "Seasons," that of 1746 has been faithfully copied. I know of only one passage in which I have swerved from it. In "Spring," verse 800, I have adopted Murdoch's reading of *rapt*, as the most correct :—

> And oft, in jealous maddening fancy *rapt*;

and have ventured to suggest, that in some passages Thomson has improperly employed *wrapt* for *rapt*. Of this apparently improper use of the word an instance subsequently occurs in verse 988 :—

> *Wrapt* in gay visions of unreal bliss:

where, though the true reading is evidently *rapt*, I have preserved *wrapt*, as I had no authority for the change.

In all Murdoch's editions, and in some others, the following false reading is found :—

> Nor *hears* the rein, nor *heeds* the sounding thong.

But the true reading seems to be,—

> Nor *heeds* the rein, nor *hears* the sounding thong.

Though the verse in this form has the authority of only one edition, yet it receives confirmation from Thomson's edition of 1738, which has "the sounding *whip*." Thus *thong* and *whip* are determined to have been synonymous in our poet's mind at the time when he wrote; and as the epithet *sounding* was applied both to *thong* and to *whip*, either of them must have been *heard* under ordinary circumstances, while the horse would *heed* the reins. The concluding verse of Virgil's second book of Georgics, *neque audit currus habenas*, which Thomson undoubtedly had in his recollection, may with some show of reason be adduced in support of the first of these conflicting readings.

In the rest of the Poetical Works, I have followed Murdoch's edition of 1762, compared with those of 1766 and 1778; but have added the five lines which he omitted, respecting the Life of Sir Isaac Newton by Conduit, as they constituted part of the poem at the poet's decease. In all cases of doubt, reference has been had to as many of the previous editions as contained copies of Thomson's minor productions: especially to his Works in 2 vols. 4to, 1730—1738; 2 vols. 8vo. 1738; and 2 vols. 8vo. 1744.

I have also adhered to Murdoch in the "Castle of Indolence," with the exception of stanza lxxiii. in the first canto, and stanzas lv. and lvi. in the second canto; all of which he had omitted, for some reason unexplained.

Stanza lxxiii. commences thus:—

> One nymph there was, methought, in bloom of May,
> On whom the idle fiend glanced many a look, &c.

Respecting this fine stanza Sir N. H. Nicolas asserts, that it was first "introduced in the edition of 1746." A copy of that date I have never seen; but it is supposed to have been nothing beyond a small impression of copies for presentation, before the work had received the last touches of the author. This stanza was understood to contain a description of Lady Lyttelton, who, as well as her noble spouse, is represented to have been impervious to the fascinations of Indolence, and in vain solicited to become an inmate of his enchanted Castle. In consequence of the premature death of this amiable lady, it was omitted in the quarto edition of 1748; the sorrowing author of the "Monody to her Memory" accounting the publication of this recent piece of innocent pleasantry inconsistent with his lacerated feelings. The octavo edition of 1748 does not contain it; but as it is occasionally found in other impressions of high character, the editors must have had access to one of the early presentation-copies, and transferred the stanza into their own pages.

The other two very charming stanzas in the second canto were [illegible] in Lord Lyttelton's edition of 1750, and in

that of 1762 by Murdoch; though they both find a place in the quarto and in the octavo edition of 1748.

Two things are remarkable in Thomson's literary history.

The first is, the exhibition of an accurate knowledge of the English language, even in his earliest and most careless productions; and his subsequently writing it with a purity seldom attained by any one who is not a native. So perfectly English is his poetry, that critical ingenuity has often been severely taxed to detect a single instance of northern phraseology.

The other singular circumstance concerning him is, his having produced no copy of verses worthy of his future fame till he was full twenty-five years of age;* and then his genius burst forth with overpowering lustre, in his impressive "Verses on the Death of his Mother," and immediately afterwards in the hasty composition of his "Winter." In the latter of these, his biographer justly observes, "We see him *at once* assume the majestic freedom of an eastern writer, unhurt by the stiffness of formal method." I do not recollect one of our eminent poets to have been in a more favourable position than Thomson was, for the developement of his poetic capabilities, and yet none was so tardy as he in the display of them; nor do I remember any biographer who had to make such an apology for the imperfection of his hero's first attempts in verse, as Murdoch felt himself compelled to offer at the commencement of his brief Life of Thomson. But the brightness of Thomson's genius is not beclouded, nor is its strength attenuated, by these or similar remarks: on the contrary, its force and lustre must have been of the highest order, since its first display had the effect of suddenly elevating him far above all his former associates, and of liberating him from the bondage of poverty and indolence, under the malign influences of which he had previously suffered.

I advert to the meagreness and inaccuracy of his youthful

* *See some remarks in note B, p. xxxviii.* and note F, p. l.

verses, for the purpose of exonerating myself from all blame, on account of having published only a few of them in this volume. In reference chiefly to these *juvenilia*, a prudent caution on the part of Lord Lyttelton, the first editor of Thomson's collected Works, deserves to be repeated :—"If any detached poems of his have appeared in other collections, or are to be found in manuscript in private hands, they are such as his judgment rejected; and the publication of them in any future edition of his Works, or otherwise, would be contrary to his will, and prejudicial to his memory." Subsequent editors would have evinced a just regard for the reputation of the poet, had they refrained from making useless additions to that collection of which his Lordship was the editor. Yet had this caution been too literally observed, we should have been deprived of some of the most delightful of his lyrical pieces, composed in mature life; and, among the rest, of the song (p. 612) which was furnished from the Hagley *scrinia* by one of his Lordship's successors, and of the elegant verses in imitation of Tibullus which Mr. Phillimore received from the present noble inheritor of the title. These two contributions to the previous *materia poetica* are of greater value than the twenty-five pieces of juvenile poetry which are enumerated in note B, p. xxxix.

Every future editor of Thomson's Works must feel greatly indebted to Allan Cunningham, Esq., and his accomplished son, to Sir N. H. Nicolas, to Bolton Corney, Esq., and, above all, to the Rev. John Mitford, for the information concerning the poet and his works which they have severally afforded. Personally unknown to these gentleman, I feel much pleasure in the performance of an act of literary justice, by thus publicly professing to have derived the most important aid from their labours. To the common stock of facts and sentiments respecting Thomson I have cheerfully contributed something; and should have added more, had I not considered it to be somewhat out of place in a miniature edition of his "Works."

I have ventured to insert in this collection four small poems. The first is a song, (p. 613,) from HONE'S "Table-Book;" the second is a copy of verses to Amanda, (p. 615,) in imitation of Tibullus, borrowed from PHILLIMORE'S "Memoirs and Correspondence of George Lord Lyttelton;" the third is "a Poem to the Memory of Mr. Congreve," (p. 629,) lately "reprinted for the Percy Society, with a Preface and Notes by Peter Cunningham, Esq.;" and the fourth is "the Fragment of a Poem," (p. 641,) from HILL'S "Plain Dealer;" which has recently been drawn from obscurity by Allan Cunningham, Esq., and introduced into his very elegant Life of Thomson, prefixed to an octavo edition of his "Seasons."

The learned world has expressed its approval of the manner in which Bolton Corney, Esq., has mooted the question, "Which is the most authentic impression of the 'Seasons?'" and its gratitude for the very splendid and correct edition of that poem, which he has lately superintended. Till he called public attention to the consideration of this subject, the text of Thomson had been culpably neglected and perversely vitiated. Whenever I have wished to test the accuracy of a particular edition which I had not previously seen, I have been in the habit of examining two short passages. The first is verse 1482 in "Summer," containing part of the character of Alfred:—

> ——— whose hallow'd name the Virtues saint,
> And *his own* Muses love; the best of kings!

Here *Virtues* and *Muses* are familiar personifications, and *saint* is elegantly used as a verb. Yet I have found some editions, (and among them one in 8vo, and another in 4to, both superintended by clever men,) which have mangled the poet's language and perverted his meaning, by this disgraceful substitution:—

> ———whose hallow'd names the virtuous saint,
> And *his own* Muses love; the best of kings!

The other passage is verse 113 of the "Hymn" at the close of the "Seasons:"—

Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons·

in almost every incorrect copy in which the other spurious reading occurs, this is perverted into

Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their *runs*.

The two faulty readings which I have here adduced, and which seem to be venial when compared with others, find no countenance whatever from any copy printed during the life of the author, or from those impressions which were subsequently published under the auspices of Lyttelton and Murdoch. Both of them are sheer inventions on the part of men who, possessed of little poetic perception, could not comprehend the poet's meaning, and attempted, after their own fashion, to render it more intelligible to others. It was high time, therefore, for those who were aware of these blemishes, and who had sufficient leisure, to unite their efforts to establish a text of standard purity. This was deemed to be a desideratum by all the lovers of poetry; and in the laudable enterprise, Mr. Corney has justly obtained the honour of chieftainship.

I have in this edition adhered to the commendable practice of our old poets, in allowing every verb which ends in silent *e* invariably to retain that vowel in the imperfect tense and in the perfect participle, and all verbs which terminate with a consonant to suffer elision and receive an apostrophe. An instance of each kind is given in the subjoined lines:—

Beyond the reach of art 't is copious bless'd.
For, with hot ravin fired, ensanguined man
Is now become the lion of the plain.

Thomson has fewer SMALL CAPITALS and *italics*, to create emphatic distinctions, than any of his poetic contemporaries. He felt that good poetry requires little aid of this kind to render it easy of comprehension. His few distinctions I have usually retained; and have commenced with *capitals all the* personifications with which his verses *abound*. Aaron Hill, who assumed the office of critical

dictator to all the rising poets of his time, once gave Thomson this advice :—"Italic demands for emphasis have sometimes the plea of almost a necessity in their favour, else injustice would be done to a strength or to an elegance; for these are infallibly lost to nine readers in ten: (I include even poetical readers:) so that it is not a vanity that would court admiration, but a help that would animate conception." But this novel canon of criticism the poet refused to adopt.

To evince a predilection for fanciful alliterations, has always been reckoned a sure sign of a poetaster. Thomson furnishes no indications of this petty propensity. A mental appreciation of the manifold beauties of poesy is, next to poetic inspiration itself, one of the greatest boons of Heaven. Those who are so happy as to possess this inward feeling in perfection, find no difficulty in discerning between the spontaneous outpouring of these sounds of similarity and their premeditated fabrication. Were Thomson's poems submitted to this mode of inquisition, the most refined taste would fail to detect even the semblance of intentional alliteration. Yet he, in common with our greatest poets, may be traced in the sparing use of this natural affinity of initial sounds. In his youthful productions his poetic appetency for the letter *f* and its cognate consonants is very apparent; and many verses in the "Seasons" exhibit instances of it :—

> Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
> Still fondly forming in the farthest verge.
> From stifled Cairo's filth and fetid fields.
> To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train.

Other alliterations might be specified; but they occur so seldom, and on the part of the poet so unconsciously, as to free him from the charge of affectation.

46, Hoxton-Square, JAMES NICHOLS.
December 2d, 1848.

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TO THE

KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,*

THIS COMPLETE EDITION OF

THE WORKS OF JAMES THOMSON,

WHO WAS PARTICULARLY
HONOURED WITH THE FAVOUR AND PATRONAGE
OF HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL PARENTS;
AND WHOSE STRAINS
HAVE BEEN AUSPICIOUSLY PROPHETIC OF
THE PRESENT GLORIOUS REIGN;

IS,
WITH THE MOST PROFOUND HUMILITY,
INSCRIBED AND DEDICATED
BY HIS MAJESTY'S
MOST DUTIFUL SUBJECT AND SERVANT,
PATRICK MURDOCH.

* His Majesty King George the Third.

AN

ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

MR. JAMES THOMSON

It is commonly said, that the life of a good writer is best read in his works; which can scarce fail to receive a peculiar tincture from his temper, manners, and habits: the distinguishing character of his mind, his ruling passion, at least, will there appear undisguised.* But however just this observation may be; and although we might safely rest Mr. Thomson's fame, as a good man, as well as a man of genius, on this sole footing; yet the desire which the public always shows of being more particularly acquainted with the history of an eminent author ought not to be disappointed; as it proceeds not from mere curiosity, but chiefly from affection and gratitude to those by whom they have been entertained and instructed.

To give some account of a deceased friend is often a piece of justice likewise, which ought not to be refused to his memory: to prevent or efface the impertinent fictions which officious biographers are so apt to collect and propagate. And we may add, that the circumstances of an author's life will sometimes throw the best light upon his writings; instances whereof we shall meet with in the following pages.

Mr. Thomson was born at Ednam, in the shire of Roxburgh, on the 11th of September, in the year 1700. His father, minister of that place, was but little known beyond the narrow circle of his co-presbyters, and to a few gentle-

* See note Q, p. lxix.

and his remarks on it, together with Mr. Pope's celebrated Essay, had opened the way to an acquaintance with the best poets and critics.*

But the most learned critic is not always the best judge of poetry; taste being a gift of nature, the want of which, Aristotle and Bossu cannot supply; nor even the study of the best originals, when the reader's faculties are not tuned in a certain consonance to those of the poet: and this happened to be the case with certain learned gentlemen, into whose hands a few of Mr. Thomson's first essays had fallen. Some inaccuracies of style, and those luxuriances which a young writer can hardly avoid, lay open to their cavils and censure; so far indeed they might be competent judges: but the fire and enthusiasm of the poet had entirely escaped their notice.† Mr. Thomson, however, conscious of his own

* Pope's celebrated "Essay on Criticism" was published in 1711, and Addison's critique on Milton's "Paradise Lost" in 1712. But, prior to that time, Scotland had the honour of having produced the earliest and perhaps the most learned commentary that was ever written on the

strength, was not discouraged by this treatment; especially as he had some friends on whose judgment he could better rely, and who thought very differently of his performances. Only, from that time, he began to turn his views towards London; where works of genius may always expect a candid reception and due encouragement; and an accident soon after entirely determined him to try his fortune there.

The divinity chair at Edinburgh was then filled by the Rev. and learned Mr. Hamilton; a gentleman universally respected and beloved; and who had particularly endeared himself to the young divines under his care, by his kind offices, his candour and affability. Our author had attended his lectures for about a year, when there was prescribed to him for the subject of an exercise, a psalm, in which the power and majesty of God are celebrated. Of this psalm he gave a paraphrase and illustration, as the nature of the exercise required; but in a style so highly poetical as surprised the whole audience. Mr. Hamilton as his custom was, complimented the orator upon his performance, and pointed out to the students the most masterly, striking parts of it; but at last, turning to Mr. Thomson, he told him, smiling, that if he thought of being useful in the ministry, he must keep a stricter rein upon his imagination, and express himself in language more intelligible to an ordinary congregation.

This gave Mr. Thomson to understand, that his expectations from the study of theology might be very precarious; even though the church had been more his free choice than probably it was.* So that having, soon after, received some encouragement from a lady of quality, a friend of his mother's, then in London, he quickly prepared himself for

Baillies,] to which he was introduced by the kindred of his mother, he received the earliest attentions; and some verses of his, addressed to one of that family for the use of some books, are, I believe, still preserved as a specimen of his infantine genius."—EDIT.

* See note D, p. xli.

his journey.* And although this encouragement ended in nothing beneficial, it served for the present as a good pretext, to cover the imprudence of committing himself to the wide world, unfriended and unpatronized, and with the slender stock of money he was then possessed of.

But his merit did not long lie concealed. Mr. Forbes, afterwards lord president of the session, then attending the service of Parliament, having seen a specimen of Mr Thomson's poetry in Scotland, received him very kindly, and recommended him to some of his friends: particularly to Mr. Aikman, who lived in great intimacy with many persons of distinguished rank and worth. This gentleman, from a connoisseur in painting, was become a professed painter; and his taste being no less just and delicate in the kindred art of descriptive poetry, than in his own, no wonder that he soon conceived a friendship for our author. What a warm return he met with, and how Mr. Thomson was affected by his friend's premature death, appears in the copy of verses which he wrote on that occasion.†

In the meantime, our author's reception, wherever he was introduced, emboldened him to risk the publication of his "Winter;"‡ in which, as himself was a mere novice in

* See note E, p. xliv.

† "Mr. Aikman was the son of William Aikman, of Cuirny, Esq., (Sheriff-depute of Forfarshire, a lawyer of eminence, and in nomination for a Judge's gown at the time of his death,) by Margaret, sister of Sir John Clerk, of Pennycuik, Baronet. He was born on the 24th of October, 1682, and destined for the profession of the law. Nature thought fit to destine him for another, more elegant, not less liberal, and certainly much more delightful. He went to Italy in the year 1705; and returned to Britain in 1710, not only a good painter, but an accomplished and agreeable man. In the Gothic reigns of George I. and II. he could look for money but for starch heads and periwigs; and starch heads and periwigs was he forced to delineate and paint till his dying day. *O che sciagura!* Mr. Aikman died at London, on the 7th of June, old style, 1731; whence his remains were sent to Scotland, and interred in the Grey-Friars church-yard, close by those of his only son, who had been *buried only* a few months before."—THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

‡ *See note F*, p. xlviii.

such matters, he was kindly assisted by Mr. Mallet, then private tutor to his Grace the Duke of Montrose, and his brother the Lord George Graham,* so well known afterwards as an able and gallant sea-officer. To Mr. Mallet he likewise owed his first acquaintance with several of the wits of that time; an exact information of their characters, personal and poetical, and how they stood affected to each other.

The poem of "Winter," published in March, 1726, was no sooner read than universally admired:† those only excepted who had not been used to feel, or to look for, any thing in poetry, beyond a point of satirical or epigrammatic wit, a smart antithesis richly trimmed with rhyme, or the softness of an elegiac complaint. To such his manly classical spirit could not readily recommend itself; till, after a more attentive perusal, they had got the better of their prejudices, and either acquired, or affected, a truer taste. A few others stood aloof, merely because they had long before fixed the articles of their poetical creed, and resigned themselves to an absolute despair of ever seeing any thing new and original. These were somewhat mortified to find their notions disturbed by the appearance of a poet, who seemed to owe nothing but to nature and his own genius. But, in a short time, the applause became unanimous; every one wondering how so many pictures, and pictures so familiar, should have moved them but faintly to what they felt in his descriptions. His digressions too, the overflowings of a tender, benevolent heart, charmed the reader no less; leaving him in doubt, whether he should more admire the poet, or love the man.‡

From that time Mr. Thomson's acquaintance was courted by all men of taste; and several ladies of high rank and distinction became his declared patronesses: the Countess of Hertford, Miss Drelincourt, afterwards Viscountess Primrose, Mrs. Stanley, and others. But the chief happiness which his "Winter" procured him was, that it brought him

* See note G, p. l. † See note H, p. lii.
‡ See note I, p. liv.

acquainted with Dr. Rundle, afterwards Lord Bishop of Derry: who, upon conversing with Mr. Thomson, and finding in him qualities greater still, and of more value, than those of a poet, received him into his intimate confidence and friendship; promoted his character every where; introduced him to his great friend the Lord Chancellor Talbot; and, some years after, when the eldest son of that nobleman was to make his tour of travelling, recommended Mr. Thomson as a proper companion for him. His affection and gratitude to Dr. Rundle, and his indignation at the treatment that worthy prelate had met with, are finely expressed in his poem to the memory of Lord Talbot. The true cause of that undeserved treatment has been secreted from the public, as well as the dark manœuvres that were employed: but Mr. Thomson, who had access to the best information, places it to the account of

——— slanderous zeal, and politics infirm,
Jealous of worth.———

Meanwhile, our poet's chief care had been, in return for the public favour, to finish the plan which their wishes laid out for him; and the expectations which his "Winter" had raised, were fully satisfied by the successive publication of the other Seasons: of "Summer," in the year 1727; of "Spring," in the beginning of the following year; and of "Autumn," in a quarto edition of his works, printed in 1730.*

In that edition, the Seasons are placed in their natural order; and crowned with that inimitable Hymn, in which we view them in their beautiful succession, as one whole, the immediate effect of infinite power and goodness. In imitation of the Hebrew bard, all nature is called forth to do homage to the Creator, and the reader is left enraptured in silent adoration and praise.

Besides these, and his tragedy of "Sophonisba,"† written

* See note K, p. lix.

† "Slight accidents will operate upon the taste of pleasure. There is *a feeble line in the* play: 'O Sophonisba! Sophonisba O!' This gave *occasion to a waggish* parody: 'O Jemmy Thomson! Jemmy Thomson

and acted with applause, in the year 1729, Mr. Thomson had, in 1727, published his "Poem to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton," then lately deceased; containing a deserved encomium of that incomparable man, with an account of his chief discoveries; sublimely poetical; and yet so just, that an ingenious foreigner, the count Algarotti, takes a line of it for the text of his philosophical dialogues, *Il Newtonianismo per le Dame:* this was in part owing to the assistance he had of his friend Mr. Gray, now (1768) of the Marischal College, Aberdeen, a gentleman well versed in the Newtonian philosophy, who, on that occasion, gave him a very exact, though general, abstract of its principles.*

That same year, the resentment of our merchants, for the interruption of their trade by the Spaniards in America, running very high, Mr. Thomson zealously took part in it; and wrote his poem "Britannia," to rouse the nation to revenge. And although this piece is the less read that its subject was but accidental and temporary, the spirited generous sentiments that enrich it can never be out of season: they will at least remain a monument of that love of his country, that devotion to the public, which he is ever inculcating as the perfection of virtue, and which none ever felt more pure, or more intense, than himself.

Our author's poetical studies were now to be interrupted, or rather improved, by his attendance on the Honourable Mr. Charles Talbot in his travels. A delightful task indeed! endowed as that young nobleman was by nature, and accomplished by the care and example of the best of fathers, in whatever could adorn humanity: graceful of

O!' which for a while was echoed through the town."—JOHNSON'S "Lives of the Poets."

* John Gray, Esq., was in 1765 chosen rector of Marischal College, Aberdeen; and died at London in 1769. From Robertson's conversation with Thomas Park, Esq., it would appear, that this gentleman had held some lucrative situation under government, either in the Victualling Office or the Commissariat Department. In Thomson's last letter to Paterson in 1748, *Gray is represented as at that* time "working hard at *passing his accounts.*"—*EDIT.*

person, elegant in manners and address, pious, humane, generous; with an exquisite taste in all the finer arts.

With this amiable companion and friend, Mr. Thomson visited most of the courts and capital cities of Europe;* and returned with his views greatly enlarged; not of exterior nature only, and the works of art, but of human life and manners, of the constitution and policy of the several states, their connexions, and their religious institutions. How particular and judicious his observations were, we see in his poem of "Liberty," begun soon after his return to England. We see, at the same time, to what a high pitch his love of his country was raised, by the comparisons he had all along been making of our happy well-poised government with those of other nations. To inspire his fellow-subjects with the like sentiments; and to show them by what means the precious freedom we enjoy may be preserved, and how it may be abused or lost; he employed two years of his life in composing that noble work, upon which, conscious of the importance and dignity of the subject, he valued himself more than upon all his other writings.

While Mr. Thomson was writing the First Part of "Liberty," he received a severe shock, by the death of his noble friend and fellow-traveller: which was soon followed by another that was severer still, and of more general concern; the death of Lord Talbot himself;† which Mr. Thomson so pathetically and so justly laments in the poem dedicated to his memory. In him, the nation saw itself deprived of an uncorrupted patriot, the faithful guardian of their rights,

* During this tour, which occupied about twelve months, from the winter of 1730 to the close of 1731, he must have found leisure for correspondence with his friends in England; but the only remains of it which have been discovered are a few interesting letters to the Right Honourable Mr. Dodington, afterwards created Lord Melcombe. Those letters contain references to his correspondence with his early patron Lord Binning.—Edit.

† Lord Talbot died in February, 1737; and his son Charles in September, 1733, two months before his father was created a Peer and appointed Lord Chancellor. See note L, p. lx.—Edit.

on whose wisdom and integrity they had founded their hopes of relief from many tedious vexations: and Mr. Thomson, besides his share in the general mourning, had to bear all the affliction which a heart like his could feel, for the person whom, of all mankind, he most revered and loved. At the same time, he found himself, from an easy competency, reduced to a state of precarious dependence, in which he passed the remainder of his life; excepting only the two last years of it, during which he enjoyed the place of surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands, procured for him by the generous friendship of my Lord Lyttelton.

Immediately upon his return to England with Mr. Talbot, the Chancellor had made him his secretary of Briefs; a place of little attendance, suiting his retired, indolent way of life, and equal to all his wants. This place fell with his patron; and although the noble Lord, who succeeded to Lord Talbot in office, kept it vacant for some time, probably till Mr. Thomson should apply for it, he was so dispirited, and so listless to every concern of that kind, that he never took one step in the affair: a neglect which his best friends greatly blamed in him.*

Yet could not his genius be depressed, or his temper hurt, by this reverse of fortune. He resumed, with time, his usual cheerfulness, and never abated one article in his way of living; which, though simple, was genial and elegant. The profits arising from his works were not inconsiderable; his tragedy of "Agamemnon," acted in 1738, yielded a good sum;† Mr. Millar was always at hand, to answer, or

* See note M, p. lxi.

† "It had the fate which most commonly attends mythological stories, and was only endured, but not favoured. It struggled with such difficulty through the first night, that Thomson, coming late to his friends with whom he was to sup, excused his delay, by telling them how the sweat of his distress had so disordered his wig, that he could not come till he had been refitted by a barber.

"He so interested himself in his own drama, that, if I remember right, as he sat in the upper *gallery, he* accompanied the players by

even to prevent, his demands; and he had a friend or two besides, whose hearts, he knew, were not contracted by the ample fortunes they had acquired; who would, of themselves, interpose, if they saw any occasion for it.

But his chief dependence, during this long interval, was on the protection and bounty of His Royal Highness Frederic Prince of Wales; who, upon the recommendation of Lord Lyttelton, then his chief favourite, settled on him a handsome allowance. And afterwards, when he was introduced to His Royal Highness, that excellent Prince, who truly was what Mr. Thomson paints him, the friend of mankind and of merit, received him very graciously, and ever after honoured him with many marks of particular favour and confidence.* A circumstance, which does equal honour to the patron and the poet, ought not here to be omitted; that my Lord Lyttelton's recommendation came altogether unsolicited, and long before Mr. Thomson was personally known to him.

It happened, however, that the favour of His Royal Highness was in one instance of some prejudice to our author; in the refusal of a licence for his tragedy of "Edward and Eleonora," which he had prepared for the stage in the year 1739. The reader may see that this play contains not a line which could justly give offence; but the Ministry, still sore from certain pasquinades, which had lately produced the Stage-Act; and as little satisfied with some parts of the Prince's political conduct, as he was with their man-

audible recitation, till a friendly hint frighted him to silence. Pope countenanced 'Agamemnon,' by coming to it the first night; and was welcomed to the theatre by a general clap. He had much regard for Thomson, and once expressed it in a poetical epistle sent to Italy; of which, however, he abated the value, by transplanting some of the lines into his Epistle to Arbuthnot."—JOHNSON'S "Lives of the Poets."

* "To him Thomson was introduced; and, being gaily interrogated about the state of his affairs, said, that they were *in a more poetical posture* than formerly; and had a pension allowed him of one hundred *pounds a year*."—JOHNSON'S "Lives of the Poets."

agement of the public affairs; would not risk the representation of a piece written under his eye, and, they might probably think, by his command.

This refusal drew after it another; and in a way which, as it is related, was rather ludicrous. Mr. Paterson, a companion of Mr. Thomson, afterwards his deputy and then his successor in the general-surveyorship, used to write out fair copies for his friend, when such were wanted for the press or for the stage. This gentleman likewise courted the tragic Muse; and had taken for his subject the story of Arminius, the German hero. But his play, guiltless as it was, being presented for a licence, no sooner had the censor cast his eyes on the hand-writing in which he had seen "Edward and Eleonora," than he cried out, "Away with it!" and the author's profits were reduced to what his bookseller could afford for a tragedy in distress.

Mr. Thomson's next dramatic performance was the Masque of "Alfred;" written, jointly with Mr. Mallet, by command of the Prince of Wales, for the entertainment of His Royal Highness's court, at his summer-residence. This piece, with some alterations, and the music new, has been since brought upon the stage by Mr. Mallet: but the edition we give is from the original, as it was acted at Cliffden, in the year 1740, on the birth-day of Her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta.*

* Cliefden (or Cliveden) House was sufficiently near to Windsor Castle to have rendered it a desirable residence, as long as the members of the royal family remained on friendly terms with each other; but it was inconveniently near when mutual dissensions kept them asunder. During this brief sunshine of royal favour, Thomson is represented to have been a frequent and favoured guest at the summer-residence of the Prince, his patron. He is casually introduced to our notice, in the following amusing mistake of Shenstone's servant, an unsophisticated youth, whom, in his first visit to London, he had brought with him from the Leasowes:—

"They slept at Maidenhead; and this trusty squire, having walked out to view the Thames, returned, *staring with astonishment*: 'Lord, Sir! what do *you think? I have seen the Prince* of Wales and his

his sisters. My Lord Lyttelton's prologue to this piece was admired as one of the best that had ever been written: the best spoken it certainly was. The sympathizing audience saw that then indeed Mr. Quin was no actor; that the tears he shed were those of real friendship and grief.

Mr. Thomson's remains were deposited in the church of Richmond, under a plain stone, without any inscription: nor did his brother poets at all exert themselves on the occasion, as they had lately done for one who had been the terror of poets all his life-time. This silence furnished matter to one of his friends for an excellent satirical epigram, which we are sorry we cannot give the reader. Only one gentleman, Mr. Collins, who had lived some time at Richmond, but forsook it when Mr. Thomson died, wrote an ode to his memory. This, for the dirge-like melancholy it breathes, and the warmth of affection that seems to have dictated it, we shall subjoin to the present account.

Our author himself hints, somewhere in his works, that his exterior was not the most promising; his make being rather robust than graceful: though it is known that in his youth he had been thought handsome. His worst appearance was, when you saw him walking alone, in a thoughtful mood: but let a friend accost him, and enter into conversation, he would instantly brighten into a most amiable aspect, his features no longer the same, and his eye darting a peculiar animated fire. The case was much alike in company; where, if it was mixed, or very numerous, he made but an indifferent figure: but with a few select friends, he was open, sprightly, and entertaining. His wit flowed freely, but pertinently, and at due intervals, leaving room for every one to contribute his share. Such was his extreme sensibility, so perfect the harmony of his organs with the sentiments of his mind, that his looks always announced, and half expressed, what he was about to say; and his voice corresponded exactly to the manner and degree in which he *was affected*. This sensibility had one inconvenience at-

tending it, that it rendered him the very worst reader of good poetry: a sonnet, or a copy of tame verses, he could manage pretty well; or even improve them in the reading; but a passage of Virgil, Milton, or Shakespeare, would sometimes quite oppress him, [so] that you could hear little else than some ill-articulated sounds, rising as from the bottom of his breast.

He had improved his taste upon the best originals, ancient and modern; but could not bear to write what was not strictly his own, what had not more immediately struck his imagination, or touched his heart: so that he is not in the least concerned in that question about the merit or demerit of imitators. What he borrows from the ancients, he gives us in an avowed faithful paraphrase or translation; as we see in a few passages taken from Virgil,* and in that beautiful picture from Pliny the elder, where the course and gradual increase of the Nile are figured by the stages of man's life.

The autumn was his favourite season for poetical composition, and the deep silence of the night, the time he commonly chose for such studies; so that he would often be heard walking in his library till near morning, humming over, in his way, what he was to correct and write out next day.

The amusements of his leisure hours were civil and natural history, voyages, and the relations of travellers, the most authentic he could procure: and had his situation favoured it, he would certainly have excelled in gardening, agriculture, and every rural improvement and exercise. Although he performed on no instrument, he was passionately fond of music, and would sometimes listen a full hour at his window to the nightingales in Richmond gardens. While abroad, he had been greatly delighted with the regular Italian drama, such as Metastasio writes; as it is there heightened by the charms of the best voices and in-

* *See note P, p. lxviii.*

struments; and looked upon our theatrical entertainments as, in one respect, naked and imperfect, when compared with the ancient, or with those of Italy; wishing sometimes that a chorus, at least, and a better recitative, could be introduced.

Nor was his taste less exquisite in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. In his travels, he had seen all the most celebrated monuments of antiquity, and the best productions of modern art; and studied them so minutely, and with so true a judgment, that in some of his descriptions in the poem of "Liberty," we have the master-pieces there mentioned placed in a stronger light perhaps than if we saw them with our eyes; at least more justly delineated than in any other account extant: so superior is a natural taste of the grand and beautiful, to the traditional lessons of a common virtuoso. His collection of prints, and some drawings from the antique, are now in the possession of his friend Mr. Gray of Richmond Hill.*

As for his more distinguishing qualities of mind and heart, they are better represented in his writings, than they can be by the pen of any biographer.† There, his love of mankind, of his country and friends; his devotion to the Supreme Being, founded on the most elevated and just conceptions of his operations and providence; shine out in every page. So unbounded was his tenderness of heart, that it took-in even the brute creation; judge what it must have been towards his own species.‡ He is not indeed

* See a preceding note, p. xxiii. † See note Q, p. lxix.

‡ I consider Dr. Johnson to have maligned our poet's memory, by the following severe sentence:—"The benevolence of Thomson was fervid, but not active. He would give on all occasions what assistance his purse could supply; but the offices of intervention or solicitation he could not conquer his sluggishness sufficiently to perform." The testimony of all those who knew him intimately, tends to refute this slander, and to establish his claims to the character of a warm-hearted friend. Of his benevolent activity I have adduced an instance, in page 632; where his kind exertions for old Dennis's benefit are well expressed in his own language.—Edit.

known, through his whole life, to have given any person one moment's pain, by his writings or otherwise. He took no part in the poetical squabbles which happened in his time; and was respected and left undisturbed by both sides. He would even refuse to take offence when he justly might; by interrupting any personal story that was brought him, with some jest, or some humorous apology for the offender. Nor was he ever seen ruffled or discomposed, but when he read or heard of some flagrant instance of injustice, oppression, or cruelty: then, indeed, the strongest marks of horror and indignation were visible in his countenance.

These amiable virtues, this divine temper of mind, did not fail of their due reward. His friends loved him with an enthusiastic ardour, and lamented his untimely fate in the manner that is still fresh in every one's memory; the best and greatest men of his time honoured him with their friendship and protection; the applause of the public attended every appearance he made; the actors, of whom the more eminent were his friends and admirers, grudging no pains to do justice to his tragedies. At present, indeed, if we except "Tancred," they are seldom called for; the simplicity of his plots, and the models he worked after, not suiting the reigning taste, nor the impatience of an English theatre. They may hereafter come to be in vogue; but we hazard no comment or conjecture upon them, or upon any part of Mr. Thomson's works; neither need they any defence or apology, after the reception they have had at home, and in the foreign languages into which they have been translated. We shall only say, that, to judge from the imitations of his manner, which have been following him close, from the very first publication of "Winter," he seems to have fixed no inconsiderable era of the English poetry.

In the beautiful quarto edition of Thomson's Poetical Works, which was *published by subscription* in 1762, and *in which the Life of the Author by* Murdoch first appeared,

the following paragraph was added :—" We cannot conclude without doing justice to Mr. Millar, who has spared no pains or expense to render this edition both beautiful and correct; and generously dedicates what profits may arise from it to a funeral monument of his favourite author and much-loved friend."

The proceeds of the sale produced a sum sufficient to defray the expense of a monument, from the design of Thomson's celebrated countryman, Robert Adam, Esq., which was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, and of which the subjoined wood-engraving affords a tolerably correct representation.

JAMES THOMSON.
Ætatis 48, Obiit 27 Aug. 1748.

Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to Ages; and informs the Page
With Music, Image, Sentiment, and Thought,
Never to die!

[redacted]

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

TO GEORGE LYTTELTON, ESQ.,
THIS ODE IS INSCRIBED
BY THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE scene of the following stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames near Richmond.

I.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies
  Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
  To deck its poet's sylvan grave!

II.

In yon deep bed of whisp'ring reeds
  His airy harp* shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
  May love through life the soothing shade.

III.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
  And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem, in Pity's ear,
  To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

IV.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
  When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
  To bid his gentle spirit rest!

* The harp of Æolus, of which see a *description* in the "Castle of Indolence."

V.

And oft as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,*
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

VI.

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity shed
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

VII.

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimm'ring near?
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy desert the blooming year.

VIII.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

IX.

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

X.

The genial meads assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom:
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

XI.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay,
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes;
"O vales, and wild woods!" shall he say,
"In yonder grave your Druid lies!"

* Richmond church.

NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

A. - Page xvi.

The rural Scenes of his Boyhood.

The Earl of Buchan says, "Thomson passed his infancy and early youth in the picturesque and pastoral country of Teviotdale in Scotland; which is full of the elements of natural beauty,—wood, water, eminence, and rock, with intermixture of rich and beautiful meadows. The horizon was bounded by the Cheviot, a land of song and of heroic achievement; and the venerable ruins of Jedburgh, Dryburgh, Kelso, and Melrose, were at hand to add suitable impressions to the whole. Every thing undoubtedly conspired to attune the genius of Thomson to sentiment and song.

> 'He ask'd no more than simple Nature gave:
> He loved the mountains, and enjoy'd their storms.
> No false desires, no pride-created wants,
> Disturb'd the peaceful current of his time,
> And through the restless, ever-tortured maze
> Of pleasure and ambition, bid it rage.'

"It is believed, that at Dryburgh, with Mr. Haliburton of New-Mains, a friend of his father, he first tuned his Doric reed: to which he alludes in his 'Autumn:'—

> Wash'd lovely from the Tweed, (pure parent stream,)
> Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed."

When he went to reside near Barnet, the gentle undulations of the surrounding country formed a striking contrast to the bold and mountainous district in which he had spent his boyish days; and after having been a resident there, in Lord Binning's family, about four months, he expressed his feelings in these emphatic words:—"This country I am in is not very entertaining: no variety but that of woods, and them we have in abundance. But where is the living stream, the airy mountain, and the hanging rock, with twenty other things that *elegantly* please the lover of nature?"

B.—Page xvi.

Thomson's early poetical Productions.

A FEW of these juvenile pieces, after having passed through the annual fiery ordeal, have come down to our times in a collected form, and with all the marks of authenticity. After the publication of his 'Winter' in 1726, Thomson became a great favourite with Lord George Graham, the third son of the first Duke of Montrose, and is said to have assisted Mr. Mallet for a short time in his education. In the confidence of early friendship, and at his Lordship's solicitation, he transcribed into a book as many of his early poems as he could recollect, and made a present of them to his Lordship, who considered the collection a great treasure. It descended to his son as a precious heir-loom; and the manner in which it came into the hands of Mr. Goodhugh, many years ago, is here given by himself, in a communication to one of the public journals:—

"A miscellaneous collection of the early productions of Mr. James Thomson's juvenile Muse is now in the possession of Mr. Goodhugh, 39, Crawford-street, Portman-square; and, what renders them of greater interest, they are said to have been copied by the bard himself. The curious relic is stated to have been given by Mr. Thomson to Lord [George] Graham, when upon a visit at his house. It was given, about a year since, to Mr. Goodhugh, by an elderly lady of fortune, Miss Graham, who is grand-daughter to that Lord Graham,—the manuscript having descended into her hands from her father and her brother. The manuscript carries with it internal marks of its antiquity. His biographer, treating of his boyish efforts, states that 'the Rev. Mr. Riccarton, a man of uncommon penetration and good taste, had very early discovered, through the rudeness of young Thomson's puerile essays, a fund of genius well deserving culture and encouragement.' It is probable that among the early productions of his Muse, thus preserved, are the identical pieces which created that impression, and led to the thorough cultivation of a talent that so fully and brilliantly verified the predictions of his partial friends. What stamps these poetical effusions with the strongest traits of being genuine and original, is the occasional poverty and meagreness of thought and expression

which they display. It seems that a copy of some of Mr. Thomson's early pieces had fallen into the hands of some gentlemen, who took up such an unfavourable opinion of his pretensions as a poet, on account of their inaccuracies, that their prejudices led them to under-rate those matchless beauties which burst upon the world when the first of his 'Seasons' was published.

"Corrections appear as if made by the author. The local scenery, persons, manners, and dress, described in these pieces, are all Scottish; and, considering the very respectable channel through which this valuable relic has reached the hands of its present owner, there exists no tenable ground whereby to question or deny their authenticity.

"The pieces of poetry are twenty-five in number; of which the following is a catalogue:—1. Upon Beauty.—2. Pastoral betwixt David, Thirsis, and the Angel Gabriel, on the Birth of our Saviour.—3. Verses to his Mistress on receiving a Flower from her.—4. Psalm civ. paraphrased.—5. The yielding Maid.—6. Upon Marlefield.—7. Complaint of the Miseries of this Life.—8. A Poetical Epistle to Sir William Bennet.—9. Upon May.—10. Upon the Hoop.—11. A Hymn to God's Power.—12. A Pastoral between Damon and Celia parting.—13. A Morning in the Country.—14. A Pastoral upon the Death of Mr. William Ruddell.—15. Description of Ten o'Clock at Night in the Town.—16. The Fable of the sick Kite and its Dame.—17. Upon Mrs. Elizabeth Bennet.—18. A Pastoral Entertainment described.—19. Upon Happiness.—20. An Elegy upon Parting.—21. Fable of a Hawk and Nightingale.—22. Upon the Sparkler.—23. A Song.—24. Dialogue in Praise of the Pastoral Life —25. An Elegy.

"Very few of these pieces display any very striking flashes of poetic genius; yet some of them contain a richness of fancy, and warmth of expression, sufficient to afford a promise of future excellence. Some minds expand very early, and their first productions are often the most spirited: the case was evidently otherwise with Mr. Thomson. But when his poetical powers were matured, they burst forth with that fulness and luxuriance of beauty and harmony which has conferred immortality upon his name."

Mr. Goodhugh then *gives specimens of* Thomson's early composition *and imperfect versification*; and adds, that

there is "no punctuation in the manuscript." His remarks on the comparatively low character of these poems are just. But that which seems most astonishing to the admirers of the poet, is the circumstance of Thomson's having copied these *juvenilia* when he was more than twenty-five years of age, evidently because he had no poetry of superior quality to present to his young and noble friend. The fact is, that till the publication of his "Winter," which was a hasty production, he was himself unconscious of his mental prowess; but when once he had been compelled, through sheer poverty, to test and ascertain his own capabilities, he took his stand in the foremost rank of our didactic, pastoral, and descriptive poets. Sir N. H. Nicolas made great use of Mr. Goodhugh's collection, and inserted the larger portion of its contents in his edition of Thomson's Poetical Works.

C.—Page xvii.

The Death of his Father.

THOMSON's father died in consequence of a fright which he received while laying a ghost at Woolie, in the parish of Southdean. The acts of exorcism had commenced; but, in the midst of his introductory prayer, he was struck on the head by a ball of fire, which he attributed to diabolical agency. He was carried home, and soon afterwards expired. Thomson was eighteen years of age when his father died; and the only perceptible effect which this lamentable event produced on his sensitive mind, was, according to Dr. Somerville, a childish fear of ghosts and hobgoblins, that on some occasions afforded considerable sport to his fellow-students. But, in cases of this kind, the inquiry naturally arises, After he had in some degree conquered this fear, what were the impressions which it left, and what their manifestations? Had his mental constitution been of a Shakspearean cast, his poetic flights would undoubtedly have developed his familiarity with sprites, elves, and fairies. But in his poetry we look in vain for prominent traces of this kind of imagery. Those impressions, however, found their natural developement in the uniform tenderness of his poetical allusions to widows and orphans, and in his strong sympathies with the unaided struggles of rising genius.

D.—Page xix.

The Purpose for which Thomson came to London.

THOMSON had been a student in divinity upwards of four years when he left the University; and from Murdoch's enigmatical phraseology it may be inferred, that he did not feel any deep regard for the presbyterian church, of which his father had been an able and useful minister; but abandoned all his prospects of preferment in it with little reluctance. His early correspondence, and the report of his college-friends, prove him to have been more devoted to the service of the Muses than to that of the sanctuary. This interesting part of Thomson's history has been left in great obscurity: no one could have elucidated it better than Murdoch, who was his fellow-student, and who, it is believed, obtained ordination and preferment in the church of England, through the same powerful influence which would have been exerted in favour of Thomson, and which before he left Edinburgh it was his purpose to accept. This, however, was a secret then confided only to his friend Cranstoun. A report of the kind was in general circulation at the time when Dr. Johnson was collecting materials for his brief sketch of Thomson's Life; and he instructed Boswell to ascertain its correctness from one of the poet's surviving sisters. Her answer was, that "she never heard that he had any intentions of going into holy orders." But, in reference to this matter, Boswell had well observed in a previous letter, "As Thomson never returned to Scotland, his sister can speak (from her own knowledge) only as to the early part of his life." He evidently expected to find, that Thomson had in his mature age entertained serious thoughts of entering into holy orders in the episcopal church. But the poet's correspondence with Cranstoun had not then seen the light; and from it we learn more than it was in the power of his sister to communicate. Thomson's paternal relations were great favourites with the Elliots of Minto; and one of his cousins, (if not more,) after having received a good classical education in Scotland, graduated at one of the English Universities, and, through the interest of that noble family, became rector of a parish in the north of England. This *young man* may then have been residing *in or near London*; and it was part of the

plan which had been concerted between our poet and Cranstoun, that the latter should address a note to Mr. Elliot, then in London, and another to Thomson's cousin. All this appears very clearly in the following extract of a letter from the poet to his friend, about a fortnight before his departure from Scotland:—"You are so modest as to desire me to correct any thing I see amiss in your letter to Mr. Elliot, and you will transcribe it again: but, I assure you, I am not so vain as to attempt it. If there was no other thing to bind me to a good behaviour but your recommendation and character of me, I could go great lengths of mortification to answer them. Your letter to my cousin, I do not doubt, will be considerably useful to me, if I can find him out."

This purpose was a secret tenaciously held by the two friends; it could not, without prejudice to his prospects, have been divulged to others. When, therefore, he applied to persons of consequence for letters of introduction, he was not in a condition to explain to them his prime intention; and they consequently demurred about giving him the benefit of their recommendation till he had fixed on some particular course of life in which it might be serviceable. This will be perfectly understood from another of his letters to Cranstoun, written only a few days before the ship sailed; of which the following is an extract:—"I have gotten several recommendations; and am promised more afterwards, when I am fixed on any particular view, which would render them more pointed and effectual. I shall do all that is in my power,—act, hope, and so either make something out, or be buried in obscurity. There is—and I am persuaded of it, I triumph in it—another life after this; which depends, as to its happiness, on our virtue, as this (for the most part) on our fortune."

Thomson sailed from Leith in March, 1725; and, nearly a month afterwards, he wrote again to Cranstoun, acknowledging the receipt of his letter of introduction to Mr. Elliot, and speaks more explicitly on the chief object of his visit to that gentleman:—"I had yours some days since; the only letter I received since I came from Scotland. I was almost out of humour at the letter to Mr. Elliot, since it so curtailed yours to me. I went and delivered it. He received me affably enough, and promised me his assistance; *though, at the* same time, he told me, (which every one

tells me,) that it will be prodigiously difficult to succeed in the business you know I design. However, come what will, I shall make an effort, and leave the rest to Providence. There is, I am persuaded, a necessary fixed chain of things; and I hope my fortune, whatever it be, shall be linked to diligence and honesty. If I should not succeed, in your next advise me what I should do. *Succeed or not, I firmly resolve to pursue divinity, as the only thing now I am fit for. Now, if I cannot accomplish the design on which I came up, I think I had best make interest and pass my trials here; so that if I be obliged soon to return to Scotland again, I may not return no better than I came away:* and, to be deeply serious with you, the more I see of the vanity and wickedness of the world, I am more inclined to that sacred office. I was going to bid you suppress that rising laugh; but I check myself severely again, for suffering such an unbecoming thought of you to enter into my mind." The language of the entire paragraph fixes "the design on which he came up" to have been his entrance into the episcopal church; but especially the two sentences which I have marked in Italics, and which can convey no other meaning than this:—Whether I be successful or not in my attempt to obtain holy orders in the church of England, I am still determined to pursue in the presbyterian church the study of divinity, which, in this the twenty-fifth year of my age, is the only thing suitable for me. If I cannot accomplish my original design, I think I had best make interest with the Scotch ministers here, and pass my preliminary examinations before them; so that if I be obliged soon to return to Scotland, I may not have lost my standing in the church, but be received in my own country as a proponent in theology.

The reason why the two friends were not more explicit on this point in their correspondence will be obvious to every one who considers that if either of them had been known to entertain a design of this kind, all prospect of success in his own church would have been blasted. Most of the ecclesiastics beyond the Tweed in that age were accustomed to regard the church of England with a degree of abhorrence, as "the younger sister of the church of Rome." But a purer and more tolerant spirit had arisen among the Scotch gentry and nobility, whose public duties compelled them to pass the greatest part of their time in

London: they found the Episcopalians to be at least as good as themselves; and they began to evince a national pride in fraternizing with the episcopal church, and in styling her "our sister establishment." From the noble families of Elliot, Graham, Hamilton, Forbes, and Dalrymple, Thomson seems to have received all reasonable encouragement to proceed according to his original wishes: and when Mr. Elliot told him how "prodigiously difficult" it would be for him to succeed, he acted the part of a true friend towards the young clergyman elect. He would undoubtedly represent to him, that if he wished to be successful as a candidate for holy orders, it would be necessary for him to relinquish much of that which had been deemed in Edinburgh the most useful course of theological study, and make either classical or mathematical learning for some time his principal pursuit; and that even if he did not graduate at one of the English Universities, (which was not then so much a *sine quâ non* as it is now,) but placed himself under a competent tutor, to qualify him for passing with credit a regular examination before the bishop or his chaplain, it was likewise absolutely requisite for his intentions to have been previously known, for a few years, to three at least of the neighbouring beneficed clergy; who, having had during that time ample opportunity of observing the excellence of his moral character, his strict attendance on the public services of the church, and his pious and irreproachable conduct, might with a good conscience sign his testimonials. The mention of these and other indispensable preliminaries, with the prospect of three years of hard study, must have startled the youthful poet, who had long indulged a passion for the drama, and who, on his arrival in London, expended every spare shilling in visiting the great theatres.

E.—Page xx.

The Lady who encouraged Thomson to come to London.

THIS was Lady Grisell Baillie, eldest daughter of Sir Patrick Hume, first Earl of Marchmont. Her second daughter was married to Charles Lord Binning, who resided at that time near Barnet. The casual expression of Murdoch has been much misunderstood: "This encouragement ended in nothing beneficial." With this unsuccessful *issue that* lady and her honourable connexions were not

chargeable; the blame, if any, rested on Thomson himself. In his "Essay on the Life of Thomson," the Earl of Buchan observes: "That the lady, indiscreetly alluded to in the Life of Thomson, [by Murdoch,] *should have encouraged him* to try his fortune in London, is highly probable; but that *she should have deserted him afterwards*, agrees not with the nature of a spontaneous patronage. For, nothing is more natural to patrons, than the desire of seeing due attention paid to their recommendations, and following out the objects of their protection to the attainment of honour that shall reflect on themselves." The truth of this remark will be seen in the brief detail of Thomson's history.

After his interview with Mr. Elliot, his inclinations toward the church received a check; but, when he had, like other young men of his age, spent some weeks in gaiety and dissipation with Mallet, his thoughts were powerfully recalled to the claims of the church, by the death of his mother, on the 10th of May, 1725. It has been erroneously supposed, that the frustration of Thomson's first hopes hastened the end of his widowed parent: but of this assumption not a tittle of evidence is in existence. His impassioned verses to her memory, written immediately after her decease, bear all the marks of frankness and sincerity; and his natural tenderness of spirit would, on such a mournful occasion, have been vented in the strongest expressions of vituperation against himself, had he been guilty of any misconduct by which her valuable life had been curtailed. Not the most distant allusion to such a cause for the lamented event, can be found in his own correspondence, or in that of his contemporaries. Besides, such a considerate matron, with the mental endowments which she is reported to have possessed, could not have felt any deep chagrin on account of her son's want of success in his first attempt, when she reflected that he had been separated from her only six weeks, two of which had probably been spent in the voyage coastwise.

Within a few weeks after the demise of her friend, Lady Baillie seems to have sent for Thomson, and to have procured a home for him in the house of her son-in-law, Lord Binning, till she should be able to make some better provision for him; which, from the tenor of his correspondence, may be inferred *to have* been still in connexion with *the church of England*. In a letter to Crans-

toun, dated "East Barnet, July 20th, 1725," he gives the following description of his situation and prospects, and announces his renewed resolution to become a consummate theologian:—"The severe affliction of my mother's death incapacitated me for entertaining my friend [Cranstoun]. Now I am pretty much at ease in the country, ten miles from London, teaching Lord Binning's son to read; a low task, you know, not so suitable to my temper:—but I must learn that necessary lesson of suiting my mind and temper to my state. I hope I shall not pass my time here without improvement,—the great design of my coming hither; and *then, in due time, I resolve, through God's assistance, to consummate my original study of divinity*: for, you know, the business of a tutor is only precarious and for the present. I approve every day, more and more, of your advice to your brother John, as to the direction of his study: if well pursued, it is as honourable, useful, and certain a method of living as one in his or my circumstances could readily fall into." [He must not indulge in] "contemptible notions of things at home, and romantic ones of things abroad. Perhaps I was too much affected that way; but I hope in the issue it shall not be worse for me." From the subsequent fragments of this letter we learn, that Cranstoun's brother, having previously chosen the profession of surgery, had recently abandoned it, and begun to direct his attention to divinity. Thomson proceeds: "Surgery is, as you cannot but know, the merest drug here in the world. Scotland is really fruitful of surgeons. They come here like flocks of vultures every day; and, by a merciful providential kind of instinct, transport themselves to foreign countries. The Change is quite full of them, where they peruse the ship-bills and meet the sea-captains. Pray let John know my sentiments in this matter; because, through a giddy discontent, I spoke too slightly to him of the study which he has now so happily espoused."

The patronage of Lady Baillie and her noble relations would have been highly important to Thomson, and conducive to his promotion in the profession which he had chosen, had he not been allured from it by the first glimpse of poetic success. His actual residence in Lord Binning's family extended only to nine months. But our poet at no subsequent period of his life evinced the least symptom of *ingratitude* toward his noble patrons; on the contrary, a

year after he had left the hospitable mansion at East Barnet, he solicited Lord Binning's permission to dedicate his poem of "Summer" to him; but his Lordship, with the kindest consideration for Thomson's benefit, declined the honour, and advised him to inscribe it to the Right Honourable George Bubb Dodington, one of the Lords of his Majesty's Treasury, who possessed far more powerful influence in the political world than himself. During his travels on the Continent with Lord Talbot's son, he appears to have maintained a confidential correspondence both with Lord Binning, and with the new patron whom his Lordship had recommended.

Nor did the warm patronage of the Baillie family cease with the death of the poet: Sir David Dalrymple, afterwards the celebrated Lord Hailes, and one of the prime favourites of Dr. Samuel Johnson, was cousin to Thomson's pupil; the latter of whom, after the death of his grandfather in 1735, succeeded to the family honours and estates, as the seventh Earl of Haddington. Himself a man of eminence in literature, Lord Hailes felt much interest in perpetuating the fair fame of a poet whose works he greatly admired, and which he considered honourable to the region of his birth. In consequence of his family-connexions, he was in possession of the most authentic information concerning his early history; and, at Johnson's request conveyed through Boswell, he made such communications to the aged biographer as were considered by him to be invaluable. He disabused his mind, and that of his *fidus Achates*, of many prejudices and erroneous impressions; furnished him with the best of those anecdotes which were afterwards admitted into his narrative; and induced him, in spite of his detestation of Thomson's whiggism and blank verse, to give a tolerably impartial character of the poet and his productions.

Other considerations might be offered, that would exonerate Lady Baillie from all blame respecting the nature of the early patronage which she extended to Thomson, and which, it is seen, was consistent, warm, and sincere, on the part of every branch of that noble family.

F.—Page xx.

The adverse Circumstances under which his Winter was written and published.

From Dr. Johnson's account of Thomson's condition on his arrival in town, it has been commonly believed that his poem on "Winter" was composed before he left Scotland:—"For the supply of all his necessities, his whole fund was his 'Winter,' which for a time could find no purchaser." But this supposition is now proved to be incorrect. His valuable correspondence with Cranstoun, to whom he had been long accustomed to communicate every scrap of poetry which he wrote, casts new light on this part of his life. In a letter to this early friend, written towards the close of September, 1725, from East Barnet, he gives the following description of the state of his finances:—"When I came up here I brought very little money along with me, expecting some more up on the selling of Widehope,* which was to have been sold that day my mother was buried. Now it is unsold yet; but will be disposed of as soon as it can be conveniently done, though indeed it is perplexed with some difficulties. I was a long time here living at my own charges, and you know how expensive that is: this—together with the furnishing of myself with clothes, linen, one thing and another, to fit me for any business of this kind here—necessarily obliged me to contract some debts. Being a stranger here, it is a wonder how I got any credit: but I cannot expect it will be long sustained unless I immediately clear it. Even now, I believe, it is at a crisis. My friends have no money to send me till the land is sold, and my creditors will not wait till then: you know what the consequences would be. Now the assistance I would beg of you, and which I know, if in your power, you will not refuse me, is a letter of credit on some merchant, banker, or such like person in London, for the matter of Twelve Pounds, till I get my money upon the selling of the land, which I am at last certain of. If you would either give it me yourself, or procure it, though you do not owe it to my merit, yet you owe it to your own nature, which I know so well as to say no more on the subject. Only allow me to

* A small estate in the parish of Marbottle, Roxburghshire, of which *his mother* and her sister, Mrs. Hume, were co-heiresses.

add, that when I first fell upon such a project, (the only thing I have for it in my present circumstances,) knowing the selfish, inhumane temper of the generality of the world, you were the first person that offered to my thoughts as one to whom I had the confidence to make such an address."

In these desperate circumstances Thomson began to write his "Winter;" but intimates to his friend, with all the waywardness of a young poet, "Being only a present amusement, it is ten to one but I drop it whenever another fancy comes across." He seems to have been led to the subject by contrasting the gentle scenery around Barnet with the bold features of his own Teviotdale, and by a re-perusal of the poem on Winter by his kind friend and patron, the Rev. Mr. Riccaltoun. But his feelings and views are best described in his own highly poetical language in the same letter to Cranstoun :—

"Now I imagine you seized with a fine romantic kind of a melancholy on the fading of the year. Now I figure you wandering, philosophical and pensive, amidst the brown, withered groves, while the leaves rustle under your feet, the sun gives a farewell parting gleam, and the birds

'Stir the faint note, and but attempt to sing.'

Then again, when the heavens wear a more gloomy aspect, the winds whistle, and the waters spout, I see you in the well-known clough, beneath the solemn arch of tall, thick, embowering trees, listening to the amusing lull of the many steep, moss-grown cascades, while deep, divine Contemplation, the Genius of the place, prompts each swelling awful thought. I am sure you would not resign your part in that scene at an easy rate. None ever enjoyed it to the height you do, and you are worthy of it. There I walk in spirit, and disport in its beloved gloom.

"This country I am in is not very entertaining: no variety but that of woods, and them we have in abundance. But where is the living stream, the airy mountain, and the hanging rock, with twenty other things that elegantly please the lover of nature? Nature delights me in every form. I am just now painting her in her most lugubrious dress for my own amusement, describing Winter as it presents itself. After my first proposal of the subject,

'I sing of Winter, and *his gelid reign*:
Nor let a rhyming insect of the Spring

Deem it a barren theme. To me 't is full
Of manly charms:—to me, who court the shade,
Whom the gay seasons suit not, and who shun
The glare of Summer, welcome, kindred glooms!
Drear, awful, wintry horrors, welcome all!' &c.

After this introduction I say,

'Nor can I, O departing Summer, choose
But consecrate one pitying line to you;
Sing your last temper'd days, and sunny calms,
That cheer the spirits, and serene the soul.'

"These terrible floods, and high winds, that usually happen about this time of the year, and have already happened here; (I wish you have not felt them too dreadfully;)—the first produced the enclosed lines; the last are not completed. Mr. Ricalton's poem on Winter, which I still have, first put the design into my head. In it are some masterly strokes that awakened me. Being only a present amusement, it is ten to one but I drop it whenever another fancy comes across."

This poem, commenced in September, 1725, was soon completed. It was published in folio, in March, 1726. A second edition, in octavo, appeared, with a dedication and commendatory verses, in the autumn, and a third within the year. Like many other valuable productions which have for entire ages delighted and instructed mankind, it was cradled in poverty; and could not have rendered the name of its author immortal, had not the force of adverse circumstances struck from his soul those latent sparks of poetic inspiration which would never have been elicited under the easy supineness of prosperity. Amidst the hurry of its composition, Thomson seems for the first time to have felt solid ground for the foundation of his future fame; and when once a man "finds a place on which to stand," and becomes conscious of the vastness of his newly-awakened powers, nothing more is required for their full developement and display than the natural promptings of his own genius.

G.—Page xxi.

Thomson's Introduction to the noble Family of Graham.

On the publication of Thomson's "Winter," the transition was so rapid from his former straitened condition to his sudden elevation among the first wits of the age, that

he exhibited all the extravagance of a spoiled child, and greedily devoured the incense of flattery which was freely offered by his warm admirers. He had previously left Lord Binning's family at Barnet, after a residence of about nine months, and had given up all design of obtaining ecclesiastical preferment. In that quiet retreat he had been placed through the influence of Lady Baillie; and it cannot be matter of wonder, if, after having acquired a relish for the pleasures of London, he displayed some reluctance to accept of the proffered situation: but the persuasions of Mallet ultimately prevailed. This agrees accurately enough with Mallet's own account to Spence:—"Thomson came up to town without any certain view. Mallet got him into a nobleman's family as tutor. He did not like that affair, left it in about three quarters of a year, and came down to Mallet at Twyford. There he wrote single Winter pieces. They at last thought it might make a poem. It was at first refused by the printer, but received by another. Mallet wrote the dedication to the Speaker."

It appears, then, that after having written a great portion of his "Winter" at Barnet, he repaired, early in 1726, to Mallet, who was at the Duke of Montrose's country-house; and that, at the suggestion of his friend, he composed some additional paragraphs, polished the whole, and finally submitted the work to the judgment of the public. While resident for a few weeks with the tutor, he became a great favourite with Lord George Graham, the youngest of Mallet's two pupils; to whom he presented the juvenile poems enumerated in note B; (p. xxxix.;) and who, it is conjectured, was the person described in Thomson's letter to Aaron Hill, dated May 24th, 1726: "I go, on Saturday next, to reside at Mr. Watts's academy in Little Tower Street, in quality of tutor to a young gentleman there." This supposition receives some countenance from the traditionary evidence of the noble Lord's descendants; from one of whom, and not from the Life of our poet, Mr. Goodhugh must have acquired his knowledge of the circumstance "of Mr. Thomson having assisted Mr. Mallet," at that time, in the tuition of the young nobleman. His Lordship was intended to serve his country as a naval officer. In the absence of any superior institutions for the education of candidates for the royal navy, and for the merchant-service, young gentlemen were under the necessity in those days of receiving instruc-

tions in nautical affairs, in the use of mathematical instruments, and in all the parts of practical navigation, at private academies, of which great numbers flourished in that locality; and Watts's establishment must have been one of high respectability. From Thomson's correspondence with Hill, it would appear that his duties at this private academy were not very onerous; and that he remained there about six months, more in the character of a companion than of a tutor, till those young noblemen and Mallet made the tour of Europe, which was then generally completed within two years. In his unsettled condition during the year 1726, according to his friend Robertson, (p. lxvi.,) in his occasional sojourn in London, he lodged in Lancaster Court, in the Strand; and most probably till he accompanied young Talbot to the Continent. After his return, and as late as 1736, when he began to move in higher society, he seems to have occupied superior apartments at a coffee-house in that court.

H.—Page xxi.

The Success of his Winter, and the Generosity of his early Patrons.

When a new poem passes to a second edition within six months, it must have been extensively read, and its merits duly appreciated. But its circulation was greatly promoted by the active exertions of several warm friends and admirers; two of whom are thus mentioned by Dr. Johnson:—"His 'Winter' for a time could find no purchaser; till, at last, Mr. Millan was persuaded to buy it at a low price: and this low price he had, for some time, reason to regret. But, by accident, Mr. Whatley, a man not wholly unknown among authors, happening to cast his eye upon it, was so delighted that he ran from place to place celebrating its excellence. Thomson obtained likewise the notice of Aaron Hill." Johnson subsequently adds: "The poem, which, being of a new kind, few would venture at first to like, by degrees gained upon the public, and one edition was very speedily succeeded by another."

A third efficient friend is introduced to us by Dr. Joseph Warton, in his "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope;"—"When Thomson published his 'Winter,' 1726, it lay a long time neglected, till Mr. Spence made honourable *mention* of it in his 'Essay on the Odyssey;' which be-

coming a popular book, made the poem universally known. Thomson always acknowledged the use of this recommendation; and from this circumstance an intimacy commenced between the critic and the poet, which lasted till the lamented death of the latter, who was of a most amiable and benevolent temper."

From the beginning of 1727 to 1730, Thomson appears to have been left entirely to his own resources; and had often to contend with great difficulties; yet he laboured hard at the three remaining "Seasons:" but the profits arising from all these afforded him a very precarious and insufficient maintenance, till they were collected together, and published as a complete poem in four parts. In 1728 Millar first became Thomson's publisher, by purchasing the copy-right of his "Spring," and subsequently that of his two preceding "Seasons." Concerning this excellent man Murdoch justly observes:—"Millar was always at hand, to answer, or even to prevent, his demands." For many reasons the influence and advice of such a considerate friend were of great importance; as the often-occurring wants, which he might not always deem it prudent to relieve, he had ample opportunities of making known to others, "whose hearts, he knew, were not contracted by the ample fortune they had acquired." This was most probably the time when Quin, the celebrated actor, was first introduced to the acquaintance of our poet; and Millar was likely to have been his informant with regard to the recurrence of one of these "urgent occasions." Concerning this interview Johnson says, "The commencement of this benevolence is very honourable to Quin, who had long lived with Thomson in fond intimacy;" and "who is reported to have delivered Thomson, then known to him only for his genius, from an arrest, by a very considerable present: and its continuance is honourable to both; for friendship is not always the sequel of obligation." At that period of his life he had much need of these friendly interferences, till he was introduced, through the recommendation of Dr. Rundle, to the Talbot family, and, through them, to many powerful patrons, who felt great pleasure in studying his interests, and promoting his welfare.

In surveying Thomson's poetical labours from 1727 to 1730, one is astonished at the correct and highly-varied knowledge which he displayed in his "Summer," "Spring,"

and "Autumn," in "Sophonisba," and in his "Poem to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton." In all these may be traced an extensive acquaintance with general history and the narratives of recent travellers, with mental philosophy, natural history, astronomy, &c. He must either have been a most discursive reader while a resident in the University, or had subsequently acquired the happy art of accumulating all available knowledge, and of holding the choice materials in store till emergent occasions might demand their tasteful appropriation.

I.—Page xxi.

Strong Characteristics of Originality in Thomson's Poetry.

In confirmation of Murdoch's high character of our author's poetry, I append the recorded opinions of two eminent critics, Dr. Samuel Johnson and Dr. Joseph Warton.

I. DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

As a writer he is entitled to one praise of the highest kind; his mode of thinking, and of expressing his thoughts, is original. His blank verse is no more the blank verse of Milton, or of any other poet, than the rhymes of Prior are the rhymes of Cowley. His numbers, his pauses, his diction, are of his own growth, without transcription, without imitation. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius; he looks round on Nature and on Life with the eye which Nature bestows only on a poet; the eye that distinguishes, in every thing presented to its view, whatever there is on which Imagination can delight to be detained; and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute. The reader of the 'Seasons' wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shows him, and that he never yet has felt what Thomson impresses.

His is one of the works in which blank verse seems properly used. Thomson's wide expansion of general views, and his enumeration of circumstantial varieties, would have been obstructed and embarrassed by the frequent intersection of the sense, which are the necessary effects of rhyme.

His descriptions of extended scenes and general effects bring before us the whole magnificence of Nature, whether pleasing or dreadful. The gaiety of Spring, the splendour

of Summer, the tranquillity of Autumn, and the horror of Winter, take in their turns possession of the mind. The poet leads us through the appearances of things as they are successively varied by the vicissitudes of the year, and imparts to us so much of his own enthusiasm, that our thoughts expand with his imagery, and kindle with his sentiments. Nor is the naturalist without his part in the entertainment; for he is assisted to recollect and to combine, to range his discoveries, and to amplify the sphere of his contemplation.

The great defect of the "Seasons" is want of method; but for this I know not that there was any remedy. Of many appearances subsisting all at once, no rule can be given why one should be mentioned before another; yet the memory wants the help of order, and the curiosity is not excited by suspense or expectation.

His diction is in the highest degree florid and luxuriant, such as may be said to be to his images and thoughts "both their lustre and their shade;" such as invest them with splendour, through which perhaps they are not always easily discerned. It is too exuberant, and sometimes may be charged with filling the ear more than the mind.—JOHNSON'S "Lives of the Poets," pp. 237—239.

II. DR. JOSEPH WARTON.

IT would be unpardonable to conclude these remarks on descriptive poesy, without taking notice of the "Seasons" of Thomson, who had peculiar and powerful talents for this species of composition. Let the reader, therefore, pardon a digression, if such it be, on his merits and character.

Thomson was blessed with a strong and copious fancy; he hath enriched poetry with a variety of new and original images, which he painted from nature itself, and from his own actual observations: his descriptions have, therefore, a distinctness and truth, which are utterly wanting to those of poets who have only copied from each other, and have never looked abroad on the objects themselves. Thomson was accustomed to wander away into the country for days, and for weeks, attentive to "each rural sight, each rural sound;" while many a poet, who has dwelt for years in the Strand, has attempted to describe fields and rivers, and generally succeeded accordingly. Hence that nauseous repetition of the same *circumstances*; hence that disgusting

impropriety of introducing what may be called "a set of hereditary images," without proper regard to the age, or climate, or occasion, in which they were formerly used. Though the diction of the "Seasons" is sometimes harsh and inharmonious, and sometimes turgid and obscure, and though, in many instances, the numbers are not sufficiently diversified by different pauses, yet is this poem, on the whole, from the numberless strokes of nature in which it abounds, one of the most captivating and amusing in our language; and which, as its beauties are not of a transitory kind, as depending on particular customs and manners, will ever be perused with delight. The scenes of Thomson are frequently as wild and romantic as those of Salvator Rosa, varied with precipices and torrents, and "castled cliffs," and deep valleys, with piny mountains, and the gloomiest caverns. Innumerable are the little circumstances in his descriptions totally unobserved by all his predecessors. What poet hath ever taken notice of the leaf, that, towards the end of autumn,

> Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
> Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
> And slowly circles through the waving air?

Or who, in speaking of a summer evening, hath ever mentioned

> The quail that clamours for his running mate?

Or the following natural image at the same time of the year!

> Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
> A whitening shower of vegetable down
> Amusive floats.....

In what other poet do we find the silence and expectation that precedes an April shower insisted on, as in verse 165 of "Spring?" Or where,

> The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
> By such as wander through the forest walks,
> Beneath the' umbrageous multitude of leaves?

How full, particular, and picturesque, is this assemblage of circumstances that attend a very keen frost in a night of winter!

> Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
> A double noise; while at his evening watch
> The village dog deters the nightly thief;
> The heifer lows; the distant water-fall

Swells in the breeze; and with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar.

In no one subject are common writers more confused and unmeaning, than in their descriptions of rivers, which are generally said only to wind and to murmur, while their qualities and courses are seldom accurately marked. Examine the exactness of the ensuing description, and consider what a perfect idea it communicates to the mind:

Around the adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffused into a limpid plain;
A various group the herds and flocks compose,
Rural confusion.

A group worthy the pencil of Giacomo da Bassano, and so minutely delineated, that he might have worked from this sketch:

.....On the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and often bending sip
The circling surface .....

He adds, that the ox, in the middle of them,

.....From his sides
The troublous insects lashes, to his sides
Returning still.

A natural circumstance, that, to the best of my remembrance, hath escaped even the natural Theocritus. Nor do I recollect that any poet hath been struck with the murmurs of the numberless insects that swarm abroad at the noon of a summer's day: as attendants of the evening, indeed, they have been mentioned:

Resounds the living surface of the ground:
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum
To him who muses through the woods at noon;
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclined
With half-shut eyes.

But the novelty and nature we admire in the descriptions of Thomson, are by no means his only excellencies; he is equally to be praised for impressing on our minds the effects which the scene delineated would have on the present spectator or hearer. Thus having spoken of the roaring of the savages *in a wilderness of Africa*, he introduces a

captive, who, though just escaped from prison and slavery under the tyrant of Morocco, is so terrified and astonished at the dreadful uproar, that

> The wretch half wishes for his bonds again.

Thus also having described a caravan lost and overwhelmed in one of those whirlwinds that so frequently agitate and lift up the whole sands of the desert, he finishes his picture by adding, that,

> .....In Cairo's crowded streets,
> The' impatient merchant, wondering waits in vain,
> And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

And thus, lastly, in describing the pestilence that destroyed the British troops at the siege of Carthagena, he has used a circumstance inimitably lively, picturesque, and striking to the imagination; for he says, that the admiral not only heard the groans of the sick that echoed from ship to ship, but that he also pensively stood, and listened at midnight to the dashing of the waters, occasioned by throwing the dead bodies into the sea;

> Heard, nightly, plunged into the sullen waves,
> The frequent corse.....

A minute and particular enumeration of circumstances judiciously selected, is what chiefly discriminates poetry from history, and renders the former, for that reason, a more close and faithful representation of nature than the latter. And if our poets would accustom themselves to contemplate fully every object, before they attempted to describe it, they would not fail of giving their readers more new and more complete images than they generally do.

These observations on Thomson, which, however, would not have been so large, if there had been already any considerable criticism on his character, might be still augmented by an examination and developement of the beauties in the loves of the birds, in "Spring," verse 580; a view of the torrid zone in "Summer," verse 630; the rise of fountains and rivers in "Autumn," verse 781; a man perishing in the snows, in "Winter," verse 277; the wolves descending from the Alps, and a view of winter within the polar circle, verse 389; which are all of them highly-finished originals, excepting a few of those blemishes intimated above. "Winter" is, in my *apprehension*, the most valuable of these four poems; the

scenes of it, like those of *Il Penseroso* of Milton, being of that awful, solemn, and pensive kind, on which a great genius best delights to dwell.

Pope, it seems, was of opinion, that descriptive poetry is a composition as absurd as a feast made up of sauces: and I know many other persons that think meanly of it. I will not presume to say it is equal, either in dignity or utility, to those compositions that lay open the internal constitution of man, and that IMITATE characters, manners, and sentiments. I may, however, remind such contemners of it, that, in a sister-art, landscape-painting claims the very next rank to history-painting; being ever preferred to single portraits, to pieces of still-life, to droll figures, to fruit and flower-pieces; that Titian thought it no diminution of his genius, to spend much of his time in works of the former species; and that, if their principles lead them to condemn Thomson, they must also condemn the Georgics of Virgil; and the greatest part of the noblest descriptive poem extant, I mean that of Lucretius.—WARTON's "Essay on the Genius of Pope."

K.—Page xxii.

The Origin of Thomson's Seasons.

THOMSON has himself described the origin of "Winter." (See note F. p. xlix.) Warton informs us, on the authority of Collins, that Thomson "took the first hint and idea of writing his 'Seasons'" from the titles of Pope's four Pastorals, —Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter,—published in 1709. But his own poem "On a Country Life," written, as it is supposed, when he was about sixteen years of age, contains, in a rude description, the germ of his celebrated "Seasons." (See page 642.) It has also been thought, that our poet might have been indebted, for his plan, if not for some of his materials, to that very curious poetical work, in Latin and English, "*Kalendarium Humanæ Vitæ:* 'The Kalendar of Man's Life:' *Authore Roberto Farlæo, Scoto-Britannio.* London: Printed for William Hope; and are to be sold at the Unicorn, near the Royal Exchange. 1638." But to this recondite source Thomson seems to have been under no kind of obligation. The book is divided into the four quarters of the year, and subdivided into twelve months, three of them assigned to each quarter. The learned author displays much piety and poetic talent; but

in his subject and its execution he has nothing in common with Thomson.

But the Rev. John Mitford, who has devoted more critical ability to the elucidation of the "Seasons" than any of his learned contemporaries, informs us, "that there is another poem, much less known, except to scholars, and now probably little read even by them, which appears, and justly, to have been a favourite with the author of the 'Seasons:' we mean the *Prædium Rusticum* of the Jesuit Vaniere, written in Latin hexameters. We will give one or two specimens:—

> If, yet too young, and easily deceived,
> A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
> Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
> He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
> Soft disengage, and back into the stream
> The speckled captive throw, &c.—Spring, verses 417—422.

> *Ne pereat gens tota, vagæ miserere juventæ,*
> *Pisciculumque vadis hærentem tolle; futuræ*
> *Spem sobolis, vivumque novæ dimitte paludi.*

> Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
> The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode; &c.—Verse 433.

> *Enatat, et rerum trepidus, lateque vacantes*
> *Admiratus aquas, lacubus dominatur avitis.*

"The whole of this passage to verse 442, is taken from Vaniere: so is that poetical and picturesque verse, 629:

> In fond rotation spread the spotted wing:
> *Sæpe solum verrens pennâ pendente rotatur.*"

L.—Page xxiv.

Reflections on Mr. Talbot's Death.

In a letter to his friend Cranstoun, dated October 20th, 1735, Thomson has the following reflections on death; and, at the conclusion, some lines on the loss of his young and promising pupil:—

"What you mention is the true point of view wherein to place the death of relations and friends. They then are past our regret: the living are to be lamented, and not the dead. And this is so true and natural, that people when they grieve for the death of those they love, from a principle of compassion for the departed, without a return upon themselves, they envisage them in the article of death, and under the pains both real and imagined thereof; that is to say, they grieve for them whilst they were alive. Death is a *limit* which human passions ought not, but with great

. and reverence, to pass. Nor, indeed, can they ess that limit; since beyond it things are not clearly stinctly enough perceived formally to excite them. . think, we may be sure of, that a future state must ter than this: and so on through the never-ceasing ion of future states; every one rising upon the last, lasting new display of infinite goodness. But hereby a system, not calculated perhaps for the meridian in you live, though for that of your own mind, and too o be explained in a letter. I will conclude these its by giving you some lines of a copy of verses I on my friend Mr. Talbot's death, and designed at) be prefixed to 'Liberty,' but afterwards reduced to you see stand there. Perhaps some time or other I ablish the whole.

Be then the starting tear,
Or selfish, or mistaken, wiped away.
By death the good, from reptile matter raised,
And upward soaring to superior day,
With pity hear our plaints, with pity see
Our ignorance of tears; if e'er indeed,
Amid the woes of life, they quench their joys.
Why should we cloud a friend's exalted state
With idle grief, tenaciously prolong'd
Beyond the lonely drops that frailty sheds,
Surprised? No, rather thence less fond of life,
Yet still the lot enjoying Heaven allows,
Attend we, cheerful, the rejoining hour.
Children of Nature! let us not reject,
Froward, the good we have for what we want.
Since all by turns must spread the sable sail,
Driven to the coast that never makes return,
But where we happy hope to meet again;
Sooner or later, a few anxious years,
Still fluttering on the wing, not much imports.
Eternal Goodness reigns: be this our stay;
A subject for the past of grateful song,
And for the future of undrooping hope."

M.—Page xxv.

oss of his Situation under the Lord Chancellor.

: true reason for his not applying to the Earl of Hard- for a renewal of his appointment, will be found in the ing extract from a letter which Thomson addressed to iend Dr. Cranstoun, *August 7th*, 1735, only a few s b*efore the death of his* patron:—"Should you

inquire into my circumstances: They blossomed pretty well of late, the Chancellor having given me the office of *Secretary of the Briefs* under him. But the blight of an idle inquiry into the fees and offices of the Courts of Justice, which arose of late, seems to threaten its destruction. In that case I am made to hope amends. To be reduced, however, from ENJOYMENT to HOPE, will be but an awkward affair. Awkward or not, Hope and I (I hope) shall never part. Hope is the breath in the nostrils of happiness; when *that* goes, *this* dies. But, then, one ought, at the same time, to distinguish betwixt the fair star of *hope* and that meteor, *court expectation*. With regard to the last, I subscribe to a new beatitude of Pope's (or Swift's, I think it is): 'Blessed is he who expecteth nothing; for he shall never be disappointed.'"

In philosophizing on human character as seen in the actions of individual men, we are apt to attribute those motives for them which are the most obvious, but which are not always the most correct. For instance: had the interests of a lovely wife and hopeful children been placed in jeopardy by the threatened "inquiry into the fees and offices of the Courts of Justice," Thomson might have thrown aside his usual supineness, and, pending the discussion on the subject, might have displayed as much promptitude and energy in calling attention to the equitable adjustment of his vested interest, and with as good success, as Sir Walter Scott did on a similar occasion. In this case, after such a powerful demonstration, we should feel inclined to ascribe his previous listlessness more to habit than to nature. But Thomson, not having any such strong inducement for exertion, was content to let the patent expire, and calmly await the course of events. As a bachelor, and with much of the indolence of the poet about him, (partly natural, and partly acquired,) he was evidently disinclined to place himself in the ranks of more eager applicants, and dance attendance in the ante-room of the youthful Chancellor, for permission to continue in an office over which was suspended a threat of extinction, and which, he knew, would be much more likely to be abolished, on account of its being held by one who was known to be a favourite of the Muses. An application to Lord Hardwicke ought to have been made in his favour by some of his noble friends, whose *solicitation* would have been successful in securing his *situation*, and saving him from all needless anxiety.

N.—Page xxviii.

Lord Lyttelton's Account of the Death of Thomson.

To every good man it must be highly satisfactory to know, that Thomson's views and feelings in reference to Christianity were much altered a few months before his death; and the fact affords strong corroboration to the soothing assurance of St. Ambrose to the distressed mother of Augustine while he was a gay and careless youth: "The son of so many prayers and tears can never be lost." For personal piety Thomson's mother was as exemplary as Monica; and the result of her maternal solicitude for the best interests of her son is highly satisfactory. At his entrance on public life he was cast among bad associates; worse guides in many respects for a young man than Mallet, Hill, and Savage, cannot be imagined. To be acknowledged as "a wit" in those days, it was necessary for a man to forget all the religious impressions which he had received in his boyhood, and to show himself expert in casting ridicule on Christianity and on those who expounded its doctrines. Providential occurrences appear to have gradually prepared Thomson's mind for the reception of sounder views and better principles. His variable income, the recent marriage of his Amanda, and the death of Lady Lyttelton, exercised a salutary influence on his sensitive spirit. After these events, his correspondence with his intimate friends assumed a more serious tone, and contained appropriate allusions to a future state of reward and enjoyment. The letter to his friend Paterson, to be found in the Appendix, and the following passage from a letter to one of his sisters, dated October 4th, 1747, are of this description: "Would to God Lizzy had lived longer, to be a farther witness of the truth of what I say, and that I might have had the pleasure of seeing, once more, a sister who so truly deserved my esteem and love! But she is happy, while we must toil a little longer here below: let us, however, do it cheerfully and gratefully, supported by the pleasing hope of meeting yet again on a safer shore, where to recollect the storms and difficulties of life will not perhaps be inconsistent with that blissful state."

In another part of this *volume, I* have mentioned it as a happy *era in our poet's life, when he was* removed from the

contagion of his former companions, and introduced to the notice and favour of the Talbot family.* But to no one was he more deeply indebted than to Sir George Lyttelton, afterwards Lord Lyttelton, for every thing which could render this life pleasant, and eternal life hopeful. It is only within the last few years that the public have become acquainted with the extent of Thomson's obligations to his noble friend, in reference to these matters, by the publication of PHILLIMORE'S "Memoirs and Correspondence of George Lord Lyttelton." The author says, "It is but too probable that Lyttelton's intimacy with Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, and others, had for a while shaken his faith, in an age when scepticism was certainly far more fashionable, if not far more common, than that in which we live. There is good reason to believe, that the sweet influence of his pious and amiable wife completed, during her life, the good work begun by his friend [West]. Undoubtedly grief for her death conspired, with the influence of West, and with habits of deep thinking, to re-instate him in the belief of the doctrines of Christianity; which found no obstacle to their admission in hardness of heart, or profligacy of life." Dr. Johnson's account cannot be too often repeated: "Lyttelton thought the time now come when it was no longer fit to *doubt* or *believe* by chance; and applied himself seriously to the great question. His studies, being honest, ended in conviction. He found that religion was true: and what he had learned he endeavoured to teach, (1747,) by 'Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul;' a treatise to which Infidelity has never been able to fabricate a specious answer." This treatise, we now for the first time learn, was composed in 1746, with a special view to meet some of Thomson's objections against divine revelation. In a letter to the poet, dated May 21st, 1747, Lyttelton thus introduces the subject, after having mentioned the death of Captain Grenville in the famous action off Cape Finisterre:—"I never saw in any man a finer mixture of spirit, temper, and judgment. He fought and died with the gallantry of Sir Philip Sidney. How grievously has our family felt, within these few months, the condition of mortality, and uncertainty of our happiness! Who was happier than I? Who so fortunate as the Grenvilles at the beginning of this year? I will say no *more on* this subject: your mind will supply the rest. My

* See page 629.

refuge and consolation is in philosophy, Christian philosophy; which I heartily wish you may be a disciple of, as well as myself. Indeed, my dear friend, it is far above the Platonic. I have sent you a pamphlet upon a subject relative to it, which we have formerly talked of. I writ it in Kew-lane last year, and I writ it for your satisfaction. You have therefore a double right to it; and I wish to God it may appear to you as convincing as it does to me, and bring you to add *the faith* to *the heart* of a Christian."

About a month after our poet's death, Lyttelton mentions, in a letter to Dr. Doddridge, the hopes which he was induced to entertain concerning his deceased friend's eternal welfare:—"It has pleased His Providence to afflict me with a new stroke, in the sudden death of poor Mr. Thomson, one of the best and most beloved of my friends. He loved my Lucy too, and was loved by her. I hope and trust in the Divine Goodness, that they are now together in a much happier state." In another communication to the same correspondent, dated November 7th, 1748, he adds: "Thomson, I hope and believe, died a Christian. Had he lived longer, I do not doubt but he would have openly professed his faith; for he wanted no courage in what he thought right: but his mind had been much perplexed with doubts, which I have the pleasure to think my book on St. Paul had almost entirely removed. He told me so himself, and in his sickness declared so to others. This is my best consolation in the loss of him; for as to *the heart* of a Christian, he always had *that* in a degree of perfection beyond most men I have known."

O.—Page xxix.

Robertson's Account of Miss Young, the Amanda of Thomson.

When Thomson went in 1736 to reside in Kew-lane, Richmond, it is supposed to have been only in the character of a lodger or an occasional visitor; but in 1742 he obtained a small house, which became his abode to the time of his decease. While there, he renewed his acquaintance with James Robertson, Esq., who then held the office of Surgeon to the Household at Kew. In an interesting conversation with Thomas Park, Esq., in October, 1791, the old Surgeon gave the following account of Amanda, the loss of whom is

said to have accelerated the poet's death:—"I became acquainted with Thomson in the year 1726, when he published his poem of 'Winter.' He lived opposite to me in Lancaste-court, in the Strand. I went to the East Indies soon after, which caused a chasm in our acquaintance; but, on my return, our intimacy was strengthened, and continued to the hour of his death. I do not know any man, living or dead, I ever esteemed more highly; and he was attached to me. I had once a complaint of a consumptive nature, which confined me much at home; and he was so good as to come often from Kew-lane to sit with me. Amanda was a Miss Young, daughter to Captain Gilbert Young, of the Gulyhill family, in Dumfries-shire; and was married afterwards to Admiral Campbell. She was a fine sensible woman, and poor Thomson was desperately in love with her. I married her sister. Armstrong and myself were with him till his last moments. I was in the room with him when he died. A putrid fever carried him off in less than a week. He seemed to me to be desirous not to live; and I had reason to think that my sister-in-law was the occasion of this. He could not bear the thoughts of her being married to another. I believe he was more truly attached to my little wife and her sister than to any one else, next to Amanda."

Thomson was undoubtedly "a great lover," in the best sense of that word, notwithstanding Dr. Johnson's insinuations to the contrary; and the marriage of Miss Young long preyed on his mind as a personal calamity. When he accepted Lord Lyttelton's first invitation to Hagley in 1743, at the close of his elegant reply he says, "My compliments attend all at Hagley, and particularly HER who gives it charms for you it never had before." The sight of such rare connubial felicity as the shades of Hagley then exhibited, and his knowledge of Amanda having been already bespoken by a more powerful and less dilatory suitor, induced him to send her a most delightful letter, which was first published in Sir N. H. Nicolas's edition of "Thomson's Poetical Works." After a warm description of the fairy scenery around him, and of his own feelings, he says, "Nor is the society here inferior to the scene. It is gentle, animated, pleasing. Nothing passes but what either tends to amuse the imagination, improve the head, or better *the heart*. This is the truly happy life, this union of retire-

friendship; and I would fain flatter myself that
generously, in my absence, speak of me more than
r owned to me. If I am so happy as to have your
know you have spirit to maintain your choice; and
be the most earnest study and purpose of my life
y to justify but to do you credit by it," &c. In a
to his sister at Lanark, in October, 1747, he says,
pprove entirely of Mr. Bell's marrying again, you
ndily ask me why I do not marry at all. My cir-
ices have hitherto been so variable and uncertain in
tuating world, as induce to keep me from engaging
a state; and now, though they are more settled, and
(which you will be glad to hear) considerably im-
I begin to think myself too far advanced in life for
uthful undertakings, not to mention some other
asons that are apt to startle the delicacy of difficult
helors. I am, however, not a little suspicious that
o pay a visit to Scotland, (which I have some
s of doing soon,) I might possibly be tempted to
a thing not easily repaired if done amiss. I have
een of opinion, that none make better wives than
es of Scotland: and yet who more forsaken than
ile the gentlemen are continually running abroad
world over? Some of them, it is true, are wise
to return for a wife.—You see I am beginning to

has as many good and worthy qualities as any woman: nay, to others, and I hope, too, men of taste, she had charming and piquant ones. But every man has a singular and uncontrollable *imagination* of his own. Now, as I told you before, she does not pique mine. I wonder you should treat that objection so lightly, as you seem to do in your last. *To strike one's fancy* is the same in love that *charity* is in religion: though a woman has the form and spake like the angels, though all divine gifts and graces were hers, yet, *without striking the fancy*, she does nothing. I am too much advanced in life to venture to marry, without feeling myself invigorated and made as it were young again, with a great flame of imagination. What betwixt *judgment* and *fancy*, I shall run equal risk of never entering into the holy state. If *you* could get so much master of your just grief, as to think of a second match, I may be tempted also to try to be happy with you." Lord Lyttelton's biographer very appropriately adds: "Thomson's recollection of Amanda was probably the real, though not the assigned, cause why 'the result of his consideration' was unfavourable to the scheme."

P.—Page xxxi.

Thomson's Imitations of the Ancients.

MURDOCH's remark concerning the mode in which Thomson borrowed from the ancients is very just; for, in every instance in which he has enlisted their services, he has proved himself to be a man of genius, by borrowing their images without too slavish an adherence to their phraseology.

A very able critic and profound scholar, the Rev. John Mitford, has lately favoured the public with a selection from his *anecdota* on Thomson, containing "a few examples of co-incidence in imagery and thought, sometimes admitting a great similarity of verbal expression between passages in the 'Seasons,' and in the productions of the ancient poets." His examples are taken from Moschus, Sophocles, Pindar, Bion, Æschylus, and Achilles Tatius. He then observes:—"Of our collections on this head we have given but a very small selection; and our readers will please to recollect, that Thomson was a very good scholar, (in the sense that scholarship is useful to the poet,) and was well-read in 'sad

Electra's poet,' and in those other great tragedians whose matchless productions Athens held so dear." Concerning Virgil he says:—"Thomson has, throughout the 'Seasons,' kept an attentive eye on the most beautiful and finished of all descriptive poems, the Georgics of Virgil; and not only are numerous passages taken from that work, but the very language itself, abounding in expressions the most picturesque and refined, are transferred, with as little loss of their original force and beauty as possible, into his own." He then adduces a passage in 'Spring:'

> Forth fly the tepid airs: and unconfined,
> Unbending earth, the moving softness strays, &c.—Verses 32—47.

> *Parturit almus ager: Zephyrique tepentibus auris*
> *Laxant arva sinus:—Georg.* lib. ii. 330.

> *Tempus humo tegere, et jamdudum incumbere aratris.*—Lib. i. 213.

> *Et qui, proscisso quæ suscitat æquore terga,*
> *Rursus in obliquum verso perrumpit aratro, &c.*—Lib. i. 97, 104.

But the finest and longest passage of this kind in the "Seasons," is that in "Autumn:"—

> O, knew he but his happiness, of men
> The happiest he, who, far from public rage,
> Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
> Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life! &c.—Verses 1235—1277.

The whole paragraph is what Murdoch calls "an avowed faithful paraphrase," rather than a translation, of those beautiful verses in Virgil:—

> *O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona nórint,*
> *Agricolas! quibus ipsa, procul discordibus armis,*
> *Fundit humo facilem victum justissima tellus, &c.*
> *Georg.* lib. ii. 458—474.

Q.—Pages xv., and xxxii.

Thomson's moral Character.

At the commencement of his interesting narrative, Dr. Murdoch has very modestly observed: "It is commonly said, that the life of a good writer is best read in his works, which can scarce fail to receive a peculiar tincture from his temper, manners, and habits. The distinguishing character of his mind, his ruling passion, at least, will there appear undisguised." This obvious truth, properly guarded as it is here, recommends itself to every man's understanding; but, though *not directly controverted by* Dr. Johnson, yet it

has been eagerly seized by him as a fit sentiment on which to hang a morsel of personal scandal. He did not intend to deny that we can perceive the prevalent mental tendencies of Fielding in his "History of Tom Jones," or those of Richardson in his "Pamela" or "Sir Charles Grandison." One of these very accurately describes mankind *as they actually are*, while the other beautifully depicts human nature *as it should be;* and the widely dissimilar habitudes of their minds are so easily traceable in their writings, that no one could ever commit the mistake of imagining "Sir Charles Grandison" to have been written by Henry Fielding, or "Tom Jones" by Samuel Richardson. But Dr. Johnson in his old age was one of those who, when they have found any thing that tickles their fancy, prefer to give utterance to their witticism, though it be done at the expense of the dead or the absent. This is his humorous story:—

"The biographer of Thomson has remarked, that *an author's life is best read in his Works:* his observation was not well-timed. Savage, who lived much with Thomson, once told me he heard a lady remarking, that she could gather from his works three parts of his character,—'that he was a great lover, a great swimmer, and rigorously abstinent.' 'But,' said Savage, 'he knows not any love but that of the sex; he was perhaps never in cold water in his life; and he indulges himself in all the luxury that comes within his reach.' Yet Savage always spoke with the most eager praise of his social qualities, his warmth, and constancy of friendship, and his adherence to his first acquaintance when the advancement of his reputation had left them behind him."

That Thomson was "a great lover," is shown by his correspondence with Miss Young; and, in disproof of Johnson's insinuation, the Earl of Buchan was induced to publish the verses which the poet addressed to his Amanda, and the two letters to her sister.

That Thomson was "a great swimmer," admits of no doubt, when it is recollected that he was born in a rural district which abounds in brooks and rivers; and where, as in similar portions of well-watered Scotland, scarcely a man can be found who has not attained to some proficiency in the art of swimming. But on this point, with unusual diffidence, Savage ventures only to intimate, "*Perhaps* he was never *in* cold water in his life."

With regard to the last charge, it is generally allowed that Thomson was "not rigorously abstinent;" and that he was for many years invited to the tables of the great, to which neither Johnson nor Savage was permitted to approach; but that, on such festive occasions, he was never known to have disgraced himself by a beastly combination of gluttony and drunkenness.

But now comes the doleful act of recrimination, in which the friends of Thomson have indulged. They assert that every one of the three negatives against him, applies with peculiar stringency to Johnson himself; and, leaving the two minor charges to their fate, they refer to one of Boswell's revelations on this subject, concerning which he observes, with more than his ordinary prudence:—"It would not be proper to record the particulars of such a conversation, in moments of unreserved frankness, when nobody was present on whom it could have any hurtful effect."

Every one will recollect Johnson's remarks on Thomson, when in company with Hoole, Mickle, and Boswell:—"Thomson had a true poetical genius, the power of viewing every thing in a poetical light. His fault is such a cloud of words sometimes, that the sense can hardly peep through. Shiels was one day sitting with me. I took down Thomson, and read aloud a large portion of him, and then asked, 'Is not this fine?' Shiels having expressed the highest admiration, 'Well, sir,' said I, 'I have omitted every other line.'" Now, had any one, on the strength of this random assertion, tried the absurd experiment of omitting every other line in Thomson's poetry, no one sooner than Johnson would have ridiculed the insane attempt; and he would have likewise laughed as heartily at the thoughts of any man employing himself in a serious endeavour to repudiate the testimony of Savage, whose claim to be credited on such subjects he has wofully damaged in his own account of that unfortunate person; and who is commonly reputed to have been the author of the cognate piece of scandal respecting our poet's choosing the convivial society of the Earl of Hertford rather than the refined company of his poetical Countess. Johnson evidently intended the praise with which he closes the hearsay paragraph to neutralize any wrong impression which the doubtful evidence of Savage might have produced: this he has most completely effected by the fine sentence *with which he concludes his* Life of our poet:—

"The highest praise which he has received ought not to be suppressed: It is said by Lord Lyttelton, in the prologue to his posthumous play, that his Works contained "no line which, dying, he could wish to blot."

This was the sober view which Boswell ultimately took of Johnson's animadversions on Thomson, against whose moral character he had most unworthily tried to excite a sinister impression. Under the year 1768, he writes, "I was very much afraid that, in writing Thomson's Life, Dr. Johnson would have treated his private character with a stern severity; but I was agreeably disappointed: and I may claim a little merit in it, from my having been at pains to send him authentic accounts of the affectionate and generous conduct of that poet to his sisters," &c.

THE SEASONS.

SPRING.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE COUNTESS OF HERTFORD.

MADAM,

I HAVE always observed that, in addresses of this nature, the general taste of the world demands ingenious turns of wit, and disguised artful periods, instead of an open sincerity of sentiment flowing in a plain expression. From what secret impatience of the justest praise, when bestowed on others, this often proceeds, rather than a pretended delicacy, is beyond my purpose here to inquire. But as nothing is more foreign to the disposition of a soul sincerely pleased with the contemplation of what is beautiful and excellent, than wit and turn; I have too much respect for your ladyship's character, either to touch it in that gay, trifling manner, or venture on a particular detail of those truly amiable qualities of which it is composed. A mind exalted, pure, and elegant, a heart overflowing with humanity, and the whole train of virtues thence derived, that give a pleasing spirit to conversation, an engaging simplicity to the manners, and form the life to harmony, are rather to be felt, and silently admired, than expressed. I have attempted, in the following poem, to paint some of the most tender beauties and delicate appearances of nature; how much in vain, your ladyship's taste will, I am afraid, but too soon discover: yet would it still be a much easier task to find expression for all that variety of colour, form, and fragrance, which enrich the season I describe, than to speak the *many nameless* graces and

native riches of a mind capable so much at once to relish solitude, and adorn society. To whom, then, could these sheets be more properly inscribed than to you, Madam, whose influence in the world can give them the protection they want, while your fine imagination, and intimate acquaintance with rural nature, will recommend them with the greatest advantage to your favourable notice? Happy, if I have hit any of those images and correspondent sentiments your calm evening walks, in the most delightful retirement, have oft inspired. I could add, too, that as this poem grew up under your encouragement, it has therefore a natural claim to your patronage. Should you read it with approbation, its music shall not droop; and should it have the good fortune to deserve your smiles, its roses shall not wither.

But, where the subject is so tempting, lest I begin my poem before the Dedication is ended, I here break short, and beg leave to subscribe myself, with the highest respect,

Madam,

SPRING.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed—Inscribed to the Countess of Hertford—The Season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; and mixed with digressions arising from the subject—Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and, last, on Man; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of Love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos;
Nunc frondent silvæ, nunc formosissimus annus.
VIRGILII *Bucol.* ecl. iii. 56.

COME, gentle Spring, ethereal Mildness, come;
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
O HERTFORD, fitted or to shine in courts 5
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee. 10
And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravaged vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, 15
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets 20
Deform the day delightless: so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill engulf'd,
To shake the sounding marsh; or, from the shore,
The plovers, when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste. 25

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
The' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin, 30
Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.
Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfined,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, the' impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers 35
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-used plough
Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark. 40
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes the' obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.
White through the neighbouring fields the sower stalks,
With measured step; and liberal throws the grain 45
Into the faithful bosom of the ground:
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.
Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious Man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend! 50
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as these the *rural* Maro sung 55
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refined.
In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
The kings and awful fathers of mankind:
And some, with whom compared your insect-tribes 60
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm
Of mighty war; then, with victorious* hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seized
The plough, and, greatly independent, scorn'd 65
All the vile stores Corruption can bestow.
Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough;

* "*Unwearied*" is the reading of editions subsequent to that of 1746. —*Edit.*

And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded: as the Sea, 70
Far through his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with superior boon may your rich soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour 75
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
And be the' exhaustless granary of a world!
  Nor only through the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative Sun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat 80
Of vegetation, sets the steaming Power
At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth,
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay *Green!*
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!
United light and shade! where the sight dwells 85
With growing strength, and ever-new delight.
  From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves 90
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales;
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd 95
In all the colours of the flushing year,
By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance; while the promised fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived, 100
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town,
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze 105
Of sweet-brier hedges I pursue my walk;
Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
And see the country, far diffused around,
One boundless blush, one white-*empurpled* shower 110

Of mingled blossoms; where the raptured eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.
If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings 115
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Untimely frost; before whose baleful blast
The full-blown Spring through all her foliage shrinks,
Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste.
For oft, engender'd by the hazy north, 120
Myriads on myriads, insect armies waft *
Keen in the poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat,
Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
The sacred sons of vengeance; on whose course 125
Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague, the skilful farmer chaff
And blazing straw before his orchard burns;
Till, all involved in smoke, the latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls: 130
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe:
Or, when the' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest;
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill, 135
The little trooping birds unwisely scares.
Be patient, swains; these cruel-seeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd
Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharged with rain,
That, o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne, 140
In endless train, would quench the Summer-blaze,
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd year.
The North-east spends his rage, and now shut up
Within his iron caves,—the' effusive South
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven 145
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by fast degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep 150
Sits on the horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,

* The editions subsequent to that of 1766 have "warp."—Edit.

Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze 155
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. The' uncurling floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse 160
Forgetful of their course. 'T is silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
The plumy people streak their wings with oil, 165
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
And wait the' approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks 170
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow, 175
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
By such as wander through the forest-walks,
Beneath the' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends 180
In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift fancy fired anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment distils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round. 185
Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
Is deep-enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush 190
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
The' illumined mountain, through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er the' *interminable plain,* 195

In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.
Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increased, the distant bleatings of the hills, 200
The hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence, blending all, the sweeten'd Zephyr springs.
Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds, 205
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the Sun, thy showery prism;
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold 210
The various twine of light, by thee disclosed
From the white mingling maze. Not so the swain;
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amazed 215
Beholds the' amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
A soften'd shade, and saturated earth
Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,
Raised through ten thousand different plastic tubes, 220
The balmy treasures of the former day.

Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of botanist to number up their tribes:
Whether he steals along the lonely dale, 225
In silent search; or through the forest, rank
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain-rock,
Fired by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With such a liberal hand has Nature flung 230
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerous mix'd them with the nursing mould,
The moistening current, and prolific rain.

But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
With vision pure, into these secret stores 235
Of health, and life, and joy? the food of man,
While yet he lived in innocence, and told
A length of golden years; unflesh'd in blood;

A stranger to the savage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease; 240
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.
The first fresh dawn then waked the gladden'd race
Of uncorrupted man, nor blush'd to see
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam:
For their light slumbers gently fumed away; 245
And up they rose as vigorous as the Sun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.
Meantime the song went round; and dance and sport,
Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole 250
Their hours away: while in the rosy vale
Love breathed his infant sighs, from anguish free,
And full replete with bliss; save the sweet pain
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed, 255
Was known among these happy sons of Heaven:
For reason and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful Sun 260
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
Dropp'd fatness down; as o'er the swelling mead
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart 265
Was meeken'd, and he join'd his sullen joy.
For music held the whole in perfect peace:
Soft sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Applied their choir; and winds and waters flow'd 270
In consonance. Such were those prime of days.
But now those white unblemish'd minutes,* whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid these iron times,
These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind 275
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,
Which forms the soul of happiness; and all
Is off the poise within: the passions all
Have burst their bounds; and Reason, half-extinct,
Or impotent, or else approving, sees 280
The foul disorder. Senseless and deform'd,

* "*Manners*" was the reading of Murdoch's edition, 1762.—Ed.

Convulsive Anger storms at large; or, pale
And silent, settles into fell Revenge.
Base Envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach. 285
Desponding Fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
Even Love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more 290
That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire,
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.
Hope sickens with extravagance; and Grief,
Of life impatient, into Madness swells, 295
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm: whence, deeply rankling, grows 300
The partial thought, a listless unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence.
At last, extinct each social feeling, fell 305
And joyless inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have changed her course.
Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came:
When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd 310
The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,
With universal burst, into the gulf,
And o'er the high-piled hills of fractured earth
Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast;
Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds, 315
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.
The Seasons since have, with severer sway,
Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waste of snows; and Summer shot
His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before, 320
Green'd all the year; and fruits and blossoms blush'd,
In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.
Pure was the temperate air; an even calm
Perpetual reign'd, save what the Zephyrs bland
Breathed o'er the blue expanse: for then nor storms 325

Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage;
Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth;
While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life. 330
But now, of turbid elements the sport,
From clear to cloudy toss'd, from hot to cold,
And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finish'd ere 't is well begun. 335
And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies;
Though with the pure exhilarating soul
Of nutriment, and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the search of art, 't is copious bless'd.
For, with hot ravin fired, ensanguined man 340
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the steer,
At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs, 345
E'er plough'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
With hunger stung and wild necessity,
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart, 350
And taught alone to weep; while from her lap
She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain,
Or beams that gave them birth: shall he, fair form!
Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on Heaven, 355
E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
And dip his tongue in gore? The beast of prey,
Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed: but you, ye flocks,
What have you done? ye peaceful people, what,
To merit death? you, who have given us milk 360
In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat
Against the Winter's cold? And the plain ox,
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
In what has he offended? he, whose toil,
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land 365
With all the pomp of harvest; shall he bleed,
And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands
Even of the clowns he feeds? *and that, perhaps,*

They wanton rise, or urged by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook:
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some, 415
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If, yet too young, and easily deceived,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven, 420
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled infant* throw. But should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art. 425
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death, 430
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line;
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool, 435
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage:
Till, floating broad upon his breathless side, 440
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

Thus pass the temperate hours: but when the Sun
Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,
Even shooting listless languor through the deeps; 445
Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade: 450
Or lie reclined beneath yon spreading ash,
Hung o'er the steep; whence, borne on liquid wing,
The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk,

* The editions of 1744 and 1762 have "captive."—EDIT.

High in the beetling cliff, his eyry * builds.
There let the classic page thy fancy lead 455
Through rural scenes; such as the Mantuan swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song.
Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift
Athwart Imagination's vivid eye:
Or, by the vocal woods and waters lull'd, 460
And lost in lonely musing, in a dream,
Confused, of careless solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wandering images of things,
Soothe every gust of passion into peace;
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart, 465
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.
Behold, yon breathing prospect bids the Muse
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers? 470
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy, then,
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah, what shall language do? ah, where find words 475
Tinged with so many colours; and whose power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,
That inexhaustive flow continual round?
Yet, though successless, will the toil delight. 480
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song!
Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself!
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet, 485
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
O come! and while the rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread 490
The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy loved bosom that improves their sweets.
See, where the winding vale its lavish stores,
Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks 495

* Variously written by our old authors *aerie*, *aiery*, *aery*, and by *Thomson* *airy*.—EDIT.

The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,
Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,
In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast 500
A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of *Nature*, wide and wild; 505
Where, undisguised by mimic *Art*, she spreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
Through the soft air, the busy nations fly, 510
Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil. 515
At length the finish'd garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye
Distracted wanders; now the bowery walk
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day 520
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps;
Now meets the bending sky; the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake,
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
The' ethereal mountain, and the distant main. 525
But why so far excursive? when at hand,
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first; 530
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron-brown;
And lavish stock that scents the garden round:
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed, 535
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculus', *of glowing red.*

Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffused 540
To family, as flies the father-dust,
The varied colours run; and, while they *break*
On the charm'd eye, the' exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud, 545
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low-bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still; 550
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks;
Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom! 555
  Hail, Source of Beings! Universal Soul
Of Heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!
To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts,
Continual, climb; who, with a master-hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd. 560
By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapp'd in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew:
By Thee disposed into congenial soils,
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells 565
The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.
At Thy command the vernal Sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds; that now in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads 570
All this innumerous-colour'd scene of things.
  As rising from the vegetable world
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,
My panting Muse; and hark, how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim. 575
Lend me your song, ye nightingales! O pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse! while I deduce,
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme 580
Unknown to fame, *the passion of the groves.*

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing; 585
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfined. Up springs the lark, 590
Shrill-voiced, and loud, the messenger of morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush 595
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy choristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length 600
Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bull-finch answers from the grove: 605
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
Innumerous songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw, 610
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert: while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.
'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love; 615
That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around, 620
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
Of their regardless charmer. *Should* she seem

Softening the least approvance to bestow, 625
Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspired,
They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire. 630

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;
That Nature's *great command* may be obey'd,
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive 635
Indulged in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring: the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few, 640
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks, 645
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes; 650
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 't is nought
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house 655
Intent. And often, from the careless back
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserved,
Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows. 660

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
Though the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,
Her sympathizing lover takes his stand 665
High on the' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away; or else supplies

Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. The' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young, 670
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpless family, demanding food
With constant clamour. O what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care, 675
On the new parents seize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undesiring bear
The most delicious morsel to their young;
Which equally distributed, again
The search begins. Even so a gentle pair, 680
By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train, 685
Check their own appetites, and give them all.
Nor toil alone they scorn: exalting love,
By the great Father of the Spring inspired,
Gives instant courage to the *fearful* race,
And, to the *simple*, art. With stealthy wing, 690
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
The' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head
Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels 695
Her sounding flight, and then directly on
In long excursion skims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
The heath-hen flutters, (pious fraud!) to lead 700
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.
Be not the Muse ashamed here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confined, and boundless air. 705
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
O then, ye friends of *love and love-taught* song, 710

Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade.
But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately framed 715
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
The' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls; 720
Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
Her sorrows through the night; and, on the bough
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall 725
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.
But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings, 730
Demand the free possession of the sky.
This one glad office more, and then dissolves
Parental love at once, now needless grown:
Unlavish *Wisdom* never works in vain.
'T is on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild, 735
When nought but balm is breathing through the woods,
With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
On Nature's common, far as they can see
Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs 740
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution fails; their pinions still,
In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void
Trembling refuse: till down before them fly
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command, 745
Or push them off. The surging air receives
The plumy burden; and their self-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight; 750
Till, vanish'd every fear, and every power
Roused into life and action, light in air
The' acquitted parents see their soaring race,

And, once rejoicing, never know them more.
  High from the summit of a craggy cliff, 755
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
On utmost Kilda's * shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong-pounced, and ardent with paternal fire. 760
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
For ages, of his empire; which, in peace,
Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles. 765
  Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,
Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early Spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well-pleased, 770
I might the various polity survey
Of the mix'd household kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearless cock;
Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks, 775
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely-chequer'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet 780
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud threatening, reddens; while the peacock spreads
His every-colour'd glory to the sun,
And swims in radiant majesty along. 785
O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chase, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.
  While thus the gentle tenants of the shade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world 790
Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,
And fierce desire. Through all his lusty veins
The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels.
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom, 795

* The farthest of the *Western Islands of Scotland.*

While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
Luxuriant shoot; or through the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor the' enticing bud
Crops, though it presses on his careless sense.
And oft, in jealous maddening fancy rapt,*
He seeks the fight; and, idly butting, feigns
His rival gored in every knotty trunk.
Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins:
Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And, groaning deep, the' impetuous battle mix:
While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
With this hot impulse seized in every nerve,
Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thong;
Blows are not felt; but, tossing high his head,
And by the well-known joy to distant plains
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away;
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;
And, neighing, on the' aërial summit takes
The' exciting gale; then, steep-descending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
Even where the madness of the straiten'd stream
Turns in black eddies round: such is the force
With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep:
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern roused,
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
The cruel raptures of the savage kind:
How, by this flame their native wrath sublimed,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
I sing, enraptured, to the British Fair,
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.

* This is the reading in Murdoch's quarto edition of 1762. In th
vious editions it was *wrapt*. But it may be deemed an allowable
of critical dispute whether Thomson has not, in some other pa
improperly employed *wrapt* instead of *rapt*.—Edit.

Around him feeds his many-bleating flock, 835
Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,
This way and that convolved, in friskful glee,
Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race
Invites them forth; when swift, the signal given,
They start away, and sweep the massy mound 840
That runs around the hill; the rampart once
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
When disunited Britain ever bled,
Lost in eternal broil: ere yet she grew
To this deep-laid indissoluble state, 845
Where Wealth and Commerce lift the golden head;*
And o'er our labours Liberty and Law,
Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world!
What is this *mighty Breath*, ye curious, say,
That, in a powerful language, felt not heard, 850
Instructs the fowls of heaven: and through their breast
These arts of love diffuses? What, but God?
Inspiring God! who, boundless Spirit all,
And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole. 855
He ceaseless works *alone;* and yet *alone*
Seems not to work: with such perfection framed
Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.
But, though conceal'd, to every purer eye
The' informing Author in his works appears; 860
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee and thy soft scenes,
The Smiling God is seen; while water, earth,
And air attest his bounty; which exalts
The brute creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undesigning hearts 865
Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.
Still let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing the' infusive force of Spring on man;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raise his being, and serene his soul. 870
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth, 875

* "Lift their golden heads," is the reading of Murdoch's edition of 1762.—EDIT.

Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe,
Or only lavish to yourselves,—away!
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
Of all his works, Creative Bounty burns
With warmest beam; and on your open front 880
And liberal eye sits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modest Want. Nor till invoked
Can restless goodness wait: your active search
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplored;
Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft 885
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world;
And the Sun sheds his kindest rays for you, 890
Ye flower of human race! In these green days,
Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head;
Life flows afresh; and young-eyed Health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss 895
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase. Pure serenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation still.
By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
And warms the bosom; till at last, sublimed 900
To rapture and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God to see a happy world!
These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray, 905
O Lyttelton, the friend! thy passions thus
And meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the Muse, through Hagley-Park you stray;
Thy British Tempè! There along the dale,
With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks, 910
Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
Or gleam in lengthen'd vista through the trees,
You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts 915
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
And pensive listen to the various voice
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,

[illegible]

[illegible]

ZORAIDA.

London, William Pickering & Co.

The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twisted roots 920
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
On the soothed ear. From these abstracted oft,
You wander through the philosophic world;
Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
Or to the curious or the pious eye. 925
And oft, conducted by historic truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time:
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
Britannia's weal; how from the venal gulf 930
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
The Muses charm: while, with sure taste refined,
You draw the' inspiring breath of ancient song;
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own. 935
Perhaps thy loved Lucinda shares thy walk,
With soul to thine attuned. Then Nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Toss'd by ungenerous passions, sinks away. 940
The tender heart is animated peace;
And as it pours its copious treasures forth,
In varied converse, softening every theme,
You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
Where meeken'd sense, and amiable grace, 945
And lively sweetness, dwell, enraptured, drink
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
Inimitable happiness! which love
Alone bestows, and on *a favour'd few.*
Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow 950
The bursting prospect spreads immense around:
And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd 955
Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams:
Wide-stretching from the Hall, in whose kind haunt
The *hospitable Genius* lingers still,
To where the broken landscape, by degrees,
Ascending, roughens into rigid hills; 960
O'er which the Cambrian *mountains, like* far clouds

That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.
  Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round; 965
Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth;
The shining moisture swells into her eyes
In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves
With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love. 970
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair!
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts:
Dare not the' infectious sigh; the pleading look, 975
Downcast and low, in meek submission dress'd,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
Gain on your purposed will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch, 980
While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft minutes with betraying man.
  And let the' aspiring youth beware of love,
Of the smooth glance beware; for 't is too late
When on his heart the torrent-softness pours. 985
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
Still paints the' illusive form; the kindling grace;
The' enticing smile; the modest-seeming eye, 990
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying Heaven,
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:
And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear,
Her siren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy. 995
  Even present, in the very lap of love
Inglorious laid; while music flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;
Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky crest: a quick-returning pang 1000
Shoots through the conscious heart; where honour still,
And great design, against the' oppressive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.
  But absent, what fantastic woes, aroused,

Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed, 1005
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life!
Neglected fortune flies; and, sliding swift,
Prone into ruin fall his scorn'd affairs.
'T is nought but gloom around: the darken'd sun
Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring 1010
To weeping Fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
All Nature fades extinct; and she alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein. 1015
Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends;
And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From the tongue
The' unfinish'd period falls: while, borne away
On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies 1020
To the vain bosom of his distant fair;
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy site, with head declined,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs 1025
To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms,
Where the dun umbrage, o'er the falling stream,
Romantic, hangs; there through the pensive dusk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
Indulging all to love; or, on the bank 1030
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon
Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy east, 1035
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
With soften'd soul, and woos the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his: or, while the world 1040
And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,
Associates with the midnight shadows drear;
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortured heart into the page,
Meant for the moving messenger of love; 1045
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With rising frenzy fired. *But if on bed*

Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies.
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds; till the grey morn 1050
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love: and then perhaps
Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest,
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise, 1055
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
Oft with the' enchantress of his soul he talks;
Sometimes in crowds distress'd; or if retired
To secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of man, 1060
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
Through forests huge, and long untravell'd heaths
With desolation brown, he wanders waste, 1065
In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks, aghast,
Back from the bending precipice; or wades
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
The farther shore, where, succourless and sad,
She with extended arms his aid implores; 1070
But strives in vain: borne by the' outrageous flood
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.
These are the charming agonies of love,
Whose misery delights. But through the heart 1075
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'T is then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's Paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then, 1080
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewell! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your last! The yellow-tinging plague
Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps. 1085
Ah then! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
Suffused and glaring with untender fire;
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek, 1090

Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,
And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up 1095
With fervent anguish and consuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought, 1100
Her first endearments twining round the soul,
With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
Flames through the nerves, and boils along the veins;
While anxious doubt distracts the tortured heart: 1105
For even the sad assurance of his fears
Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
Whom Love deludes into his thorny wilds,
Through flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fever'd rapture or of cruel care; 1110
His brightest flames extinguish'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waste.
But happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend! 1115
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full-exerts her softest power, 1120
Perfect esteem enlivened by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence: for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure. 1125
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, consume his nights and days:
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love 1130
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
Let eastern tyrants, from the light of Heaven
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd

Of a mere lifeless, violated form:
While those whom love cements in holy faith, 1135
And equal transport, free as Nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish; 1140
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumined face;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven!
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round, 1145
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls 1150
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the' enlivening spirit, and to fix 1155
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
O speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various Nature pressing on the heart: 1160
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love; 1165
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild; 1170
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly 1175
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

[redacted]

SUMMER.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE MR. DODINGTON,

ONE OF THE LORDS OF HIS MAJESTY'S TREASURY, ETC.

SIR,

IT is not my purpose, in this address, to run into the common tract of dedicators, and attempt a panegyric which would prove ungrateful to you, too arduous for me, and superfluous with regard to the world. To you it would prove ungrateful, since there is a certain generous delicacy in men of the most distinguished merit, disposing them to avoid those praises they so powerfully attract. And when I consider that a character in which the virtues, the graces, and the muses join their influence as much exceeds the expression of the most elegant and judicious pen, as the finished beauty does the representation of the pencil, I have the best reasons for declining such an arduous undertaking. As, indeed, it would be superfluous in itself; for what reader need to be told of those great abilities in the management of public affairs, and those amiable accomplishments in private life, which you so eminently possess? The general voice is loud in the praise of so many virtues, though posterity alone will do them justice. But may you, Sir, live long to illustrate your own fame by your own actions, and by them be transmitted to future times as the British Mæcenas!

Your example has recommended poetry with the greatest grace to the admiration of those who are engaged in the

highest and most active scenes of life: and this, though confessedly the least considerable of those exalted qualities that dignify your character, must be particularly pleasing to one whose only hope of being introduced to your regard is through the recommendation of an art in which you are a master. But I forget what I have been declaring above; and must, therefore, turn my eyes to the following sheets. I am not ignorant that, when offered to your perusal, they are put into the hands of one of the finest and, consequently, the most indulgent judges of the age: but, as there is no mediocrity in poetry, so there should be no limits to its ambition. I venture directly on the trial of my fame. If what I here present you has any merit to gain your approbation, I am not afraid of its success; and if it fails of your notice, I give it up to its just fate.

This advantage, at least, I secure to myself, an occasion of thus publicly declaring that I am, with the profoundest veneration,

Sir,

Your most devoted humble servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

SUMMER.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed — Invocation — Address to Mr. Dodington—An introductory reflection on the motion of the Heavenly Bodies; whence the succession of the Seasons—As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a Summer's Day—The Dawn—Sun-rising—Hymn to the Sun — Forenoon — Summer Insects described — Hay-making — Sheep-shearing — Noon-day—A woodland retreat—Group of Herds and Flocks—A solemn Grove: how it affects a contemplative mind—A Cataract and rude Scene—View of Summer in the torrid zone—Storm of Thunder and Lightning—A Tale—The Storm over, a serene Afternoon—Bathing—Hour of walking—Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated Country, which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain —Sun-set—Evening—Night—Summer Meteors—A Comet—The whole concluding with the praise of Philosophy.

Jam clarus occultum Andromedæ pater
Ostendit ignem: jam Procyon furit,
Et stella vesani Leonis,
Sole dies referente siccos.
Jam pastor umbras, cum grege languido,
Rivumque fessus quærit, et horridi
Dumeta Silvani: caretque
Ripa vagis taciturna ventis.
HORATII *Carm.* lib. iii. od. xxix. 17.

FROM brightening fields of ether fair disclosed,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth:
He comes attended by the sultry *hours*,
And ever-fanning *breezes*, on his way; 5
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face; and earth and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.
Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
Where scarce a sunbeam wanders through the gloom; 10
And on the dark green grass, beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,

And sing the glories of the circling year.
  Come, *Inspiration*, from thy hermit-seat, 15
By mortal seldom found! may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptured glance
Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the poet, every power
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul. 20
  And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite:
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
Genius, and wisdom; the gay social sense,
By decency chastised; goodness and wit, 25
In seldom-meeting harmony combined;
Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, liberty, and man:
O Dodington! attend my rural song,
Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line, 30
And teach me to deserve thy just applause.
  With what an awful world-revolving power
Were first the' unwieldy planets launch'd along
The' illimitable void! Thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thousand years, 35
That oft has swept the toiling race of men
And all their labour'd monuments away,
Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course;
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the seasons ever stealing round, 40
Minutely faithful: such THE' ALL-PERFECT HAND,
That poised, impels, and rules the steady WHOLE.
  When now no more the' alternate Twins are fired,
And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the Night; 45
And soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east;
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;
And, from before the lustre of her face, 50
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
Brown Night retires: young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn. 55
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;

And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward; while along the forest-glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes 60
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives 65
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.
  Falsely luxurious, will not man awake;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song? 70
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of the' enlighten'd soul!
Or else, to feverish vanity alive, 75
Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams!
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than Nature craves; when every Muse
And every blooming Pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly-devious morning-walk? 80
  But yonder comes the powerful King of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all, 85
Aslant the dew-bright earth and colour'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, Light! 90
Of all material beings first, and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapp'd
In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen 95
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?
  'T is by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire: from the far bourn

Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round 100
Of thirty years; to Mercury, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.
  Informer of the planetary train!
Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs 105
Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life!
How many forms of being wait on thee,
Inhaling spirit! from the' unfetter'd mind,
By thee sublimed, down to the daily race, 110
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.
  The vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road, 115
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
Meantime, the' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn: while, round thy beaming car, 120
High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd Hours,
The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews,
And, soften'd into joy, the surly Storms. 125
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.
  Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth, 130
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confined:
But, to the bowell'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines; 135
Hence Labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd War
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace
Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.
  The' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee, 140
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,

Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast, 145
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct, 150
The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow topas burns:
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green emerald shows. But, all combined, 155
Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.
The very dead creation, from thy touch, 160
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refined,
In brighter mazes the relucent stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The desert joys 165
Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this, 170
And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
Unequal far; great delegated Source
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!
How shall I then attempt to sing of HIM, 175
Who, LIGHT HIMSELF, in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retired
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken?
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of Heaven, 180
That beam for ever through the boundless sky!
But, should he hide his face, the' astonish'd sun,
And all the' extinguish'd stars, would, loosening, reel
Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.
And yet was every *faltering tongue* of man, 185

ALMIGHTY FATHER! silent in thy praise;
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,
Even in the depth of solitary woods
By human foot untrod; proclaim thy power,
And to the choir celestial THEE resound, 190
The' eternal Cause, Support, and End of all!
  To me be Nature's volume broad-display'd;
And to peruse its all-instructing page,
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
Some easy passage, raptured, to translate, 195
My sole delight; as through the falling glooms
Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
On fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.
  Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent Sun
Melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds, 200
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature shines, from where Earth seems,
Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.
  Half in a blush of clustering roses lost, 205
Dew-dropping *Coolness* to the shade retires;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;
While tyrant *Heat*, dispreading through the sky,
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts 210
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.
  Who can unpitying see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign
Before the parching beam! So fade the fair,
When fevers revel through their azure veins. 215
But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.
  Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats; 220
His flock before him stepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! The daw,
The rook, and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks 225
That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd

All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene; 230
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Out-stretch'd and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp, 235
They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter through her song:
Not mean, though simple; to the Sun allied,
From him they draw their animating fire. 240
  Waked by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborne,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintry storms, or rising from their tombs 245
To higher life, by myriads, forth at once
Swarming they pour; of all the varied hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms, ten thousand different tribes,
People the blaze! To sunny waters some 250
By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool
They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the stream,
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-eyed trout,
Or darting salmon. Through the green-wood glade
Some love to stray; there lodged, amused, and fed, 255
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
And every latent herb: for the sweet task,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft beds, their young yet undisclosed, 260
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl, 265
With powerless wings around them wrapp'd, expire.
  But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death; where, gloomily retired,
The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,—
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap 270
Of carcasses, in eager watch *he sits*,

O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes; as oft the ruffian shows his front:
The prey at last ensnared, he dreadful darts, 275
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward grimly pleased: the fluttering wing
And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping hospitable hand. 280
  Resounds the living surface of the ground:
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses through the woods at noon;
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclined,
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade 285
Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.
  Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,
Evading even the microscopic eye!
Full Nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organized, 290
Waiting the *vital Breath*, when PARENT-HEAVEN
Shall bid his Spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid steams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,
Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way, 295
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the stone
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze, 300
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible
Amid the floating verdure millions stray. 305
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Though one transparent vacancy it seems, 310
Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
The grosser eye of man: for, if the worlds
In worlds enclosed should on his senses burst,

From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl, 315
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
When Silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.
  Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends. 320
Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heaved, the pride of art, 325
A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole!
And lives the man, whose universal eye
Has swept at once the' unbounded scheme of things; 330
Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord,
As with unfaltering accent to conclude
That *this* availeth nought? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From INFINITE PERFECTION to the brink 335
Of dreary *nothing*, (desolate abyss!)
From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that POWER,
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds, 340
As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.
  Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward and downward, thwarting and convolved,
The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day. 345
Even so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
An idle summer life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by Death, Oblivion comes 350
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.
  Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer-rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid, 355
Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning *o'er her cheek.*

Even stooping age is here; and infant-hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll. 360
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground, 365
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay: while heard, from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee. 370
  Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore. 375
Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in: 380
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And panting labour to the farther shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt 385
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race: where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild 390
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerous press'd, 395
Head above head: and, ranged in lusty rows,
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-dress'd maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthroned, 400

Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace: 405
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side
To stamp his master's cipher, ready stand;
Others the' unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy 410
Holds by the twisted horns the' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What softness in its melancholy face, 415
What dumb complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes! 't is not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you waved;
No, 't is the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who, having now, to pay his annual care, 420
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene! yet hence Britannia sees
Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands
The' exalted stores of every brighter clime, 425
The treasures of the Sun without his rage:
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast; 430
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'T is raging noon; and, vertical, the Sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all 435
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot-ascending steams
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields 440
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast Fancy's blooms, and wither even the soul.
Echo no more returns *the cheerful sound*

Of sharpening scythe: the mower, sinking, heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfumed; 445
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
The very streams look languid from afar;
Or, through the' unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove. 450
All-conquering Heat, O intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh, 455
And restless turn, and look around for night:
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he who, on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines! 460
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unsatisfied and sick, tosses in noon!
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man, 465
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,
And every passion aptly harmonized,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflamed.
Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks! 470
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbaged brink. 475
Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded eye
And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;
And life shoots swift through all the lighten'd limbs.
Around the' adjoining brook, that purls along 480
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffused into a limpid plain;
A various group the herds and flocks compose, 485
Rural confusion! On the grassy bank

Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and often bending sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front, 490
Which incomposed he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd; 495
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.
Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd;
That startling scatters from the shallow brook, 500
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
Through all the bright severity of noon;
While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
Proceeding runs low-bellowing round the hills. 505
Oft in this season too the horse, provoked,
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effused,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with steadfast eye, 510
And heart estranged to fear: his nervous chest,
Luxuriant and erect, the seat of strength,
Bears down the' opposing stream: quenchless his thirst;
He takes the river at redoubled draughts,
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave. 515
Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest, largest growth:
That, forming high in air a woodland choir,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
Solemn and slow, the shadows blacker fall, 520
And all is awful listening gloom around.
These are the haunts of Meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards the' inspiring breath,
Ecstatic, felt; and, from this world retired,
Conversed with angels and immortal forms, 525
On gracious errands bent: to save the fall
Of Virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, *and warn the favour'd soul*

For future trials fated to prepare; 530
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His Muse to better themes; to soothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
(Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engaged) to turn the death; 535
And numberless such offices of love,
Daily and nightly, zealous to perform.
Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-roused, I feel 540
A sacred terror, a severe delight,
Creep through my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, the' abstracted ear
Of Fancy strikes:—"Be not of us afraid,
Poor kindred man! Thy fellow-creatures, we 545
From the same PARENT-POWER our beings drew,
The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life,
Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
This holy calm, this harmony of mind, 550
Where purity and peace immingle charms.
Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
By noisy Folly and discordant Vice,
Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God. 555
Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
And voices chanting from the wood-crown'd hill,
The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade: 560
A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain."
And art thou, Stanley,* of that sacred band?
Alas, for us too soon! Though raised above 565
The reach of human pain, above the flight
Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray
Of sadly-pleased remembrance, must thou feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender woe;
Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene; 570

* A young lady, well known to the author, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1730; [and on whom he wrote an epitaph.]

Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,
Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
Inspired: where moral Wisdom mildly shone,
Without the toil of art; and Virtue glow'd,
In all her smiles, without forbidding pride. 575
But, O thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;
Or rather to Parental Nature pay
The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth. 580
Believe the Muse: The wintry blast of death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
Through endless ages, into higher powers.
Thus up the mount, in airy vision rapt, 585
I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
Of a near fall of water every sense
Wakes from the charm of thought: swift-shrinking back,
I check my steps, and view the broken scene.
Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood 590
Rolls fair and placid; where, collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls, 595
And from the loud-resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortured wave here find repose;
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks, 600
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Aslant the hollow'd channel rapid darts;
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last, 605
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.
Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
With upward pinions, through the flood of day;
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze, 610
Gains on the Sun; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, *from bower to bower*

Responsive force an interrupted strain.
The stock-dove only through the forest coos, 615
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
Across his fancy comes; and then resounds 620
A louder song of sorrow through the grove.
Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air;
There on that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair moss-lined and over head 625
By flowering umbrage shaded; where the bee
Strays diligent, and with the' extracted balm
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.
Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in noon, 630
Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of *the torrid zone:*
Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compared,
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.
See how at once the bright effulgent Sun, 635
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
The short-lived twilight; and with ardent blaze
Looks gaily fierce o'er all the dazzling air:
He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
Issuing from out the portals of the morn, 640
*The general breeze,** to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
Returning suns and *double seasons* † pass: 645
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy rise,
Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays:
Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills; 650

* Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and south-east: caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

† In all places between the tropics, the sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a-year perpendicular, which produces this effect.

Or to the far horizon wide diffused,
A boundless deep immensity of shade.
Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
The noble sons of potent heat and floods
Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven 655
Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste
And vital spirit, drink, amid the cliffs
And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales, 660
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.
Bear me, Pomona, to thy citron groves;
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through the green, 665
Their lighter glories blend! Lay me reclined
Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
Quench my hot limbs; or lead me through the maze, 670
Embowering endless, of the Indian fig;
Or, thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmettos lift their graceful shade. 675
O, stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freshening wine!
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs 680
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
Witness, thou best Anâna, thou the pride 685
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imaged in the golden age:
Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty* coat,
Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!
From these the prospect varies. Plains immense 690
Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads,
And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,

* In the edition of 1744, *the epithet is spiny.*—EDIT.

Unfix'd, is in a verdant ocean lost.
Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride, 695
Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
Exuberant Spring; for oft these valleys shift
Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
Or streaming dews and torrent-rains, prevail. 700
  Along these lonely regions, where, retired
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful solitude, and nought is seen
But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas: 705
On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
Like a fallen cedar, far diffused his train,
Cased in green scales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,
Behemoth * rears his head. Glanced from his side, 710
The darted steel in idle shivers flies:
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze. 715
  Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that cast
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave,
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High-raised in solemn theatre around, 720
Leans the huge elephant: wisest of brutes!
O truly wise! with gentle might endow'd!
Though powerful, not destructive! Here he sees
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
And empires rise and fall; regardless he 725
Of what the never-resting race of men
Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;
Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert, 730
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.
  Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,

* The hippopotamus, or river-horse.

Thick-swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand, 735
That with a sportive vanity has deck'd
The plumy nations, there her gayest hues
Profusely pours. But if she bids them shine
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet, frugal still, she humbles them in song.* 740
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
A boundless radiance waving on the Sun,
While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,
Through the soft silence of the listening night, 745
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.
But come, my Muse, the desert-barrier burst,
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky:
And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb 750
The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
Of social commerce comest to rob their wealth;
No *holy Fury* thou, blaspheming Heaven, 755
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmless bee, mayst freely range,
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers, 760
From jasmine grove to grove, mayst wander gay,
Through palmy shades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There on the breezy summit, spreading fair, 765
For many a league; or on stupendous rocks,
That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise;
And gardens smile around, and cultured fields; 770
And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks
Securely stray; a world within itself,
Disdaining all assault: there let me draw
Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves, 775

* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear
The roaring floods and cataracts, that sweep
From disembowell'd earth the virgin gold;
And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,
Fervent with life of every fairer kind: 780
A land of wonders! which the Sun still eyes
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.
How changed the scene! In blazing height of noon,
The Sun, oppress'd, is plunged in thickest gloom. 785
Still Horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
For to the hot equator crowding fast,
Where, highly rarefied, the yielding air
Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll, 790
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd;
Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
Or silent borne along, heavy and slow,
With the big stores of steaming oceans charged.
Meantime, amid these upper seas, condensed 795
Around the cold aërial mountain's brow,
And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne:
From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage;
Till, in the furious elemental war 800
Dissolved, the whole precipitated mass
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.
The treasures these, hid from the bounded search
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
(Rich king of floods!) o'erflows the swelling Nile. 805
From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
Pure-welling out, he through the lucid lake
Of fair Dambea rolls his infant stream.
There, by the Naiads nursed, he sports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles, 810
That with unfading verdure smile around.
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
Winds in progressive majesty along; 815
Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
Of life-deserted sand; till, glad to quit

The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks,
From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn, 820
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.
  His brother Niger too, and all the floods
In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract
Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous Ind 825
Fall on Cormandel's coast, or Malabar;
From Menam's * orient stream, that nightly shines
With insect-lamps, to where Aurora sheds
On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower:
All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns, 830
And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.
  Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd,
The lavish moisture of the melting year.
Wide o'er his isles, the branching Oronoque
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives 835
To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
The mighty Orellana.† Scarce the Muse 840
Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt
The sea-like Plata; to whose dread expanse,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
Our floods are rills. With unabated force, 845
In silent dignity they sweep along,
And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,
Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,
Unseen and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these, 850
O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
In their soft bosom, many a happy isle;
The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons. 855
Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,

* The river that runs through Siam; on whose banks a vast multitude of those insects called "fire-flies" make a beautiful appearance in the night.

† The river of the *Amazons*.

Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe;
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.
But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth, 860
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss,
This pomp of nature? what, their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
By vagrant birds dispersed, and wafting winds,
What, their unplanted fruits? what, the cool draughts, 865
The' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
Their forests yield? Their toiling insects what,
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth, 870
Golconda's gems and sad Potosi's mines,
Where dwelt the gentlest children of the Sun?
What, all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
Ill-fated race! the softening arts of peace, 875
Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach;
The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
Investigation calm, whose silent powers
Command the world; the Light that leads to Heaven; 880
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of Man:—
These are not theirs. The parent Sun himself
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize; 885
And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds,
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there! 890
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
The heart-shed tear, the' ineffable delight
Of sweet humanity:—these court the beam
Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
And the wild fury of voluptuous sense, 895
There lost. The very brute creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.
Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
Which even Imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train 900

In orbs immense; then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffused
He throws his folds: and while, with threatening tongue
And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
His flaming crest, all other Thirst, appall'd, 905
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
The small close-lurking minister of fate,
Whose high-concocted venom through the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift 910
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
This child of vengeful Nature! There, sublimed
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
Roam, licensed by the shading hour of guilt,
And foul misdeed, when the pure Day has shut 915
His sacred eye: The tiger darting fierce
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd;
The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste;
And, scorning all the taming arts of man, 920
The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.
These, rushing from the' inhospitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles
That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild,
Innumerous glare around their shaggy king, 925
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Crowd near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease, 930
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. The' awaken'd village starts;
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang escaped, 935
The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again:
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From Atlas eastward to the frighted Nile.
Unhappy he who, from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone 940
Amid this world of death! Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that *ever toils below*;

Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave, 945
Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds:
At evening, to the setting sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,
And hiss continual through the tedious night. 950
Yet here, even here, into these black abodes
Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome
And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retired,
Her Cato following through Numidian wilds:
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains, 955
And all the green delights Ausonia pours;
When for them she must bend the servile knee,
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.
Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath, 960
Let loose the raging elements. Breathed hot,
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil, 965
Son of the desert, even the camel feels,
Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast!
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
Commoved around, in gathering eddies play: 970
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come;
Till, with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep, 975
Beneath descending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
The' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.
But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave 980
Obeys the blast, the' nĕrial tumult swells.
In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
The circling Typhon,* whirl'd from point to point,

* Typhon and Ecnephia, terms for particular storms or hurricanes, *known only* between the tropics.

Exhausting all the rage of all the sky, 985
And dire Ecnephia, reign. Amid the heavens,
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck *
Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells:
Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,
Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs 990
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, descends a mingled mass 995
Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
In wild amazement fix'd, the sailor stands.
Art is too slow: by rapid Fate oppress'd,
His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the bosom of the black abyss. 1000
With such mad seas the daring Gama † fought,
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Incessant, labouring round *the stormy Cape;*
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerged 1005
The rising world of trade: the Genius, then,
Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,
For idle ages, starting, heard at last
The Lusitanian Prince; ‡ who, Heaven-inspired, 1010
To love of useful glory roused mankind,
And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.
Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark. Lured by the scent 1015
Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;
And, from the partners of that cruel trade
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons, 1020
Demands his share of prey; demands themselves!

* Called by sailors "the ox-eye," being in appearance at first no bigger.

† Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East Indies.

‡ Don Henry, third son to John I., king of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the *chief* source of all the modern improvements in *navigation*.

The stormy fates descend: one death involves
Tyrants and slaves; when straight, their mangled limbs
Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal. 1025
When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless Sun,
And draws the copious steam: from swampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods, 1030
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,
In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapp'd,
Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
Has ever dared to pierce; then, wasteful, forth
Walks the dire Power of pestilent disease. 1035
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
And feeble desolation, casting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of man.
Such as, of late, at Carthagena quench'd 1040
The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye 1045
No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore;
Heard, nightly plunged amid the sullen waves,
The frequent corse; while, on each other fix'd,
In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd, 1050
Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.
What need I mention those inclement skies,
Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
The fiercest child of Nemesis Divine,
Descends? From Ethiopia's poison'd woods, 1055
From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,*
This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
The brutes escape. Man is her destined prey,
Intemperate man! and, o'er his guilty domes, 1060
She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
Uninterrupted by the living winds,

* These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the Plague, in Dr. Mead's elegant book on that subject.

Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
With many a mixture by the sun, suffused,
Of angry aspect. Princely Wisdom, then, 1065
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
Of feeble Justice, ineffectual, drop
The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad; 1070
Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
The cheerful haunt of men: unless, escaped
From the doom'd house, where matchless Horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous Fear, the smitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to Heaven 1075
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman and unwise. The sullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors society.
Dependents, friends, relations, Love himself, 1080
Savaged by woe, forget the tender tie,
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,
The wide enlivening air is full of fate;
And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs 1085
They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
Extends her raven wing; while, to complete
The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
The grim guards stand, denying all retreat, 1090
And give the flying wretch a better death.
  Much yet remains unsung: the rage intense
Of brasen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine starve the blasted year;
Fired by the torch of noon to tenfold rage, 1095
The' infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame:
And, roused within the subterranean world,
The' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
Aspiring cities from their solid base,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulf. 1100
But 't is enough; return, my vagrant Muse:
A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.
  Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove
Unusual darkness broods; and growing gains
The full possession of the sky, surcharged 1105

With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
With various-tinctured trains of latent flame, 1110
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal roused,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below, 1115
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns
Dread through the dun expanse, save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath. 1120
Prone, to the lowest vale, the' aërial tribes
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye; by man forsook, 1125
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
'T is listening fear and dumb amazement all:
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud; 1130
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind, 1135
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds: till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze. 1140
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.
Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds 1145
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
The' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,

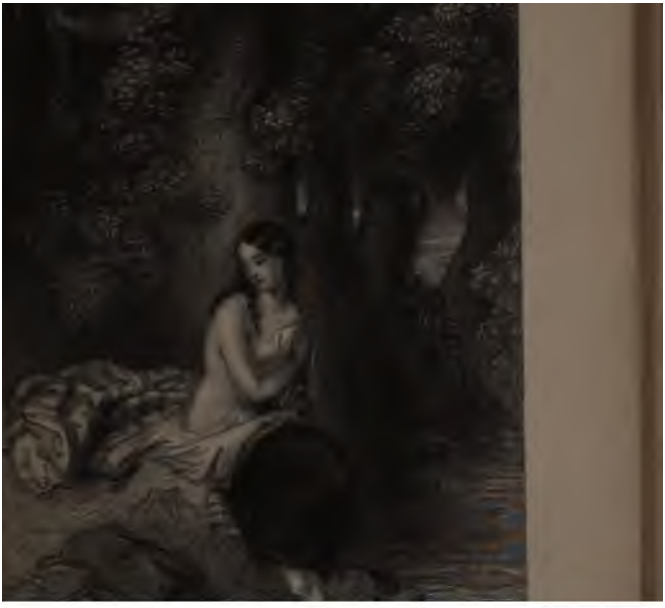
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine 1150
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,
A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In Fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull, 1155
And ox half-raised. Struck on the castled cliff,
The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake. 1160
Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar: with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowdon's peak, 1165
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
Far-seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulè bellows through her utmost isles.
Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.
And yet not always on the guilty head 1170
Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn, 1175
And his the radiance of the risen day.
They loved: but such their guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence and undissembling truth.
'T was friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish, 1180
The' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self;
Supremely happy in the' awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades, 1185
Still in harmonious intercourse they lived
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.
So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour, 1190
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,

Heedless how far, and where, its mazes stray'd,
While, with each other bless'd, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Heavy with instant fate, her bosom heaved
Unwonted sighs; and stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
In vain assuring love, and confidence
In Heaven, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceived
The' unequal conflict, and, as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumined high. "Fear not," he said,
"Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence
And inward storm! He, who yon skies involves
In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
That wastes at midnight, or the' undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice
Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
'T is safety to be near thee, sure, and thus
To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,
Mysterious Heaven! that moment, to the ground,
A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
Pierced by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe?
So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of Heaven the shatter'd clouds
Tumultuous rove, the' interminable sky
Sublimer swells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Nature from the storm
Shines out afresh; and through the lighten'd air
A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Invests the fields, yet dropping from distress.

'T is beauty all, and grateful song around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat

Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale. 1235
And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless man,
Most-favour'd; who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
That hush'd the thunder, and serenes the sky, 1240
Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest waked,
That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?
Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth 1245
A sandy bottom shows. Awhile he stands
Gazing the' inverted landscape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses and his rosy cheek 1250
Instant emerge; and through the' obedient wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an easy-winding path;
While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light 1255
Effuses on the pleased spectators round.
This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the Summer-heats;
Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,
Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink. 1260
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserved,
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same Roman arm,
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth, 1265
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.
Even from the body's purity the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.
Close in the covert of an hazel copse,
Where, winded into pleasing solitudes, 1270
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat,
Pensive, and pierced with love's delightful pangs.
There to the stream that down the distant rocks
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
Among the bending willows, falsely he 1275
Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd.
She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,



In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
The soft return conceal'd; save when it stole
In side-long glances from her downcast eye,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
He framed a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine!
For, lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Musidora sought:
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;
And, robed in loose array, she came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:
A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement, known to few,
Perplex'd his breast, and urged him to retire:
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
Say, ye severest, what would you have done?
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever bless'd
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around
The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
Ah then! not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
The rival-goddesses the veil divine
Cast unconfined, and gave him all their charms,
Than, Damon, thou; as from the snowy leg
And slender foot the' inverted silk she drew;
As the soft touch dissolved the virgin zone;
And, through the parting robe, the' alternate breast,
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
How durst thou risk the soul-distracting view,
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,
In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn;
And fair-exposed she stood, shrunk from herself,
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?

SUMMER.

London: Sampson Low, Son & Co.

Then to the flood she rush'd : the parted flood
Its lovely guest with closing waves received ;
And every beauty softening, every grace
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed :
As shines the lily through the crystal mild ; 1325
Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
But ill-conceal'd, and now with streaming locks,
That half-embraced her in a humid veil, 1330
Rising again, the latent Damon drew
Such maddening draughts of beauty to the soul,
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptured thought
With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd 1335
The theft profane, if aught profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd ; and, struggling from the shade,
With headlong hurry fled : but first these lines,
Traced by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw :—" Bathe on, my fair,
Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye 1341
Of faithful love : I go to guard thy haunt,
To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense, 1345
A stupid moment motionless she stood :
So stands the statue that enchants the world ; *
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes 1350
Which blissful Eden knew not ; and, array'd
In careless haste, the' alarming paper snatch'd.
But, when her Damon's well-known hand she saw,
Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
Of mix'd emotions, hard to be described, 1355
Her sudden bosom seized : shame void of guilt,
The charming blush of innocence, esteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modesty exalted : even a sense
Of self-approving beauty stole across 1360
Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm
Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul ;

* The *Venus of Medici.*

And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
Of rural lovers this confession carved, 1365
Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy :—
"Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,
By Fortune too much favour'd, but by Love,
Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now
Discreet: the time may come you need not fly." 1370
The Sun has lost his rage: his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
And vital lustre; that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,
Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes, 1375
The dream of waking Fancy! Broad below,
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves 1380
To seek the distant hills, and there converse
With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic song to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attuned to happy unison of soul; 1385
To whose exalting eye a fairer world,
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
Displays its charms; whose minds are richly fraught
With philosophic stores, superior light;
And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns 1390
Virtue the sons of interest deem romance;
Now call'd abroad, enjoy the falling day:
Now to the verdant Portico of woods,
To Nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk;
By that kind School where no proud master reigns, 1395
The full free converse of the friendly heart,
Improving and improved. Now from the world,
Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
And pour their souls in transport, which the Sire
Of love approving hears, and *calls it good.* 1400
Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we choose?
All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
Or court the forest-glades? or wander wild 1405

Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Shene?* Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape: now the raptured eye,
Exulting, swift to huge Augusta send, 1410
Now to the sister-hills that skirt her plain,†
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
In lovely contrast to this glorious view
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn 1415
To where the silver Thames first rural grows.
There let the feasted eye unwearied stray;
Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks, 1420
Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retired
With Her the pleasing partner of his heart,
The worthy Queensbury yet laments his Gay,
And polish'd Cornbury woos the willing Muse,
Slow let us trace the matchless Vale of Thames; 1425
Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt
In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
The healing God;‡ to royal Hampton's pile,
To Clermont's terraced height, and Esher's groves,
Where in the sweetest solitude, embraced 1430
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.
Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
O vale of bliss! O softly-swelling hills! 1435
On which *the Power of Cultivation* lies,
And joys to see the wonders of his toil.
Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all 1440
The stretching landscape into smoke decays!
Happy Britannia! where, the Queen of Arts,
Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad
Walks, unconfined, even to thy farthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand. 1445

* The old name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon, *shining*, or *splendour*.

† Highgate and Hampstead. ‡ In his last sickness.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy valleys float
With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless, while, roving round their sides, 1450
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth;
And property assures it to the swain, 1455
Pleased and unwearied in his guarded toil.
Full are thy cities with the sons of art;
And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard: even Drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews 1460
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet, 1465
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.
Bold, firm, and graceful are thy generous youth,
By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fired,
Scattering the nations where they go; and first
Or on the listed plain or stormy seas. 1470
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside;
In genius, and substantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind; 1475
Yet, like the mustering thunder, when provoked,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim Oppression groan.
Thy sons of glory many! Alfred thine,
In whom the splendour of heroic war, 1480
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whose hallow'd name the Virtues saint,
And *his own* Muses love; the best of kings!
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine,
Names dear to Fame; the first who deep impress'd 1485
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius still. In statesmen thou,
And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,

Who, with a generous though mistaken zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage; 1490
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor;
A dauntless soul erect, who smiled on death.
Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine;
A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep, 1495
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flamed thy spirit high: But who can speak
The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign?
In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;
Raleigh, the scourge of Spain; whose breast with all 1500
The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd!
Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind 1505
Explored the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious, or so base, as those he proved,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled. 1510
Nor can the Muse the gallant Sidney pass,
The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land!
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul, 1515
Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright, at his call, thy *Age of Men* effulged,
Of men on whom late time a kindling eye 1520
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
The grave where Russel lies; whose temper'd blood,
With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign, 1525
Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk
In loose inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the British Cassius,* fearless bled;
Of high determined spirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to the' enlighten'd love 1530

* *Algernon Sidney.*

Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
In awful sages and in noble bards;
Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
Her orient ray, and waked the Muses' song.
Thine is a Bacon; hapless in his choice; 1535
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
And through the smooth barbarity of courts,
With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
To urge his course. Him for the studious shade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear, 1540
Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,
Plato, the Stagyrite, and Tully join'd.
The great deliverer he, who, from the gloom
Of cloister'd monks and jargon-teaching schools,
Led forth the true Philosophy, there long 1545
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of Heaven! that, slow-ascending still,
Investigating sure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to Heaven again. 1550
The generous Ashley * thine, the friend of man;
Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye,
His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the moral beauty charm the heart. 1555
Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search,
Amid the dark recesses of his works,
The great Creator sought! And why thy Locke,
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let Newton, pure intelligence, whom God 1560
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart, 1565
Is not wild Shakespeare thine and Nature's boast?
Is not each great, each amiable Muse
Of classic ages in thy Milton met?
A genius universal as his theme,
Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom 1570
Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime.
Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,

* Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son;
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground: 1575
Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,
Well-moralized, shines through the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.
May my song soften, as thy daughters I, 1580
Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance, and taste; the faultless form,
Shaped by the hand of Harmony; the cheek,
Where the live crimson, through the native white 1585
Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown, 1590
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
And by the soul inform'd, when, dress'd in love,
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.
Island of bliss! amid the subject seas, 1595
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight
Of distant nations, whose remotest shore
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults 1600
Baffling, like thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.
O Thou, by whose almighty nod the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving Virtues round the land,
In bright patrol: white Peace, and social Love; 1605
The tender-looking Charity, intent
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles;
Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of mind;
Courage, composed and keen; sound Temperance,
Healthful in heart and look; clear Chastity, 1610
With blushes reddening as she moves along,
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
Rough Industry; Activity untired,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake:
While, in the radiant front, superior shines 1615

That first paternal virtue, Public Zeal;
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with some great design.
  Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees, 1620
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds,
Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers 1625
Of Amphitrité, and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung,) he dips his orb;
Now half-immersed; and now, a golden curve,
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.
  For ever running an enchanted round, 1630
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild the' impassion'd soul,
The next in nothing lost. 'T is so to him,
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank: 1635
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch,
Who, all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
A drooping family of modest worth. 1640
But to the generous still-improving mind,
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
Diffusing kind beneficence around,
Boastless, as now descends the silent dew;
To him the long review of order'd life 1645
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.
  Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
All ether softening, sober Evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air;
A thousand shadows at her beck. First *this* 1650
She sends on earth; then *that*, of deeper dye,
Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream, 1655
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,

A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care 1660
Of Nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.
  His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves 1665
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguish means,
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
Of cordial glances and obliging deeds. 1670
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,
And valley sunk and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game and revelry to pass
The summer night, as village-stories tell. 1675
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him whom his ungentle fortune urged
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunn'd; whose mournful chambers hold, 1680
So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.
  Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem, and through the dark
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night; not in her winter-robe 1685
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanced from the' imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams, 1690
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
The' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray 1695
Sweet Venus shines; and, from her genial rise,
When day-light sickens, till it springs afresh,
Unrivall'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.
As thus the' effulgence tremulous I drink
With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot 1700
Across the sky, or horizontal *dart*

In wondrous shapes, by fearful murmuring crowds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck—that animate—the sky,
The life-infusing suns of other worlds; 1705
Lo! from the dread immensity of space
Returning, with accelerated course,
The rushing comet to the sun descends;
And as he sinks below the shading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens, 1710
The guilty nations tremble. But, above
Those superstitious horrors that enslave
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
And blind amazement prone, the' enlighten'd few,
Whose godlike minds Philosophy exalts, 1715
The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy
Divinely great: they in their powers exult,
That wondrous force of thought, which mounting spurns
This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;
While, from his far excursion through the wilds 1720
Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
To work the will of all-sustaining Love;
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake 1725
Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,
Through which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining suns,
To light up worlds, and feed the' eternal fire.
With thee, serene Philosophy, with thee, 1730
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
Effusive source of evidence and truth!
A lustre shedding o'er the' ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer-noon, and pure as that
Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul, 1735
New to the dawning of celestial day.
Hence through her nourish'd powers, enlarged by thee,
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd, 1740
The heights of science and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
Or in the starry regions, or the' abyss,
To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd:

The first up-tracing, from the dreary void, 1745
The chain of causes and effects to HIM,
The world-producing ESSENCE, who alone
Possesses being; while the last receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold, 1750
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.
Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to aims; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought, 1755
Never to die; the treasure of mankind,
Their highest honour, and their truest joy!
Without thee, what were unenlighten'd man!
A savage, roaming through the woods and wilds
In quest of prey; and with the' unfashion'd fur 1760
Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art
And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian law were his; nor various skill 1765
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of Navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line, or dares the wintry pole,
Mother severe of infinite delights! 1770
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a still-revolving train,
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse! But, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace; 1775
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs
The ruling helm; or, like the liberal breath
Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail 1780
Swells out, and bears the' inferior world along.
Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
Poorly confined, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation through; and, from that full complex 1785
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the SOLE BEING right, who *spoke the word,*

And Nature moved complete. With inward view,
Thence on the' ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance, 1790
The' obedient phantoms vanish or appear,
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train:
To reason then, deducing truth from truth; 1795
And notion quite abstract; where first begins
The world of spirits, action all and life
Unfetter'd and unmix'd. But here the cloud,
So wills ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, sits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark state, 1800
In wayward passions lost and vain pursuits,
This infancy of being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of GOD,
By boundless LOVE and perfect WISDOM form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind. 1805

AUTUMN.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed—Addressed to Mr. Onslow—A prospect of the Fields ready for Harvest—Reflections in praise of Industry, raised by that view—Reaping—A Tale relative to it—A harvest Storm—Shooting and Hunting, their barbarity—A ludicrous account of Fox-hunting—A view of an Orchard—Wall-fruit—A Vineyard—A description of Fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a Digression, inquiring into the rise of Fountains and Rivers—Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation—The prodigious number of them that cover the Northern and Western Isles of Scotland—Hence a view of the Country—A Prospect of the discoloured, fading Woods—After a gentle dusky Day, Moonlight—Autumnal Meteors—Morning; to which succeeds a calm, pure, sunshiny Day, such as usually shuts up the season—The Harvest being gathered in, the Country dissolved in joy—The whole concludes with a Panegyric on a philosophical Country Life.

Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on; the Doric reed once more,
Well pleased, I tune. Whate'er the wintry frost
Nitrous prepared, the various-blossom'd Spring 5
Put in white promise forth, and summer-suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.
Onslow! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song, 10
Would from *the public voice* thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;
While listening senates hang upon thy tongue, 15
Devolving through the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods, sweeter than her song.
But she too pants for public virtue: she,
Though weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
Whene'er her country rushes on her heart, 20
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries

To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.
  When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year,
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook 25
Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft through lucid clouds
A pleasing calm; while, broad and brown, below 30
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow. 35
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun
By fits effulgent gilds the' illumined field,
And black by fits the shadows sweep along:—
A gaily chequer'd, heart-expanding view, 40
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.
  These are thy blessings, Industry! rough Power,
Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;
Yet the kind source of every gentle art, 45
And all the soft civility of life:
Raiser of human-kind! by nature cast,
Naked and helpless, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various seeds of art deep in the mind 50
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all.
Still unexerted, in the' unconscious breast,
Slept the lethargic powers: Corruption still,
Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand 55
Of Bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year:
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey; or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tusky boar. A shivering wretch,
Aghast and comfortless! when the bleak North, 60
With Winter charged, let the mix'd tempest fly,
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost;
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled,
And the wild season, sordid, pined away.

For home he had not: home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
But this the rugged savage never felt,
Even desolate in crowds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
A waste of time! till Industry approach'd,
And roused him from his miserable sloth;
His faculties unfolded; pointed out
Where lavish Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded; show'd him how to raise
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast;
Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,
Or bright in glossy silk and flowing lawn;
With wholesome viands fill'd his table; pour'd
The generous glass around, inspired to wake
The life-refining soul of decent wit:
Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity;
But, still advancing bolder, led him on
To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;
And, breathing high ambition through his soul,
Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the lord of all below.
  Then gathering men their natural powers combined,
And form'd a *public;* to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the patriot council met, the full,
The free, and fairly-represented whole.
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Distinguish'd orders, animated arts;
And, with joint force Oppression chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still
To them accountable; nor slavish dream'd
That toiling millions must resign their weal,
And all the honey of their search, *to such*

As for themselves alone themselves have raised.
  Hence every form of cultivated life
In order set, protected, and inspired, 110
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurse of Art, the City rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew, 115
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.
  Then Commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big warehouse built;
Raised the strong crane; choked up the loaded street 120
With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods,
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between 125
Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk
Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent Toil 130
From bank to bank increased; whence, ribb'd with oak,
To bear the British thunder, black and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.
  Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heaved
Its ample roof; and Luxury within 135
Pour'd out her glittering stores: the canvass smooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied rose; the statue seem'd to breathe,
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
Of forming Art, imagination-flush'd. 140
  All is the gift of Industry; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter, cheer'd by him,
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
The' excluded tempest idly rave along; 145
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
Without him Summer were an arid waste,
Nor to the' Autumnal months could thus transmit
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
That, waving round, recall my wandering song. 150

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day,
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate 155
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time, 160
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks,
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there, 165
Spike after spike, their sparing harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, husbandmen; but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, O, grateful think,
How good the God of Harvest is to you, 170
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields!
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want 175
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.
The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And Fortune smiled, deceitful, on her birth.
For, in her helpless years deprived of all,
Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven, 180
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, lived in a cottage, far retired
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd. 185
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which Virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy Passion and low-minded Pride;
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose, 190
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning-rose,
When the dew wets its *leaves; unstain'd* and pure

As is the lily, or the mountain-snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes, 195
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told
Of what her faithless fortune promised once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star 200
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament, 205
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills, 210
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourish'd, blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till at length, compell'd
By strong Necessity's supreme command, 215
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song 220
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
When tyrant Custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow Nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanced beside his reaper-train 225
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze.
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd. 230
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom to himself unknown;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field: 235
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd:

"What pity, that so delicate a form,
By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
Should be devoted to the rude embrace 240
Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
Recalls that patron of my happy life,
From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands, 245
And once fair-spreading family, dissolved.
'T is said that in some lone obscure retreat,
Urged by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
His aged widow and his daughter live, 250
Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"
When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak 255
The mingled passions that surprised his heart,
And through his nerves in shivering transport ran?
Then blazed his smother'd flame, avow'd and bold;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once. 260
Confused, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul:
"And art thou then Acasto's dear remains? 265
She whom my restless gratitude has sought
So long in vain? O yes, the very same!
The soften'd image of my noble friend;
Alive his every feature, every look,
More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring! 270
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
That nourish'd up my fortune, say, ah! where,
In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven?
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair; 275
Though poverty's cold wind and crushing rain
Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years!
O let me now into a richer soil
Transplant thee safe, where *vernal suns* and showers

Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
And of my garden be the pride and joy!
It ill befits thee, O, it ill befits
Acasto's daughter—his, whose open stores,
Though vast, were little to his ample heart,
The father of a country—thus to pick
The very refuse of those harvest-fields
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill applied to such a rugged task:
The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;
If, to the various blessings which thy house
Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"
  Here ceased the youth: yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely raised.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierced with anxious thought, she pined away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amazed, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seized her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening-hours;
Not less enraptured than the happy pair,
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves
And good, the grace of all the country round.
  Defeating oft the labours of the year,
The sultry South collects a potent blast.
At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.
But as the' aërial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world;
Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,

From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Exposed and naked to its utmost rage, 325
Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain, 330
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Lie sunk and flatted in the sordid wave. 335
Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar, and high above its banks
The river lift; before whose rushing tide,
Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages and swains, 340
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spared
In one wild moment ruin'd, the big hopes
And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
Helpless beholds the miserable wreck 345
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then, 350
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad
Whose toil to yours is warmth and graceful pride;
And, O, be mindful of that sparing board 355
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice;
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
And all-involving winds have swept away!
Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy, 360
The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the Muse to sing the rural game:
How, in his mid career, the spaniel, struck
Stiff by the tainted gale, with open nose,
Outstretch'd and finely *sensible, draws* full, 365

Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;
As in the sun the circling covey bask
Their varied plumes, and watchful every way
Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat 370
Their idle wings, entangled more and more:
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
Though borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,
Glanced just and sudden from the fowler's eye,
O'ertakes their sounding pinions, and again, 375
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing
Dead to the ground; or drives them, wide-dispersed,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.
These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song; 380
Then most delighted, when she social sees
The whole mix'd animal creation round
Alive and happy. 'T is not joy to her,
This falsely-cheerful, barbarous game of death;
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth 385
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urged by necessity, had ranged the dark,
As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,
Ashamed. Not so the steady tyrant man, 390
Who, with the thoughtless insolence of power
Inflamed, beyond the most infuriate wrath
Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
For sport alone pursues the cruel chase
Amid the beamings of the gentle days. 395
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage;
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
But, lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew. 400
Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Scared from the corn, and now to some lone seat
Retired: the rushy fen; the ragged furze,
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapp'd;
The thistly lawn; the thick-entangled broom; 405
Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,

Hung o'er the mases of the mountain-brook.
Vain is her best precaution; though she sits 410
Conceal'd, with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,
By Nature raised to take the' horizon in;
And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to spring away. The scented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep, 415
In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
But nearer and more frequent as it loads
The sighing gale, she springs amazed, and all
The savage soul of game is up at once: 420
The pack full-opening, various; the shrill horn
Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,
Wild for the chase; and the loud hunter's shout;
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult and discordant joy. 425
The stag, too, singled from the herd, where long
He ranged the branching monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, roused by fear,
Gives all his swift aërial soul to flight. 430
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind:
Deception short! though, fleeter than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the North,
He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades, 435
And plunges deep into the wildest wood;
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
The' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling through his every shift. 440
He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day,
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries 445
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides;
Oft seeks the herd: the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more 450
Inspire the course; but *fainting breathless* toil,

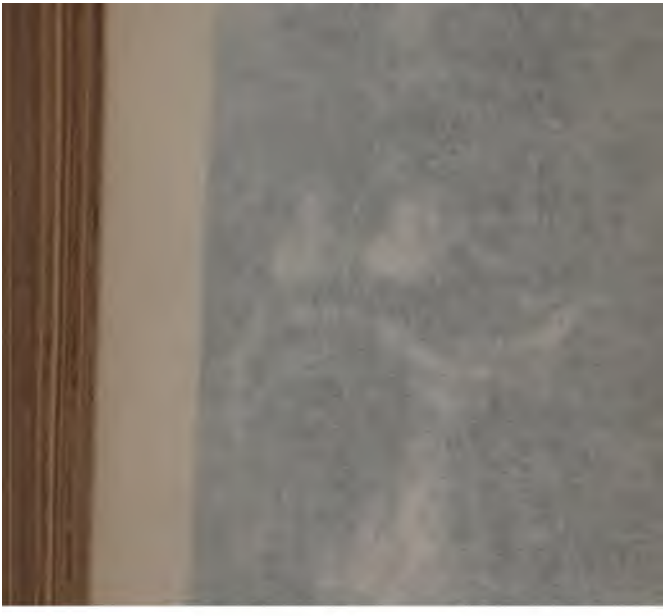
Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay,
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguish; while the growling pack, 455
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.
Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,
Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
Must have the chase, behold, despising flight, 460
The roused-up lion, resolute and slow,
Advancing full on the protended spear,
And coward-band that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe 465
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.
These Britain knows not; give, ye Britons, then, 470
Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold:
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge 475
High bound, resistless; nor the deep morass
Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks 480
Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,
From rock to rock, in circling echo toss'd.
Then scale the mountains to their woody tops;
Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the lawn,
In fancy swallowing up the space between, 485
Pour all your speed into the rapid game:
For, happy he who tops the wheeling chase;
Has every maze evolved, and every guile
Disclosed; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who saw the villain seized, and dying hard, 490
Without complaint, though by an hundred mouths
Relentless torn. O, glorious he, beyond
His daring peers! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,

land honours graced; the fox's fur 495
decent from the roof; and spread
drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
large front: he then is loudest heard,
night staggers with severer toils,
Thessalian Centaurs never knew, 500
repeated wonders shake the dome.
the fuell'd chimney blazes wide;
ds foam; and the strong table groans
e smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense
to side; in which, with desperate knife, 505
incision make, and talk the while
l's glory, ne'er to be defaced
e they borrow vigour; or amain
sty plunged, at intervals,
keen can intervals allow, 510
l the glories of the chase.
Hunger bids his brother Thirst
e mighty bowl: the mighty bowl,
h with fiery juice, steams liberal round
ale, delicious as the breath 515
the love-sick shepherdess,
diffused, while soft she hears
g shepherd stealing to her arms.
ng is the brown October, drawn,
l perfect, from his dark retreat 520
cars; and now his honest front
the light refulgent, not afraid
the vineyard's best produce to vie.
e thirsty moments, Whist a while
grave round, beneath a cloud of smoke, 525
fragrant from the pipe; or the quick dice,
leaping from the box, awake
ing gammon: while romp-loving miss
bout, in gallantry robust.
hese puling idlenesses laid 530
uent and full, the dry divan
m circle; and set ardent in
drinking. Nor evasion sly,
shift, is to the puking wretch
part; but earnest, brimming bowls 535
soul, the table floating round,
nent faithless to *the fuddled foot.*

Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, hounds, 540
To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,
The' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart:
That moment, touch'd is each congenial soul; 545
And, opening in a full-mouth'd *cry* of joy,
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse goes round;
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennell'd hound
Mix in the music of the day again.
As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep 550
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls;
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite dissolved. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim and blue, the double tapers dance, 555
Like the sun wading through the misty sky.
Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confused above,
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table even itself was drunk,
Lie,—a wet, broken scene: and wide, below, 560
Is heap'd the social slaughter; where astride
The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits,
Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,
And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.
Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch, 565
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
Outlives them all; and, from his buried flock
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.
But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport 570
[illegible] hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
[illegible] the bosom of the British fair.
[illegible] the spirit of the chase from them!
[illegible] courage, unbecoming skill,
W[illegible] fence, to rein the prancing steed; 575
With [illegible] whip, the masculine attire;
Relentle[illegible] [illegible]ghen to the sense, and all
His daring [illegible] of their sex is lost!
Calls them to g[illegible] to dissolve at woe;
[illegible] word, to wave 580

Juillet.

AUTUMN.



Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush;
And from the smallest violence to shrink
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears,
And, by this silent adulation, soft,
To their protection more engaging man. 585
O may their eyes no miserable sight,
Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game,
Through Love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,
In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the loose simplicity of dress! 590
And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
Know they to seize the captivated soul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
Disclosing motion in its every charm, 595
To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten Nature's dainties; in their race, 600
To rear their graces into second life;
To give society its highest taste;
Well-order'd home man's best delight to make;
And, by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art, 605
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
Even charm the pains to something more than joy,
And sweeten all the toils of human life!
This be the female dignity and praise.
Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel-bank; 610
Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
Ye virgins, come. For you their latest song
The woodlands raise: the clustering nuts for you 615
The lover finds amid the secret shade;
And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
With active vigour crushes down the tree;
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown, 620
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair:
Melinda, form'd with every grace complete,
Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,

And far transcending such a vulgar praise.
  Hence, from the busy joy-resounding fields,
In cheerful error, let us tread the maze
Of Autumn, unconfined; and taste, revived,
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear
Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race,
By Nature's all-refining hand prepared;
Of temper'd sun and water, earth and air,
In ever-changing composition mix'd.
Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,
The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
Of apples, which the lusty-handed Year,
Innumerous, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
The piercing cider for the thirsty tongue:
Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,
Phillips, Pomona's bard; the second thou
Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,
With British freedom sing the British song:
How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines
Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer
The wintry revels of the labouring hind;
And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours.
  In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
The Sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day;
O lose me in the green delightful walks
Of, Dodington, thy seat, serene and plain;
Where simple Nature reigns; and every view,
Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,
In boundless prospect; yonder shagg'd with wood,
Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks!
Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
Far splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.
New beauties rise with each revolving day;
New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
Full of thy genius all! the Muses' seat;
Where, in the secret bower and winding walk,

rtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.
andering oft, fired with the restless thirst
applause, I solitary court
spiring breeze, and meditate the book 670
ure ever open; aiming thence,
from the heart, to learn the moral song.
s I steal along the sunny wall,
Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
asing theme continual prompts my thought; 675
ts the downy peach; the shining plum,
fine bluish mist of animals
d; the ruddy nectarine; and, dark
h his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
ne too here her curling tendrils shoots; 680
out her clusters, glowing to the South;
arcely wishes for a warmer sky.
we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
orous soils, and climes of fair extent;
by the potent sun elated high, 685
neyard swells refulgent on the day;
s o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,
; and drinks, amid the sunny rocks,
liff to cliff increased, the heighten'd blaze.
nd the weighty boughs. The clusters clear, 690
rough the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
e transparent; while perfection breathes
o'er the turgent film the living dew.
s they brighten with exalted juice,
d into flavour by the mingling ray, 695
ral youth and virgins o'er the field,
nd for each to cull the' autumnal prime,
g rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
omes the crushing swain; the country floats,
ams unbounded with the mashy flood, 700
y degrees fermented and refined,
the raised nations pours the cup of joy;
aret smooth, red as the lip we press
kling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
ellow-tasted Burgundy; and, quick 705
he wit it gives, the gay Champagne.
, by the cool declining year condensed,
d the copious exhalations, check'd
the middle sky unseen they stole,

And roll the doubling fogs around the hill. 710
No more the Mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety; but, in a night 715
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain.
Vanish the woods: the dim-seen river seems
Sullen and slow to roll the misty wave. 720
Even in the height of noon oppress'd, the Sun
Sheds weak and blunt his wide-refracted ray;
Whence, glaring oft, with many a broaden'd orb,
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life 725
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic; till at last,
Wreathed dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, sits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick, 730
A formless grey confusion covers all.
As when of old (so sung the Hebrew bard)
Light, uncollected, through the Chaos urged
Its infant way; nor Order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom. 735
  These roving mists, that constant now begin
To smoke along the hilly country, these,
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,
The mountain-cisterns fill; those ample stores
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks, 740
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some sages say, that where the numerous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore,
Drill'd through the sandy stratum, every way, 745
The waters with the sandy stratum rise;
Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still, 750
Though oft amidst the' irriguous vale it springs;
But to the mountain courted by the sand,

.t darkling on in faithful maze,
.e parent-main, it boils again
lay, and all the glittering hill 755
th spouting rills. But hence this vain
eam! Why should the waters love
far a journey to the hills,
weet valleys offer to their toil
iet and a nearer bed? 760
ınd Ambition led astray,
aspire, why should they sudden stop
broken mountain's rushy dells,
ey gain its highest peak, desert
ive sand that charm'd their course so long? 765
: hard agglomerating salts,
'ages, would impervious choke
: channels, or, by slow degrees,
: hills protrude the swelling vales.
too, suck'd through the porous globe, 770
re now forsook his horrid bed,
ıt Deucalion's watery times again.
. where lurk the vast eternal springs,
REATING NATURE, lie conceal'd
ıl eye, yet with their lavish stores 775
globe and all its joyous tribes?
ading Genius, given to man,
e secrets of the dark abyss,
ıountains bare, and wide display
ın structure to the' astonish'd view! 780
the branching Alps their piny load;
ıcumbrance of horrific woods
ı Taurus, from Imaüs stretch'd
e roving Tartar's sullen bounds.
ıg Hæmus to my searching eye: 785
Olympus,* pouring many a stream.
: sounding summits of the north.
e Hills, through Scandinavia roll'd
Lapland and the Frozen Main;
Caucasus, far seen by those 790
: Caspian and Black Euxine toil;
Riphæan Rocks, which the wild Russ

. mountain called by that name in the Lesser Asia.

Believes the stony girdle* of the world;
And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods;
O, sweep the' eternal snows! Hung o'er the deep,
That ever works beneath his sounding base,
Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
His subterranean wonders spread. Unveil
The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
And of the bending Mountains of the Moon.†
O'ertopping all these giant-sons of earth,
Let the dire Andes, from the radiant Line
Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
The Southern Pole, their hideous deeps unfold.
Amazing scene! Behold, the glooms disclose!
I see the rivers in their infant-beds;
Deep, deep I hear them, labouring to get free.
I see the leaning strata, artful ranged;
The gaping fissures, to receive the rains,
The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs.
Strew'd bibulous above I see the sands,
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
The gutter'd rocks and mazy-running clefts,
That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,
Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
Beneath the' incessant weeping of these drains,
I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,
The mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk,
Or stiff-compacted clay, capacious form'd.
O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
Through the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst
And, welling out, around the middle steep,
Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,
In pure effusion flow. United thus,
The' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,

* The Muscovites call the Riphæan Mountains *Weliki Ca*
that is, "the great Stony Girdle;" because they suppose th
compass the whole earth.

† A range of mountains in Africa, that surround almost all
tapa.

The gelid mountains, that, to rain condensed, 830
These vapours in continual current draw,
And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth,
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
A social commerce hold, and firm support
The full-adjusted harmony of things. 835
When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
The swallow-people; and, toss'd wide around,
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
The feather'd eddy floats; rejoicing once, 840
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire,
In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
And where, unpierced by frost, the cavern sweats.
Or rather, into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of season, there 845
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now
Innumerous wings are in commotion all.
Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep 850
By diligence amazing, and the strong
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,
Consulting deep and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky. 855
And now, their route design'd, their leaders chose,
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings,
And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
The figured flight ascends, and, riding high 860
The' aërial billows, mixes with the clouds.
Or where the Northern Ocean, in vast whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy isles
Of farthest Thulè, and the' Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides; 865
Who can recount what transmigrations there
Are annual made, what nations come and go,
And how the living clouds on clouds arise,—
Infinite wings!—till all the plume-dark air
And rude-resounding shore are one wild cry! 870
Here the plain harmless native his small flock,
And herd diminutive of many *hues*,

Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks
Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food; 875
Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up
The plumage, rising full, to form the bed
Of luxury. And here awhile the Muse,
High hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
Sees Caledonia in romantic view: 880
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
Invested with a keen diffusive sky,
Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between, 885
Pour'd out extensive, and of watery wealth
Full; winding deep and green, her fertile vales;
With many a cool, translucent, brimming flood
Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent-stream,
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed, 890
With, sylvan Jed, thy tributary brook)
To where the north-inflated tempest foams
O'er Orca's or Berubium's highest peak.
Nurse of a people, in Misfortune's school
Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited 895
By Learning, when before the Gothic rage
She took her western flight. A manly race,
Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave;
Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard
(As well unhappy Wallace can attest,— 900
Great patriot-hero, ill-requited chief!)
To hold a generous undiminish'd state;
Too much in vain! Hence, of unequal bounds
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
O'er every land, for every land their life 905
Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil:
As from their own clear North, in radiant streams,
Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal Morn.
O! is there not some patriot, in whose power 910
That best, that godlike luxury is placed,
Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
Through late posterity? some, large of soul,
To cheer dejected industry, to give
A double harvest to the pining swain, 915

And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil?
How, by the finest art, the native robe
To weave; how, white as Hyperborean snow,
To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar
How to dash wide the billow; nor look on, 920
Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms
That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores;
How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
The prosperous sail, from every growing port, 925
Uninjured, round the sea-encircled globe;
And thus, in soul united as in name,
Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep?
Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyle,
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast, 930
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
Thy fond imploring Country turns her eye;
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
Her every virtue, every grace combined;
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn, 935
Her pride of honour, and her courage tried,
Calm and intrepid, in the very throat
Of sulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.
Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow;
For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue 940
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;
While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, Forbès, too, whom every worth attends,
As Truth sincere, as weeping Friendship kind, 945
Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
Thy country feels through her reviving arts,
Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;
And seldom has she felt a friend like thee.
But see, the fading many-colour'd woods, 950
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks, 955
And give the season in its latest view.
Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose *least* wave

Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current; while, illumined wide, 960
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the Sun,
And through their lucid veil his soften'd force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd, 965
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet,
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace,
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.
Thus solitary, and in pensive guise, 970
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse; 975
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock, 980
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm, 985
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!
The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove, 990
Oft startling such as studious walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
Till, choked and matted with the dreary shower, 995
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd 1000
Of bolder fruits falls from the naked tree;

And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.
  He comes! he comes! in every breeze the Power
Of Philosophic Melancholy comes! 1005
His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
Pierced deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes; 1010
Inflames imagination, through the breast
Infuses every tenderness, and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingled with the vulgar dream, 1015
Crowd fast into the Mind's creative eye.
As fast the correspondent passions rise,
As varied, and as high: devotion, raised
To rapture and divine astonishment;
The love of Nature unconfined, and, chief, 1020
Of human race; the large ambitious wish
To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth,
Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn
Of tyrant-pride; the fearless great resolve;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws, 1025
Inspiring glory through remotest time;
The' awaken'd throb for virtue and for fame;
The sympathies of love and friendship dear;
With all the social offspring of the heart.
  O bear me then to vast embowering shades, 1030
To twilight groves and visionary vales,
To weeping grottoes and prophetic glooms,
Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep, along;
And voices more than human, through the void 1035
Deep-sounding, seize the' enthusiastic ear!
  Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye Powers
That o'er the garden and the rural seat
Preside, which shining through the cheerful land
In countless numbers blest Britannia sees; 1040
O lead me to the wide-extended walks,
The fair majestic paradise of Stowe!*
Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore

* The seat of the *Lord Viscount Cobham.*

E'er saw such sylvan scenes; such various art
By genius fired, such ardent genius tamed 1045
By cool judicious art; that, in the strife,
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
And there, O Pitt, thy country's early boast,
There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,
Or in that Temple * where in future times 1050
Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name;
And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
While there with thee the' enchanted round I walk,
The regulated wild, gay Fancy then 1055
Will tread in thought the groves of Attic land;
Will from thy standard taste refine her own,
Correct her pencil to the purest truth
Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades
Forsaking, raise it to the human mind. 1060
O, if hereafter she, with juster hand,
Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou
To mark the varied movements of the heart,
What every decent character requires,
And every passion speaks! O, through her strain 1065
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence, that moulds
The' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
Of honest zeal the' indignant lightning throws,
And shakes Corruption on her venal throne!
While thus we talk, and through Elysian vales 1070
Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes:—
What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant files
Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,
Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
And long-embattled hosts; when the proud foe, 1075
The faithless, vain disturber of mankind,
Insulting Gaul, has roused the world to war;
When, keen once more within their bounds to press
Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
The British youth would hail thy wise command, 1080
Thy temper'd ardour, and thy veteran skill!

The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day;
And humid Evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condensed
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze, 1085

* The Temple of Virtue in Stowe Gardens.

Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the Moon,
Full-orb'd and breaking through the scatter'd clouds,
Shows her broad visage, in the crimson'd east. 1090
Turn'd to the Sun direct, her spotted disk—
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube descries,
A smaller earth—gives all his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day. 1095
Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the skied mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam, 1100
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.
  But when, half-blotted from the sky, her light
Fainting permits the starry fires to burn
With keener lustre through the depth of heaven; 1105
Or quite extinct her deaden'd orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white;
Oft in this season, silent from the North
A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first
The lower skies, they all at once converge 1110
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapsing quick as quickly re-ascend,
And mix and thwart, extinguish and renew,
All ether coursing in a maze of light.
  From look to look, contagious through the crowd, 1115
The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
The' appearance throws: armies in meet array,
Throng'd with aërial spears, and steeds of fire;
Till, the long lines of full-extended war
In bleeding fight commix'd, the sanguine flood 1120
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
As thus they scan the visionary scene,
On all sides swells the superstitious din,
Incontinent; and busy Frenzy talks
Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd, 1125
And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce-ascending flame;
Of sallow famine, inundation, storm;

Of pestilence, and every great distress;
Empires subversed, when ruling Fate has struck 1130
The' unalterable hour: even Nature's self
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
Not so the man of philosophic eye
And inspect sage: the waving brightness he
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know 1135
The causes and materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this appearance beautiful and new.
Now black and deep the night begins to fall,
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth. 1140
Order confounded lies, all beauty void,
Distinction lost, and gay variety
One universal blot: such the fair power
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
Drear is the state of the benighted wretch 1145
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,
Full of pale fancies and chimeras huge,
Nor visited by one directive ray,
From cottage streaming or from airy hall.
Perhaps, impatient as he stumbles on, 1150
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
The wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss:
Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorb'd, 1155
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf;
While still, from day to day, his pining wife
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
Sent by the better Genius of the night, 1160
Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,
The meteor sits, and shows the narrow path
That winding leads through pits of death, or else
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.
The lengthen'd night elapsed, the morning shines 1165
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And hung on every spray, on every blade 1170
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

Ah, see where, robb'd and murder'd, in that pit
Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
And fix'd o'er sulphur; while, not dreaming ill, 1175
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoiced
To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends; 1180
And, used to milder scents, the tender race
By thousands tumble from their honied domes,
Convolved and agonizing in the dust.
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd 1185
Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away?
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,
Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?
O man, tyrannic lord! how long, how long
Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage, 1190
Awaiting renovation? When obliged,
Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food
Can you not borrow, and in just return
Afford them shelter from the wintry winds?
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own 1195
Again regale them on some smiling day?
See where the stony bottom of their town
Looks desolate and wild; with here and there
A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death. 1200
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,
(As late, Palermo, was thy fate,) is seized
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd 1205
Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involved,
Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame.

Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffused, grows warm and high;
Infinite splendour, wide investing all! 1210
How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply tinged
With a peculiar blue! the' ethereal arch

How swell'd immense! amid whose azure throned
The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up,
And instant Winter's utmost rage defied:
While, loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth
By the quick sense of music taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
Points an approving smile, with double force
The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
Age too shines out, and garrulous recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice, nor think
That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceasing round.
O, knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he, who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life!
What, though the dome be wanting, whose proud gate
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abused?
Vile intercourse! What, though the glittering robe—
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools—oppress him not?
What, though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury and death? What, though his bowl
Flames not with costly juice; nor, sunk in beds
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
What, though he knows not those fantastic joys
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estranged

To disappointment and fallacious hope;
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring 1260
When heaven descends in showers, or bends the bough
When Summer reddens and when Autumn beams,
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap,—
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove, 1265
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay; 1270
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
Here too dwells simple Truth, plain Innocence,
Unsullied Beauty, sound unbroken Youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleased, 1275
Health ever-blooming, unambitious Toil,
Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease.
Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
Let such as deem it glory to destroy, 1280
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek,
Unpierced, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let some, far-distant from their native soil,
Urged or by want or harden'd avarice, 1285
Find other lands beneath another sun.
Let this through cities work his eager way
By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
The social sense extinct; and that ferment
Mad into tumult the seditious herd, 1290
Or melt them down to slavery. Let these
Ensnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
An iron race! and those, of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts, 1295
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of state:
While he, from all the stormy passions free
That restless men involve, hears, and but hears, 1300

At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the man who, from the world escaped,
In still retreats and flowery solitudes, 1305
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month.
And day to day, through the revolving year;
Admiring, sees her in her every shape;
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more. 1310
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes, in vain. 1315
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempè wont to wave,
Or Hæmus cool, reads what the Muse, of these
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
Or what she dictates writes; and oft, an eye 1320
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
Seized by the general joy, his heart distends
With gentle throes; and, through the tepid gleams 1325
Deep-musing, then he best exerts his song.
Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies, 1330
Disclosed and kindled by refining frost,
Pour every lustre on the' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
O'er land and sea imagination roams; 1335
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred, too, and love he feels;
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone 1340
Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twined around his neck,
And, emulous to please him, calling forth

The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns; 1345
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social still and smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt
And guilty cities never knew; the life
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt, 1350
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man!

O NATURE, all-sufficient, over all,
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent, 1355
Profusely scatter'd o'er the void immense,
Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep
Light my blind way: the mineral strata there;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world; 1360
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and, higher still, the mind,
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift;—
These ever open to my ravish'd eye; 1365
A search the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
But if to that unequal, if the blood
In sluggish streams about my heart forbid
That best ambition, under closing shades
Inglorious lay me by the lowly brook, 1370
And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song;
And let me never, never stray from Thee!

WINTER.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR SPENCER COMPTON.

SIR,

THE author of the following poem begs leave to inscribe this, his first performance, to your name and patronage: unknown himself, and only introduced by the Muse, he yet ventures to approach you, with a modest cheerfulness; for, whoever attempts to excel in any generous art,

I conclude with saying that your fine discernment and humanity, in your private capacity, are so conspicuous that, if this address is not received with some indulgence, it will be a severe conviction that what I have written has not the least share of merit.

I am, with the profoundest respect,

Sir,

Your most devoted and most faithful humble servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

WINTER.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed—Address to the Earl of Wilmington—First approach of Winter—According to the natural course of the Season, various Storms described—Rain—Wind—Snow—The driving of the Snows: a Man perishing among them; whence Reflections on the Wants and Miseries of human Life—The Wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines—A winter Evening described; as spent by Philosophers; by the Country people; in the City—Frost—A view of Winter within the Polar Circle—A Thaw—The whole concluding with moral Reflections on a future State.

Horrida cano
Brama gelu.—VIRGILII *Georgic.* iii. 442.

SEE, WINTER comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train

And now among the Wintry clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;
To swell her note with all the rushing winds, 25
To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy, could she fill thy judging ear
With bold description and with manly thought!
Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, 30
And how to make a mighty people thrive:
But equal goodness, sound integrity,
A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul
Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
Not vainly blazing, for thy country's weal, 35
A steady spirit, regularly free;—
These, each exalting each, the statesman light
Into the patriot; these, the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
Record what Envy dares not flattery call. 40

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur-Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains the' inverted year;
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the Sun
Scarce spreads o'er ether the dejected day. 45
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Through the thick air; as, clothed in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;
And, soon descending, to the long dark night, 50
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
Nor is the night unwish'd, while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
Deep-tinged and damp, and congregated clouds, 55
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Through Nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease. 60
The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd land,
Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root. 65

Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.
  Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul,
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods
That grumbling wave below. The' unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and, deepening into night, shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home, retire; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from the' untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
Thither the household feathery people crowd,—
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive and dripping; while the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er the' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.
  Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
At last the roused-up river pours along:
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain and the mossy wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it bursts a way,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream:
There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.
  Nature! great parent, whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year!
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!

With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul,
That sees astonish'd,—and astonish'd sings! 110
Ye too, ye winds, that now begin to blow
With boisterous sweep! I raise my voice to you.
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings, say,
Where your aërial magazines reserved,
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm? 115
In what far-distant region of the sky,
Hush'd in deep silence, sleep you when 't is calm?
When from the pallid sky the Sun descends,
With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery streaks 120
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey; while, rising slow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd East, the Moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns. 125
Seen through the turbid, fluctuating air,
The stars obtuse emit a shivering ray;
Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf; 130
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broaden'd nostrils to the sky upturn'd,
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
Even as the matron, at her nightly task,
With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread, 135
The wasted taper and the crackling flame
Foretell the blast. But chief the plumy race,
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train 140
Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove.
Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land. 145
Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves; while from the shore,
Eat into caverns by the restless wave, 150
And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice

That, solemn-sounding, bids the world prepare.
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air
Down in a torrent. On the passive main 155
Descends the' ethereal force, and with strong gust
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
Through the black night that sits immense around,
Lash'd into foam, the fierce-conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn. 160
Meantime the mountain-billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
Wild as the winds, across the howling waste 165
Of mighty waters. Now the' inflated wave
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret chambers of the deep,
The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head.
Emerging thence again, before the breath 170
Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,
And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock
Or shoal insidious break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.
Nor less at land the loosen'd tempest reigns. 175
The mountain thunders, and its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
The dark wayfaring stranger breathless toils,
And, often falling, climbs against the blast. 180
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;
Dash'd down and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus struggling through the dissipated grove, 185
The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
And, on the cottage thatch'd or lordly roof
Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast. 190
Then too, they say, through all the burden'd air,
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
That, utter'd by the Demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

proar lords it wide. The clouds, commix'd
swift-gliding, sweep along the sky.
reels: till Nature's KING, who oft
pestuous darkness dwells alone,
e wings of the careering wind
dfully serene, commands a calm; 200
ght air, sea, and earth are hush'd at once.
is midnight deep. The weary clouds,
ng, mingle into solid gloom.
e the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
ociate with the serious Night, 205
mplation, her sedate compeer.
ake off the' intrusive cares of day,
e meddling senses all aside.
ow, ye lying vanities of life,
npting, ever-cheating train? 210
you now? and what is your amount?
disappointment, and remorse.
ing thought! and yet deluded man,
crude, disjointed visions past,
n slumbers, rises still resolved, 215
flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.
of light and life! thou GOOD SUPREME!
e what is good! teach me THYSELF!
om folly, vanity, and vice,
y low pursuit; and feed my soul 220
rledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,—
estantial, never-fading bliss!
ner tempests come: and fuming dun
he livid East or piercing North,
ds ascend; in whose capacious womb 225
deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
y roll their fleecy world along,
ty saddens with the gather'd storm.
he hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
in-wavering; till at last the flakes 230
and wide and fast, dimming the day
ntinual flow. The cherish'd fields
ir winter-robe of purest white.
tness all; save where the new snow melts
mazy current. Low the woods 235
hoar head; and, ere the languid Sun
the West emits his evening ray,

Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox 240
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone, 245
The redbreast, sacred to the household-gods,
Wisely regardful of the' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first 250
Against the window beats; then brisk alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs 255
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms,—dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men,—the garden seeks, 260
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad-dispersed,
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.
Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind; 265
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict: for from the bellowing East,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains 270
In one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms; till, upward urged,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipp'd with a wreath high-curling in the sky. 275
As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
All Winter drives along the darken'd air,
In his own loose-revolving fields the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown, joyless brow; and other scenes, 280

WITTIE.

Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps, 285
Stung with the thoughts of home. The thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart,
When, for the dusky spot which Fancy feign'd 290
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head, 295
Renders the savage wilderness more wild!
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge, 300
Smooth'd up with snow; and what is land, unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks 305
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,—
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. 310
In vain for him the' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire
With tears of artless innocence. Alas! 315
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows a stiffen'd corse, 320
Stretch'd out and bleaching in the northern blast.
Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;

The country be shut up, lured by the scent,
On churchyards drear (inhuman to relate!) 410
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades and frighted ghosts, they howl.
Among those hilly regions where, embraced
In peaceful vales, the happy Grisons dwell; 415
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
From steep to steep, loud-thundering, down they come,
A wintry waste in dire commotion all;
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains, 420
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.
Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without 425
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat
Between the groaning forest and the shore,
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves;
A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join 430
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead;
Sages of ancient time, as gods revered,
As gods beneficent, who bless'd mankind
With arts and arms, and humanized a world. 435
Roused at the' inspiring thought, I throw aside
The long-lived volume; and, deep-musing, hail
The sacred shades that, slowly rising, pass
Before my wondering eyes. First Socrates,
Who, firmly good in a corrupted state, 440
Against the rage of tyrants single stood,
Invincible; calm reason's holy law,
That voice of God within the' attentive mind,
Obeying fearless or in life or death:
Great moral teacher! wisest of mankind! 445
Solon the next, who built his commonweal
On equity's wide base; by tender laws
A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd
Preserving still that quick peculiar fire
Whence in the laurell'd field of finer arts, 450
And of bold freedom, they unequall'd shone,

The pride of smiling Greece and human-kind.
Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force
Of strictest discipline, severely wise,
All human passions. Following him, I see, 455
As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
The firm devoted chief,* who proved by deeds
The hardest lesson which the other taught.
Then Aristides lifts his honest front;
Spotless of heart, to whom the' unflattering voice 460
Of Freedom gave the noblest name of "Just;"
In pure majestic poverty revered;
Who, even his glory to his country's weal
Submitting, swell'd a haughty rival's† fame.
Rear'd by his care, of softer ray, appears 465
Cimon sweet-soul'd; whose genius, rising strong,
Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend
Of every worth and every splendid art;
Modest and simple in the pomp of wealth. 470
Then the last worthies of declining Greece,
Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,
Pensive appear: the fair Corinthian boast,
Timoleon, temper'd happy, mild and firm,
Who wept the brother, while the tyrant bled: 475
And, equal to the best, the Theban Pair,‡
Whose virtues, in heroic concord join'd,
Their country raised to freedom, empire, fame.
He, too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,
And left a mass of sordid lees behind, 480
Phocion the good; in public life severe,
To virtue still inexorably firm;
But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,
Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind. 485
And he, the last of old Lycurgus' sons,
The generous victim to that vain attempt
To save a rotten state,—Agis, who saw
Even Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.
The two Achaian heroes close the train:— 490
Aratus, who awhile relumed the soul
Of fondly lingering Liberty in Greece:

* Leonidas. † Themistocles.
‡ Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

Or sprung eternal from the' ETERNAL MIND;
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would gradual open on our opening minds, 580
And each diffusive harmony unite
In full perfection to the' astonish'd eye.
Then would we try to scan the moral world,
Which, though to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
In higher order, fitted and impell'd 585
By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
In general good. The sage historic Muse
Should next conduct us through the deeps of time;
Show us how empire grew, declined, and fell,
In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile, 590
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
That portion of divinity, that ray 595
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
Of patriots and of heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerless humble fortune, to repress
These ardent risings of the kindling soul,
Then, even superior to ambition, we 600
Would learn the private virtues; how to glide,
Through shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
Of rural life: or, snatch'd away by Hope
Through the dim spaces of futurity,
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes 605
Of happiness and wonder, where the mind,
In endless growth and infinite ascent,
Rises from state to state, and world to world.
But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes 610
Of frolic fancy; and incessant form
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprise;
Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself, 615
Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.
Meantime the village rouses up the fire,
While, well attested and as well believed,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round,

Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all. 620
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol: rustic mirth goes round;
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleased; the long, loud laugh, sincere;
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid, 625
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep;
The leap, the slap, the haul; and, shook to notes
Of native music, the respondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.
The city swarms intense. The public haunt, 630
Full of each theme, and warm with mix'd discourse,
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulf 635
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd and evolved a thousand sprightly ways.
The glittering court effuses every pomp; 640
The circle deepens; beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves;
While, a gay insect in *his* Summer shine,
The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings. 645
Dread o'er the scene the ghost of Hamlet stalks,
Othello rages, poor Monimia mourns,
And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek. Or else the Comic Muse 650
Holds to the world a picture of itself,
And raises sly the fair, impartial laugh.
Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil* show'd. 655
O thou whose wisdom, solid, yet refined,
Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill
To touch the finer springs that move the world,
Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,
And all Apollo's animating fire, 660

* A character in "The Conscious Lovers," written by Sir Richard

The various labour of the silent night:
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendent icicle; the frost-work fair, 750
Where transient hues and fancied figures rise;
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
The forest bent beneath the plumy wave;
And by the frost refined the whiter snow, 755
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleased with the slippery surface, swift descends.
On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful swains, 760
While every work of man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolved; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train, the raptured boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine 765
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along, 770
The *then gay* land is madden'd all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise 775
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames
Or Russia's buxom daughters glow around.
Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day;
But soon elapsed. The horizontal Sun 780
Broad o'er the South hangs at his utmost noon,
And ineffectual strikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents awhile to the reflected ray; 785
Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
Thunders the sport of those who, with the gun,

And dog impatient bounding at the shot, 790
Worse than the season, desolate the fields,
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed or the feather'd game.
  But what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye 795
Astonish'd shoot into the Frigid Zone,
Where for relentless months continual Night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.
There, through the prison of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape, 800
Wide roams the Russian exile. Nought around
Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow;
And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,
That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,
Their icy horrors to the Frozen Main; 805
And cheerless towns far-distant, never bless'd,
Save when its annual course the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay,*
With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows;
Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste, 810
The furry nations harbour:—tipp'd with jet,
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;
Sables, of glossy black; and, dark-embrown'd,
Or beauteous freak'd with many a mingled hue,
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts. 815
There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fall'n snows; and, scarce his head
Raised o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.
The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils, 820
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race: with ponderous clubs,
As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on the' ensanguined snows, 825
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
There through the piny forest, half-absorb'd,
Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn,
Slow-paced, and sourer as the storms increase: 830
He makes his bed beneath the' inclement drift,

* The old name for China.

And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart against assailing want.
  Wide o'er the spacious regions of the North,
That see Boötes urge his tardy wain, 835
A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus * pierced,
Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,
Prolific swarm. They once relumed the flame
Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,
Drove martial horde on horde,† with dreadful sweep 840
Resistless rushing o'er the' enfeebled South,
And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
Not such the sons of Lapland: wisely they
Despise the' insensate barbarous trade of war;
They ask no more than simple Nature gives; 845
They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms.
No false desires, no pride-created wants,
Disturb the peaceful current of their time,
And through the restless, ever-tortured maze
Of pleasure or ambition bid it rage. 850
Their reindeer form their riches. These their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholesome fare and cheerful cups.
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe

t glad season, from the lakes and floods,
pure Niëmi's * fairy mountains rise, 875
inged with roses Tenglio † rolls his stream,
lraw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
heerful-loaded to their tents repair,
, all day long in useful cares employ'd,
kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare. 880
happy race! by poverty secured
legal plunder and rapacious power;
m fell interest never yet has sown
eds of vice; whose spotless swains ne'er knew
us deed, nor, blasted by the breath 885
hless love, their blooming daughters woe.
ressing on, beyond Tornêa's lake,
Iecla flaming through a waste of snow,
rthest Greenland, to the Pole itself,
, failing gradual, life at length goes out, 890
use expands her solitary flight;
overing o'er the wild stupendous scene,
ls new seas beneath another sky.‡
ed in his palace of cerulean ice,
Winter holds his unrejoicing court; 895
rough his airy hall the loud misrule
ring tempest is for ever heard.
he grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
rms his winds with all-subduing frost,
s his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows, 900
which he now oppresses half the globe.
nce winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,
eeps the howling margin of the main;
, undissolving, from the first of time,
swell on snows amazing to the sky; 905
y mountains high, on mountains piled,

De Maupertuis, in his book on "the Figure of the Earth," ving described the beautiful lake and mountain of Niëmi in l, says, "From this height we had occasion several times to see spours rise from the lake which the people of the country call and which they deem to be the guardian spirits of the moun- We had been frighted with stories of bears that haunted this ut saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort for fairies and an for bears."

same author observes, "I was surprised to see upon the banks iver (the Tenglio) roses of as lively a red as any that are in our ."

other hemisphere.

Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
Projected huge and horrid o'er the surge,
Alps frown on Alps; or, rushing hitherm down, 910
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide rend the deep, and shake the solid Pole.
Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding fury; but, in all its rage
Of tempest taken by the boundless frost, 915
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they 920
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun;
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible! Such was the Briton's * fate, 925
As with first prow (what have not Britons dared?)
He for the passage sought, attempted since
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
In these fell regions, in Arzina caught, 930
And to the stony deep his idle ship
Immediate seal'd, he, with his hapless crew,
Each full exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm. 935
Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of men;
And, half enliven'd by the distant sun,
That wears and ripens man, as well as plants,
Here human nature wears its rudest form. 940
Deep from the piercing Season sunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
They waste the tedious gloom. Immersed in furs,
Here the gross race; nor sprightly jest, nor song,
Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life, 945
Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without:
Till Morn at length, her roses drooping all,

* Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth to discover the north east passage.

a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
alls the quiver'd savage to the chase.
at cannot active government perform, 950
noulding man? Wide-stretching from these shores,
ple savage from remotest time,
e neglected empire, one vast mind,
aven inspired, from Gothic darkness call'd.
rtal Peter! first of monarchs! He 955
ubborn country tamed,—her rocks, her fens,
oods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
hile the fierce barbarian he subdued,
re exalted soul he raised the man.
ades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd 960
gh long successive ages to build up
uring plan of state, behold at once
onder done! Behold the matchless prince,
eft his native throne, where reign'd till then
ghty shadow of unreal power; 965
greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;
roaming every land, in every port
eptre laid aside, with glorious hand
aried plying the mechanic tool;
r'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts, 970
il wisdom, and of martial skill!
ed with the stores of Europe, home he goes:
cities rise amid the' illumined waste;
yless deserts smiles the rural reign;
stant flood to flood is social join'd; 975
stonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar;
navies ride on seas that never foam'd
daring keel before; and armies stretch
way their dazzling files, repressing here
antic Alexander of the North, 980
wing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.
flies the land, and Ignorance, and Vice,
dishonour proud: it glows around,
t by the royal hand that roused the whole,
ene of arts, of arms, of rising trade; 985
hat his wisdom plann'd, and power enforced,
potent still, his great *example* show'd.
tering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
hollow-blustering from the South. Subdued,
ost resolves into a trickling thaw. 990

Spotted the mountains shine: loose sleet descends,
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once; 995
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas
That wash the' ungenial Pole, will rest no more
Beneath the shackles of the mighty North,
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave. 1000
And, hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark, with trembling wretches charged,
That, toss'd amid the floating fragments, moors 1005
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
The' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round!—
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness, 1010
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
And his unwieldy train in dreadful sport 1015
Tempest the loosen'd brine; while through the gloom,
Far, from the bleak inhospitable shore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet PROVIDENCE, that ever-waking Eye, 1020
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.
'T is done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year. 1025
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictured life: pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength, 1030
Thy sober Autumn fading into age;
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled

Those dreams of greatness, those unsolid hopes
Of happiness, those longings after fame, 1035
Those restless cares, those busy bustling days,
Those gay-spent festive nights, those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life!
All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal, never-failing friend of man, 1040
His guide to happiness on high.—And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn, the second birth
Of heaven and earth! Awakening Nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death 1045
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To Reason's eye refined clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now, 1050
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
And Wisdom oft arraign'd. See now the cause
Why unassuming worth in secret lived,
And died neglected; why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul; 1055
Why the lone widow and her orphans pined
In starving solitude, while Luxury
In palaces lay straining her low thought
To form unreal wants; why heaven-born Truth,
And Moderation fair, wore the red marks 1060
Of Superstition's scourge; why licensed Pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Embitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd!
Ye noble few, who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure! yet bear up awhile, 1065
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

A HYMN.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER, these,
Are but the varied GOD. The rolling year
Is full of THEE. Forth in the pleasing Spring
THY beauty walks, THY tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm; 5
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes THY glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then THY sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year; 10
And oft THY voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
THY bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives. 15
In Winter awful THOU! With clouds and storms
Around THEE thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, THOU bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest Nature with THY northern blast. 20
Mysterious round! What skill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade; 25
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty Hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres; 30
Works in the secret deep; shoots steaming thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves, 35
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature, attend! Join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,

In adoration join, and ardent raise
One general song! To HIM, ye vocal gales, 40
Breathe soft, whose SPIRIT in your freshness breathes.
O, talk of HIM in solitary glooms,
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe!
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar, 45
Who shake the' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
The' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
HIS praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound; 50
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound HIS stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall. 55
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to HIM, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave, to HIM;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart, 60
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre. 65
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round!
On Nature write with every beam HIS praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world, 70
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise: for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns,
And HIS *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come. 75
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds, sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night HIS praise! 80
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,

At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear, 85
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove, 90
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray 95
Russets the plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east,
Be my tongue mute, may Fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
  Should Fate command me to the farthest verge 100
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the' Atlantic isles; 't is nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt, 105
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital spreads, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers, 110
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still, 115
In infinite progression.——But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable!
Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

A POEM,

Sacred to the Memory

OF

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

INSCRIBED TO THE

[T HONOURABLE SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

LL the great soul of Newton quit this earth,
ngle with his stars; and every Muse,
sh'd into silence, shun the weight
ours due to his illustrious name?
nat can man? Even now the sons of light, 5
ins high-warbled to seraphic lyre,
is arrival on the coast of bliss.
n not I deterr'd, though high the theme,
ing to harps of angels: for with you,
al Flames, ambitious I aspire 10
ure's general symphony to join.
what new wonders can ye show your guest?
while on this dim spot, where mortals toil
d in dust, from motion's simple laws,
trace the secret hand of Providence 15
working through this universal frame.
e ye not listen'd while he bound the suns
lanets to their spheres? the' unequal task
nan-kind till then. Oft had they roll'd
ring man the year, and oft disgraced 20
ide of Schools, before their course was known
n its causes and effects to him,
rcing sage! who sat not down and dream'd
atic schemes, defended by the din

Of specious words, and tyranny of names; 25
But, bidding his amazing mind attend,
And with heroic patience years on years
Deep-searching, saw at last the system dawn,
And shine, of all his race, on him alone.
What were his raptures then! how pure! how strong! 30
And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,
By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys
In some small fray victorious? when, instead
Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd
By violence unmanly, and sore deeds 35
Of cruelty and blood, Nature herself
Stood all-subdued by him, and open laid
Her every latent glory to his view.
All-intellectual eye, our solar round
First gazing through, he by the blended power 40
Of gravitation and projection saw
The whole in silent harmony revolve.
From unassisted vision hid, the moons
To cheer remoter planets numerous form'd,
By him in all their mingled tracts were seen. 45
He also fix'd our wandering queen of night,
Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,
In a soft deluge overflows the sky.
Her every motion clear-discerning, he 50
Adjusted to the mutual main, and taught
Why now the mighty mass of water swells
Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,
And the full river turning; till again
The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves 55
A yellow waste of idle sands behind.
Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
Through the blue infinite; and every star,
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube, 60
Far-stretching, snatches from the dark abyss,
Or such as farther in successive skies
To fancy shine alone, at his approach
Blazed into suns, the living centre each
Of an harmonious system; all combined 65
And ruled unerring by that single power
Which draws the stone projected to the ground.

O unprofuse magnificence divine!
wisdom truly perfect! thus to call
rom a few causes such a scheme of things, 70
ffects so various, beautiful, and great,
n universe complete! And O beloved
f Heaven, whose well-purged, penetrative eye,
he mystic veil transpiercing, inly scann'd
he rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame! 75
He first of men with awful wing pursued
he comet through the long elliptic curve,
s round innumerous worlds he wound his way;
ill, to the forehead of our evening sky
eturn'd, the blazing wonder glares anew, 80
nd o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.
The heavens are all his own; from the wild rule
f whirling vortices and circling spheres,
o their first great simplicity restored.
he Schools astonish'd stood; but found it vain 85
o combat still with demonstration strong,
nd, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze
f truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,
'ith the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,
'hen Newton rose, our philosophic sun. 90
The' aërial flow of sound was known to him,
rom whence it first in wavy circles breaks,
ill the touch'd organ takes the message in.
or could the darting beam of speed immense
scape his swift pursuit and measuring eye. 95
ven light itself, which every thing displays,
ione undiscover'd, till his brighter mind
ntwisted all the shining robe of day;
nd, from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze,
ollecting every ray into his kind, 100
o the charm'd eye educed the gorgeous train
f parent colours. First the flaming Red
orung vivid forth; the tawny Orange next;
nd next delicious Yellow; by whose side
ell the kind beams of all-refreshing Green: 105
hen the pure Blue, that swells autumnal skies,
thereal play'd; and then, of sadder hue,
merged the deepen'd Indigo, as when
he heavy-skirted evening droops with frost;
'hile the last gleamings of refracted light 110

Died in the fainting Violet away.
These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,
Shine out distinct adown the watery bow;
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath. 115
Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,
And myriads still remain; infinite source
Of beauty ever blushing, ever new!
Did ever poet image aught so fair,
Dreaming in whispering groves, by the hoarse brook! 120
Or prophet, to whose rapture heaven descends!
Even now the setting sun and shifting clouds,
Seon, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare
How just, how beauteous, the refractive law.
The noiseless tide of time, all bearing down 125
To vast eternity's unbounded sea,
Where the green islands of the happy shine,
He stemm'd alone; and to the source (involved
Deep in primeval gloom) ascending, raised
His lights at equal distances, to guide 130
Heavenward wilder'd on his darksome way.
But who can number up his labours? who
His high discoveries sing? when but a few
Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds
To what he knew. In Fancy's lighter thought, 135
How shall the Muse, then, grasp the mighty theme!
What wonder, hence that his devotion swell'd
Responsive to his knowledge! For could he,
Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw
The finish'd university of things, 140
In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
Forbear immediate to adore that Power
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole?
Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few,
Who saw him in the softest lights of life, 145
All unwithheld, indulging to his friends
The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,
O speak the wondrous man! how mild, how calm,
How [illegible] humble, how divinely good;
How [illegible] on eternal truth; 150
How [illegible] well; with every nerve
[illegible] of the past,
[illegible]; far above

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

e cares and visionary joys
rplex the fond impassion'd heart 1
ated, ever-trusting man.
luit, from thy rural hours we hope;
ı the pleasing shade, where Nature pours
sweet, in studious ease you walk;
Passions smiling at thy heart, 160
ı with all the recollected sage.
ı, ye hopeless, gloomy-minded tribe,
nconscious of those nobler flights
. impatient at immortal life,
e prime endearing privilege 165
are contend, say, can a soul
tensive, deep, tremendous powers,
still, be but a finer breath
lancing through their tubes awhile,
for ever lost in vacant air? 170
ε! methinks I hear a warning voice,
when some awful change is come,
ough the world, "'T is done, the measure's full;
gn my charge." Ye mouldering stones,
the towering pyramid, the proud 175
arch, the monument effaced
ı ruin, and whate'er supports
ipp'd name of hoar Antiquity,
ıe dust! What grandeur can ye boast
rton lifts his column to the skies, 180
e waste of time? Let no weak drop
: him. The virgin in her bloom
: joyous youth, and darling child,—
he tombs that claim the tender tear
c song. But Newton calls 185
notes of gratulation high,
ne wanders through those endless worlds
well descried, and wondering talks,
s their Author, with his glad compeers.
n's boast! whether with angels thou 190
lread discourse, or fellow-bless'd
ı see the honour of their kind;
r, mounted on cherubic wing,
:areer is with the whirling orbs,
: things with things, in rapture lost 195
'ul adoration *for that light*

So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below
From LIGHT HIMSELF; O, look with pity down
On human-kind, a frail erroneous race!
Exalt the spirit of a downward world! 20
O'er thy dejected country chief preside,
And be her genius call'd; her studies raise,
Correct her manners, and inspire her youth.
For, though depraved and sunk, she brought thee forth,
And glories in thy name; she points thee out 25
To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star;
While, in expectance of the second life,
When time shall be no more, thy sacred dust
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

BRITANNIA:

A POEM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXVII.

—Et tantas audetis tollere moles?
Quos ego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus.
Post mihi non simili pœnâ commissa luetis.
Maturate fugam, regique hæc dicite vestro:
Non illi imperium pelagi, sævumque tridentem,
Sed mihi sorte datum.—VIRGILII *Æneid.* lib. i. 134.

As on the sea-beat shore BRITANNIA sat,
f her degenerate sons the faded fame,
eep in her anxious heart, revolving sad;
are was her throbbing bosom to the gale,
hat hoarse and hollow from the bleak surge blew; 5
oose flow'd her tresses; rent her azure robe.
lung o'er the deep, from her majestic brow
he tore the laurel, and she tore the bay.
or ceased the copious grief to bathe her cheek,
or ceased her sobs to murmur to the main. 10
eace discontented nigh, departing, stretch'd
er dove-like wings; and War, though greatly roused,
et mourn'd his fetter'd hands: while thus the queen
f nations spoke; and what she said the Muse
ecorded, faithful, in unbidden verse:— 15
"Even not yon sail, that, from the sky-mix'd wave,
awns on the sight, and wafts the royal youth,*
freight of future glory, to my shore;
ven not the flattering view of golden days,
nd rising periods yet of bright renown, 20
eneath the parents, and their endless line
hrough late-revolving time, can soothe my rage,
While, unchastised, the' insulting Spaniard dares
nfest the trading flood, full of vain war
espise my navies, and my merchants seize, 25

* Frederick Prince of Wales, then lately arrived.

As, trusting to false peace, they fearless roam
The world of waters wild, made, by the toil
And liberal blood of glorious ages, mine;
Nor bursts my sleeping thunder on their head.
Whence this unwonted patience, this weak doubt, 30
This tame beseeching of rejected peace,
This meek forbearance, this unnative fear,
To generous Britons never known before!
And sail'd my fleets for this!—on Indian tides
To float unactive with the veering winds, 35
The mockery of war! while hot disease,
And sloth distemper'd, swept off burning crowds,
For action ardent; and amid the deep,
Inglorious, sunk them in a watery grave.
There now they lie beneath the rolling flood, 40
Far from their friends and country unavenged;
And back the drooping war-ship comes again,
Dispirited and thin; her sons ashamed
Thus idly to re-view their native shore,
With not one glory sparkling in their eye, 45
One triumph on their tongue. A passenger
The violated merchant comes along;
That far-sought wealth, for which the noxious gale
He drew, and sweat beneath equator suns,
By lawless force detain'd; a force that soon 50
Would melt away, and every spoil resign,
Were once the British lion heard to roar.
Whence is it that the proud Iberian thus,
In their own well-asserted element,
Dares rouse to wrath the masters of the main! 55
Who told him, that the big incumbent war
Would not ere this have roll'd his trembling ports
In smoky ruin, and his guilty stores,
Won by the ravage of a butcher'd world,
Yet unatoned, sunk in the swallowing deep, 60
Or led the glittering prize into the Thames!

"There was a time (O, let my languid sons
Resume their spirit at the rousing thought!)
When all the pride of Spain, in one dread fleet,
Swell'd o'er the labouring surge, like a whole heaven 65
Of clouds, wide-roll'd before the boundless breeze.
Gaily the splendid armament along
Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red gleam,

As sunk the sun, o'er all the flaming vast;
Tall, gorgeous, and elate; drunk with the dream 70
Of easy conquest; while their bloated war,
Stretch'd out from sky to sky, the gather'd force
Of ages held in its capacious womb.
But soon, regardless of the cumbrous pomp,
My dauntless Britons came, a gloomy few, 75
With tempest black, the goodly scene deform'd,
And laid their glory waste. The bolts of fate
Resistless thunder'd through their yielding sides;
Fierce o'er their beauty blazed the lurid flame;
And, seized in horrid grasp, or shatter'd wide, 80
Amid the mighty waters, deep they sunk.
Then too from every promontory chill,
Rank fen, and cavern where the wild wave works,
I swept confederate winds, and swell'd a storm.
Round the glad isle, snatch'd by the vengeful blast, 85
The scatter'd remnants drove; on the blind shelve,
And pointed rock, that marks the' indented shore,
Relentless dash'd, where loud the northern main
Howls through the fractured Caledonian isles.
"Such were the dawnings of my watery reign; 90
But since, how vast it grew, how absolute,
Even in those troubled times when dreadful Blake
Awed angry nations with the British name,
Let every humbled state, let Europe say,
Sustain'd and balanced by my naval arm. 95
Ah! what must those immortal spirits think
Of your poor shifts? those for their country's good
Who faced the blackest danger, knew no fear,
No mean submission, but commanded peace.
Ah! how with indignation must they burn, 100
(If aught but joy can touch ethereal breasts,)
With shame, with grief, to see their feeble sons
Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd seas,
For which their wisdom plann'd, their councils glow'd,
And their veins bled through many a toiling age! 105
"O first of human blessings, and supreme!
Fair Peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!
By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men
Like brothers live, in amity combined
And unsuspicious faith; while honest Toil 110
Gives every joy, and to those joys a right

[illegible] Barbarous Baptise her temple.
Pure is thy reign, when, unpolluted by blood,
Peaceful sway the sceptres of subjugated domain
Throbbing, thrills into the remotest plains,
Instead of naughty surrounds, salvation,
Where the Willie deserves to continued, or the field;
When only shining shares, the crooked knife,
And hooks inspire the vegetable wound;
When the land blushes with the rose alone,
The falling foliage, and the bleeding vine.
O Peace, thou source and soul of social life!
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence,
Science his wings enlarges, Art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her parts;
Blest be the man divine who gives to thee;
Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,
Nor blow the guilty nations into rage;
Who sheathes the murderous blade, the deadly gun
Into the well-gilded armoury returns,
And, every vigour from the work of death
To grateful industry converting, makes
The country flourish, and the city smile!
Unvisited, him the virgin sings;
And him the smiling mother to her train.
Of him the shepherd in the peaceful dale
Chants; and, the treasures of his labour sure,
The husbandman of him, as at the plough
Or team he toils. With him the sailor soothes,
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave;
And the full city warm, from street to street
And shop to shop responsive, rings of him.
Nor joys one land alone: his praise extends
Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day,
Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of Peace,
Till all the happy nations catch the song.

"What would not, Peace, the patriot bear for thee?
What painful patience? what incessant care?
What mix'd anxiety? what sleepless toil?
Even from the rash protected what reproach?
For he thy value knows; thy friendship he
To human nature: but the better thou,
The richer of delight, sometimes the more
Inevitable war, when ruffian force

Awakes the fury of an injured state. 155
Even the good patient man whom reason rules,
Roused by bold insult and injurious rage,
With sharp and sudden check the' astonish'd sons
Of violence confounds; firm as his cause,
His bolder heart; in awful justice clad, 160
His eyes effulging a peculiar fire;
And, as he charges through the prostrate war,
His keen arm teaches faithless men no more
To dare the sacred vengeance of the just.
"And what, my thoughtless sons, should fire you more
Than when your well-earn'd empire of the deep 166
The least beginning injury receives?
What better cause can call your lightning forth,
Your thunder wake, your dearest life demand?
What better cause, than when your country sees 170
The sly destruction at her vitals aim'd?
For, O, it much imports you, 't is your all,
To keep your trade entire, entire the force
And honour of your fleets; o'er that to watch
Even with a hand severe and jealous eye. 175
In intercourse be gentle, generous, just,
By wisdom polish'd, and of manners fair;
But on the sea be terrible, untamed,
Unconquerable still: let none escape
Who shall but aim to touch your glory there. 180
Is there the man, into the lion's den
Who dares intrude, to snatch his young away?
And is a Briton seized? and seized beneath
The slumbering terrors of a British fleet?
Then ardent rise! O, great in vengeance rise! 185
O'erturn the proud, teach Rapine to restore:
And, as you ride sublimely round the world,
Make every vessel stoop, make every state
At once their welfare and their duty know.
This is your glory; this your wisdom; this 190
The native power for which you were design'd
By Fate, when Fate design'd the firmest state
That e'er was seated on the subject sea;
A state alone where Liberty should live,
In these late times, this evening of mankind, 195
When Athens, Rome, and Carthage are no more,
The world almost in slavish sloth dissolved.

For this, these rocks around your coast were thrown;
For this, your oaks, peculiar harden'd, shoot
Strong into sturdy growth; for this, your hearts 200
Swell with a sullen courage, growing still
As danger grows; and strength and toil for this
Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.
Then cherish this, this unexpensive power,
Undangerous to the public, ever prompt, 205
By lavish Nature thrust into your hand:
And, unencumber'd with the bulk immense
Of conquest, whence huge empires rose, and fell
Self-crush'd, extend your reign from shore to shore,
Where'er the wind your high behests can blow; 210
And fix it deep on this eternal base.
For, should the sliding fabric once give way,
Soon slacken'd quite, and past recovery broke,
It gathers ruin as it rolls along,
Steep-rushing down to that devouring gulf 215
Where many a mighty empire buried lies.
And should the big redundant flood of trade,
In which ten-thousand thousand labours join
Their several currents, till the boundless tide
Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land; 220
Should this bright stream, the least inflected, point
Its course another way, o'er other lands
The various treasure would resistless pour,
Ne'er to be won again; its ancient tract
Left a vile channel, desolate and dead, 225
With all around a miserable waste.
Not Egypt, were her better heaven, the Nile,
Turn'd in the pride of flow, when o'er his rocks
And roaring cataracts, beyond the reach
Of dizzy vision piled, in one wide flash 230
An Ethiopian deluge foams amain;
(Whence wondering Fable traced him from the sky:)
Even not that prime of earth, where harvests crowd
On untill'd harvests, all the teeming year,
If of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd, 235
Were then a more uncomfortable wild,
Sterile and void, than, of her trade deprived,
Britons, your boasted isle:—her princes sunk;
Her high-built honour moulder'd to the dust;
Unnerved her force; her spirit vanish'd quite; 240

With rapid wing her riches fled away;
Her unfrequented ports alone the sign
Of what she was; her merchants scatter'd wide;
Her hollow shops shut up; and in her streets,
Her fields, woods, markets, villages, and roads, 245
The cheerful voice of Labour heard no more.
"O, let not then waste Luxury impair
That manly soul of toil which strings your nerves,
And your own proper happiness creates!
O, let not the soft, penetrating plague 250
Creep on the free-born mind; and, working there,
With the sharp tooth of many a new-form'd want,
Endless and idle all, eat out the heart
Of Liberty; the high conception blast;
The noble sentiment, the' impatient scorn 255
Of base subjection, and the swelling wish
For general good, erasing from the mind;
While nought save narrow selfishness succeeds,
And low design; the sneaking passions all
Let loose, and reigning in the rankled breast. 260
Induced at last by scarce-perceived degrees,
Sapping the very frame of government
And life, a total dissolution comes,—
Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear;
Oppression raging o'er the waste he makes; 265
The human being almost quite extinct;
And the whole state in broad corruption sinks.
O, shun that gulf, that gaping ruin shun!
And countless ages roll it far away
From you, ye heaven-beloved! May Liberty, 270
The light of life, the sun of human-kind,
Whence heroes, bards, and patriots borrow flame,
Even where the keen depressive North descends,
Still spread, exalt, and actuate your powers,
While slavish southern climates beam in vain! 275
And may a public spirit from the throne,
Where every virtue sits, go copious forth,
Live o'er the land, the finer arts inspire,
Make thoughtful Science raise his pensive head,
Blow the fresh bay, bid Industry rejoice, 280
[illegible]d the rough sons of lowest Labour smile:
[illegible] profuse of spring, the loosen'd West
[illegible]ing year, and balmy breathes

LIBERTY.

PART I.

ANCIENT AND MODERN ITALY COMPARED.

CONTENTS.

The following Poem is thrown into the form of a poetical Vision—Its scene, the ruins of ancient Rome—The Goddess of Liberty, who is supposed to speak through the whole, appears, characterized as British Liberty—Gives a view of ancient Italy, and particularly of republican Rome, in all her magnificence and glory—This contrasted by modern Italy; its valleys, mountains, culture, cities, people: the difference appearing strongest in the capital city, Rome—The ruins of the great works of Liberty more magnificent than the borrowed pomp of Oppression; and from them revived Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture—The old Romans apostrophized with regard to the several melancholy changes in Italy: Horace, Tully, and Virgil, with regard to their Tibur, Tusculum, and Naples—That once finest and most ornamented part of Italy, all along the coast of Baiæ, how changed—This desolation of Italy applied to Britain—Address to the Goddess of Liberty, that she would deduce from the first ages her chief establishments, the description of which constitutes the subject of the following parts of this poem—She assents, and commands what she says to be sung in Britain; whose happiness, arising from freedom and a limited monarchy, she marks—An immediate Vision attends, and paints her words—Invocation.

O MY lamented TALBOT! while with thee
The Muse gay roved the glad Hesperian round,
And drew the' inspiring breath of ancient arts,
Ah! little thought she her returning verse
Should sing our darling subject to thy shade. 5
And does the mystic veil from mortal beam
Involve those eyes where every virtue smiled,
And all thy father's candid spirit shone?—
The light of reason, pure, without a cloud;

f the generous heart, the mild regard; 10
r disdaining blemish, cordial faith,
mpid truth, that looks the very soul.
the death of mighty nations turn,
ain; be there absorb'd the private tear.
ing I lay, warm from the sacred walks 15
at each step imagination burns;
, scatter'd wide around, awful and hoar,
, vast monument, once-glorious Rome,
mb of empire; ruins that efface
'er of finish'd modern pomp can boast! 20
tch'd by these wonders to that world where thought
er'd ranges, Fancy's magic hand
e anew o'er all the solemn scene,
1 the mind's pure eye more solemn dress'd;
straight, methought, the fair majestic Power 25
erty appear'd. Not, as of old,
ded in her hand the cap, and rod,
slave-enlarging touch gave double life;
r bright temples bound with British oak,
aval honours nodded on her brow. 30
ne of port: loose o'er her shoulder flow'd
a-green robe, with constellations gay.
and-goddess now; and her high care
ueen of isles, the mistress of the main.
art beat filial transport at the sight; 35
s she moved to speak, the' awaken'd Muse
'd intense. Awhile she look'd around,
mournful eye the well-known ruins mark'd;
hen, her sighs repressing, thus began:—
ine are these wonders, all thou seest is mine; 40
h, how changed! the falling, poor remains
at exalted once the' Ausonian shore.
back through time; and, rising from the gloom,
the dread scene, that paints whate'er I say.
he great republic see, that glow'd sublime 45
the mix'd freedom of a thousand states,
l on the thrones of kings her curule chair,
y her fasces awed the subject world.
sy millions quickening all the land,
cities throng'd, and teeming culture high: 50
ature then smiled on her free-born sons,
pour'd the plenty that *belongs to* men.

Behold, the country cheering, villas rise
In lively prospect, by the secret lapse
Of brooks now lost, and streams renown'd in song; 55
In Umbria's closing vales, or on the brow
Of her brown hills that breathe the scented gale;
On Baiæ's viny coast, where peaceful seas,
Fann'd by kind zephyrs, ever kiss the shore,
And suns unclouded shine through purest air; 60
Or in the spacious neighbourhood of Rome,
Far-shining upward to the Sabine hills,
To Anio's roar, and Tibur's olive shade,
To where Prænestè lifts her airy brow;
Or downward spreading to the sunny shore, 65
Where Alba breathes the freshness of the main.

"See distant mountains leave their valleys dry,
And o'er the proud Arcade their tribute pour,
To lave imperial Rome. For ages laid,
Deep, massy, firm, diverging every way, 70
With tombs of heroes sacred, see her roads;
By various nations trod, and suppliant kings;
With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.

"Full in the centre of these wondrous works,
The pride of earth, Rome in her glory see! 75
Behold her demi-gods, in senate met;
All head to counsel, and all heart to act;
The commonweal inspiring every tongue
With fervent eloquence, unbribed and bold;
Ere tame Corruption taught the servile herd 80
To rank obedient to a master's voice.

"Her forum see, warm, popular, and loud,
In trembling wonder hush'd, when the two sires,*
As they the private father greatly quell'd,
Stood up the public fathers of the state. 85
See Justice judging there in human shape.
Hark how with Freedom's voice it thunders high,
Or in soft murmurs sinks to Tully's tongue.

"Her tribes, her census, see; her generous troops,
Whose pay was glory, and their best reward 90
Pass for their country and for me to die,
Her necessary murder grew a trade.

"Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,
The highest pomp and lowest fall of life.

* Manlius Junius Brutus, and Virginius.

"Her festive games, the school of heroes, see; 95
Her circus, ardent with contending youth;
Her streets, her temples, palaces, and baths,
Full of fair forms, of beauty's eldest-born,
And of a people cast in virtue's mould:
While sculpture lives around, and Asian hills 100
Lend their best stores to heave the pillar'd dome;
All that to Roman strength the softer touch
Of Grecian art can join. But language fails
To paint this sun, this centre of mankind;
Where every virtue, glory, treasure, art, 105
Attracted strong, in heighten'd lustre met.
"Need I the contrast mark? unjoyous view!
A land in all, in government and arts,
In virtue, genius, earth and heaven, reversed.
Who, but these far-famed ruins to behold,— 110
Proofs of a people whose heroic aims
Soar'd far above the little selfish sphere
Of doubting modern life; who, but inflamed
With classic zeal, these consecrated scenes
Of men and deeds to trace,—unhappy land. 115
Would trust thy wilds, and cities loose of sway?
"Are these the vales that once exulting states
In their warm bosom fed? the mountains these,
On whose high-blooming sides my sons of old
I bred to glory? these dejected towns, 120
Where, mean and sordid, life can scarce subsist,
The scenes of ancient opulence and pomp?
"Come, by whatever sacred name disguised!
Oppression, come, and in thy works rejoice!
See Nature's richest plains to putrid fens 125
Turn'd by thy fury. From their cheerful bounds
See razed the' enlivening village, farm, and seat.
First, rural Toil, by thy rapacious hand
Robb'd of his poor reward, resign'd the plough;
And now he dares not turn the noxious glebe: 130
'T is thine entire. The lonely swain himself,
Who loves at large along the grassy downs
His flocks to pasture, thy drear champaign flies.
Far as the sickening eye can sweep around,
'T is all one desert, desolate and grey, 135
Grazed by the sullen buffalo alone,
And where the *rank uncultivated growth*

Of rotting ages taints the passing gale.
Beneath the baleful blast the city pines,
Or sinks enfolded, or infected burns. 140
Beneath it mourns the solitary road,
Roll'd in rude mazes o'er the' abandon'd waste;
While ancient ways, ingulf'd, are seen no more.
"Such thy dire plains, thou self-destroyer! fie
To human-kind! Thy mountains, too, profuse, 145
Where savage nature blooms, seem their sad plaint
To raise against thy desolating rod.
There on the breezy brow, where thriving states
And famous cities once to the pleased Sun
Far other scenes of rising culture spread, 150
Pale shine thy ragged towns. Neglected round
Each harvest pines, the livid, lean produce
Of heartless labour; while thy hated joys,
Not proper pleasure, lift the lazy hand.
Better to sink in sloth the woes of life, 155
Than wake their rage with unavailing toil.
Hence drooping Art almost to Nature leaves
The rude unguided year. Thin wave the gifts
Of yellow Ceres; thin the radiant blush
Of orchard reddens in the warmest ray. 160
To weedy wildness run, no rural wealth
(Such as dictators fed) the garden pours.
Crude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine;
Nor juice Cæcubian, nor Falernian, more
Streams life and joy, save in the Muse's bowl. 165
Unseconded by art, the spinning race
Draw the bright thread in vain, and idly toil.
In vain, forlorn in wilds, the citron blows,
And flowering plants perfume the desert gale:
Through the vile thorn the tender myrtle twines: 170
Inglorious droops the laurel, dead to song,
And long a stranger to the hero's brow.
"Nor half thy triumph this: cast, from brute fields,
Into the haunts of men thy ruthless eye.
There buxom Plenty never turns her horn; 175
The grace and virtue of exterior life,
No clean Convenience reigns; even Sleep itself,
Least delicate of powers, reluctant there
Lays on the bed impure his heavy head.
Thy horrid walk! dead, empty, unadorn'd, 180

ts whose echoes never know the voice
'ul Hurry, Commerce many-tongued,
mechanic at his various task
employ'd. Mark the desponding race,
ation void, as void of hope; 185
e glad ray, glanced from Eternal Good,
enlivens, and exalts its powers,
ws of fortune,—madness all to them!
relentless seized their better joys,
ft aid of cordial airs they fly, 190
g a kind oblivion o'er their woes;
and music melt their souls away.
ble Justice see how rash Revenge,
ıg, the balance snatches; and the sword,
himself, to venal ruffians gives. 195
e God's altar, nursing murder, stands,
red touch of dark assassins stain'd.
chief let Rome, the mighty city, speak
exerted genius of thy reign.
ıer rise amid the lifeless waste, 200
Nature all corrupted round;
ıe lone Tiber, through the desert plain,
is waste stores, and sullen sweeps along.
from my fragments, in unsolid pomp,
w the temple glares, and, artful dress'd, 205
, draws the superstitious train.
w the palace lifts a lying front,
ng often in magnific jail
'ant;—a deep, unanimated gloom!—
adjoining to the drear abode 210
y, whose melancholy walls
voracious grandeur to reproach.
he city bounds, the desert see.
rank vine o'er subterranean roofs
spread; beneath whose fretted gold 215
ıxulting flow'd. The people mark,
s, while fired by me; to public good
ly firm, just, generous, brave,
f nothing but unworthy life,
th glory, an heroic soul 220
to the vulgar breast. Behold them now
lespairing number, all-subdued,
es of slaves, by superstition fool'd,

By vice unmann'd and a licentious rule,
In guile ingenious, and in murder brave.
Such in one land, beneath the same fair clime,
Thy sons, Oppression, are; and such were *mine*.

"Even with thy labour'd pomp—for whose vain sho
Deluded thousands starve; all age-begrimed,
Torn, robb'd, and scatter'd in unnumber'd sacks,
And by the tempest of two thousand years
Continual shaken—let my ruins vie:
These roads, that yet the Roman hand assert,
Beyond the weak repair of modern toil;
These fractured arches, that the chiding stream
No more delighted hear; these rich remains
Of marbles now unknown, where shines imbibed
Each parent ray; these massy columns, hew'd
From Afric's farthest shore; one granite all,
These obelisks high-towering to the sky,
Mysterious mark'd with dark Egyptian lore;
These endless wonders that this Sacred Way *
Illumine still, and consecrate to fame;
These fountains, vases, urns, and statues, charged
With the fine stores of art-completing Greece.
Mine is, besides, thy every later boast:
Thy Buonarottis, thy Palladios mine;
And mine the fair designs which Raphael's soul†
O'er the live canvass emanating breathed.

"What would you say, ye conquerors of earth!
Ye Romans! could you raise the laurell'd head;
Could you the country see, by seas of blood
And the dread toil of ages won so dear;
Your pride, your triumph, your supreme delight,
For whose defence oft, in the doubtful hour,
You rush'd with rapture down the gulf of fate,
Of death ambitious! till by awful deeds,
Virtues, and courage, that amaze mankind,
The queen of nations rose; possess'd of all
Which Nature, Art, and Glory could bestow:—
What would you say, deep in the last abyss
Of slavery, vice, and unambitious want,
Thus to behold her sunk! Your crowded plains

* *Via Sacra.*

† Michael Angelo Buonarotti, Palladio, and Raphael D'Urbino
three great modern masters in sculpture, architecture, and paintin

Void of their cities; unadorn'd your hills;
Ungraced your lakes; your ports to ships unknown; 265
Your lawless floods, and your abandon'd streams:
These could you know? these could you love again?
Thy Tibur, Horace, could it now inspire
Content, poetic ease, and rural joy,
Soon bursting into song; while through the groves 270
Of headlong Anio, dashing to the vale
In many a tortured stream, you mused along?
Yon wild retreat, where Superstition dreams,
Could, Tully, you your Tusculum believe?*
And could you deem yon naked hills, that form, 275
Famed in old song, the ship-forsaken bay,†
Your Formian shore? once the delight of earth,
Where Art and Nature, ever-smiling, join'd
On the gay land to lavish all their stores.
How changed, how vacant, Virgil, wide around, 280
Would now your Naples seem! disaster'd less
By black Vesuvius thundering o'er the coast,
His midnight earthquakes, and his mining fires,
Than by despotic rage:‡ *that* inward gnaws,
A *native* foe; a *foreign* tears without. 285
First from your flatter'd Cæsars this began;
Till, doom'd to tyrants an eternal prey,
Thin-peopled spreads at last the siren plain,§
That the dire soul of Hannibal disarm'd,
And wrapp'd in weeds the shore of Venus ‖ lies. 290
There Baiæ sees no more the joyous throng,
Her bank all beaming with the pride of Rome:
No generous vines now bask along the hills,
Where sport the breezes of the Tyrrhene main:
With baths and temples mix'd, no villas rise; 295
Nor, art-sustain'd amid reluctant waves,
Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing deep:
No spreading ports their sacred arms extend:

* Tusculum is reckoned to have stood at a place now called Grotta Ferrata, a convent of monks.

† The Bay of Mola (anciently Formiæ) into which Homer brings Ulysses and his companions. Near Formiæ Cicero had a villa.

‡ Naples then under the Austrian government.

§ Campagna Felice, adjoining to Capua.

‖ The coast of Baiæ, which was formerly adorned with the works mentioned in the following lines; and where, amidst many magnificent ruins, those of a temple erected *to Venus* are still to be seen.

No mighty moles the big intrusive storm
From the calm station roll resounding back. 300
An almost total desolation sits,
A dreary stillness, saddening o'er the coast;
Where, when soft suns and tepid winters rose,
Rejoicing crowds inhaled the balm of peace;*
Where citied hill to hill reflected blaze; 305
And where with Ceres Bacchus wont to hold
A genial strife. Her youthful form robust
Even Nature yields, by fire and earthquake rent;
Whole stately cities in the dark abrupt
Swallow'd at once, or vile in rubbish laid, 310
A nest for serpents; from the red abyss
New hills explosive thrown; the Lucrine Lake
A reedy pool; and all to Cuma's point,
The sea recovering his usurp'd domain,
And pour'd triumphant o'er the buried dome. 315
"Hence, Britain, learn, my best-establish'd, last,
And, more than Greece or Rome, my steady reign!
The land where, king and people equal bound
By guardian laws, my fullest blessings flow;
And where my jealous, unsubmitting soul, 320
The dread of tyrants! burns in every breast:
Learn hence, if such the miserable fate
Of an heroic race, the masters once
Of human-kind, what, when deprived of ME,
How grievous, must be thine! In spite of climes 325
Whose sun-enliven'd ether wakes the soul
To higher powers; in spite of happy soils
That, but by Labour's slightest aid impell'd,
With treasures teem to thy cold clime unknown;
If there desponding fail the common arts 330
And sustenance of life; could life itself,
Far less a thoughtless tyrant's hollow pomp,
Subsist with thee? Against depressing skies,
Join'd to full-spread Oppression's cloudy brow,
How could thy spirits hold? where vigour find, 335
Forced fruits to tear from their unnative soil,
Or, storing every harvest in thy ports,
To plough the dreadful, all-producing wave?"
Here paused the goddess. By the pause assured,

* All along this coast the ancient Romans had their winter retreats, and several populous cities stood.

In trembling accents thus I moved my prayer: 340
"O first and most benevolent of Powers!
Come from eternal splendours, here on earth
Against despotic pride, and rage, and lust,
To shield mankind; to raise them to assert
The native rights and honour of their race: 345
Teach me, thy lowest subject, but in zeal
Yielding to none, the progress of thy reign,
And with a strain from thee enrich the Muse.
As thee alone she serves, her patron thou
And great inspirer be! Then will she joy, 350
Though narrow life her lot and private shade.
And when her venal voice she barters vile
Or to thy open or thy secret foes,
May ne'er those sacred raptures touch her more,
By slavish hearts unfelt; and may her song 355
Sink in oblivion with the nameless crew,
Vermin of state! to thy o'erflowing light
That owe their being, yet betray thy cause."
Then, condescending kind, the heavenly Power
Return'd: "What here, suggested by the scene, 360
I slight unfold, record and sing at home,
In that blest isle where (so we spirits move)
With one quick effort of my will I am.
There Truth unlicensed walks, and dares accost
Even kings themselves, the monarchs of the free! 365
Fix'd on my rock, there an indulgent race
O'er Britons wield the sceptre of their choice:
And there, to finish what his sires began,
A prince behold, for me who burns sincere
Even with a subject's zeal. He my great work 370
Will parent-like sustain, and added give
The touch the Graces and the Muses owe.
For Britain's glory swells his panting breast;
And ancient arts he emulous revolves:
His pride, to let the smiling heart abroad 375
Through clouds of pomp, that but conceal the man;
To please, his pleasure; bounty, his delight;
And all the soul of Titus dwells in him."
Hail, glorious theme! But how, alas! shall verse,
From the crude stores of mortal language drawn, 380
How, faint and tedious, sing what, piercing deep,
The goddess flash'd at once upon my soul!

For, clear precision all, the tongue of gods
Is harmony itself; to every ear
Familiar known, like light to every eye. 385
Meantime disclosing ages, as she spoke,
In long succession pour'd their empires forth:
Scene after scene, the human drama spread;
And still the' embodied picture rose to sight.
O thou to whom the Muses owe their flame; 390
Who bidd'st beneath the pole Parnassus rise,
And Hippocrenè flow; with thy bold ease,
The striking force, the lightning of thy thought,
And thy strong phrase, that rolls profound and clear,
O gracious goddess! re-inspire my song; 395
While I, to nobler than poetic fame
Aspiring, thy commands to Britons bear.

LIBERTY.

PART II.

GREECE.

CONTENTS.

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ts of Liberty in Greece, and brought to their utmost per-
here—Transition to the modern state of Greece—Why
declined, and was at last entirely lost, among the Greeks—
ing Reflection.

oke the goddess of the fearless eye;
ır voice, renew'd the vision rose:—
in the dawn of time, with eastern swains,
and tents, and cottages, I lived;
from plain to plain they led their flocks, 5
ɔf clearer spring and fresher field.
ncreasing families disclosed
r state, I taught an equal sway.
offences, properties, and laws.
ıe rural portal, palm-o'erspread, 10
-senate met. There Justice dealt,
ɔon then and Equity the same,

Free as the common air, her prompt decree;
Nor yet had stain'd her sword with subject's blood.
The simpler arts were all their simple wants 15
Had urged to light. But instant, these supplied,
Another set of fonder wants arose,
And other arts with them of finer aim;
Till, from refining want to want impell'd,
The mind by thinking push'd her latent powers, 20
And life began to glow, and arts to shine.

"At first, on brutes alone the rustic war
Launch'd the rude spear; swift, as he glared along,
On the grim lion, or the robber-wolf.
For then young sportive Life was void of toil, 25
Demanding little, and with little pleased.
But when to manhood grown, and endless joys,
Led on by equal toils, the bosom fired,
Lewd, lazy Rapine broke primeval peace,
And, hid in caves and idle forests drear, 30
From the lone pilgrim and the wandering swain,
Seized what he durst not earn. Then brother's blood
First horrid smoked on the polluted skies.
Awful in justice, then the burning youth,
Led by their temper'd sires, on lawless men, 35
The last worst monsters of the shaggy wood,
Turn'd the keen arrow and the sharpen'd spear.
Then war grew glorious. Heroes then arose,
Who, scorning coward self, for others lived,
Toil'd for their ease, and for their safety bled. 40
West with the living day to Greece I came:
Earth smiled beneath my beam: the Muse before
Sonorous flew, that low till then in woods
Had tuned the reed, and sigh'd the shepherd's pain;
But now, to sing heroic deeds, she swell'd 45
A nobler note, and bade the banquet burn.

"For Greece my sons of Egypt I forsook;
A boastful race, that in the vain abyss
Of fabling ages loved to lose their source,
And, with their river, traced it from the skies. 50
While there my laws alone despotic reign'd,
And king, as well as people, proud obey'd,
I taught them science, virtue, wisdom, arts;
By poets, sages, legislators sought;
The school of polish'd life and human-kind. 55

sterious Superstition came,
r civil sister * leagued, involved
rkness the desponding mind,
Power the righteous scourge unloosed :
eason speaks the soul a slave. 60
ful works, like Nature's, great,
uel wonders crush'd the land ;
tyrant's tomb,† who none deserved,
carcass perish'd countless lives.
it dragon,‡ couch'd amid his floods, 65
rce heart, and cried, 'This flood is mine,
d it flow.' But, undeceived,
on the proud blasphemer felt ;
hout my fertilizing power,
r force, and Niles o'erflow'd in vain. 70
retard me : nor the frugal state
sia, sober in extreme,
itch of man, and thence reversed
s waste : nor yet the ports
cia, first for letters famed, 75
e voice, and silent speak to sight,
source and guardian ; by fair stars
out into the lonely deep ;
rst disclosed mechanic arts,
conquer, to subdue the waves, 80
peaceful power of ruling trade ;
itain. Nor by these retain'd ;
ighbouring land, whose palmy shore
rdan laves. Before me lay
land of arts, and urged my flight. 85
ure's utmost boast ! unrivall'd Greece !
gn ! where every power benign
blow the flower of human-kind,
all that genius can inspire :—
limates, by the breezy main, 90
ean, temper'd kind :
ils : a country rich and gay ;
lls with balmy odours crown'd,
vith purple harvest, joyous vales :
d streams, where verse spontaneous flow'd ; 95
'd by wondering men the seat of gods,

* vil tyranny. † The Pyramids.
‡ The *tyrants of Egypt.*

And still the mountains and the streams of song:
All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour
Of high materials, and my restless arts
Frame into finish'd life. How many states, 100
And clustering towns, and monuments of fame,
And scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds!
From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat
By Adria's here, there by Ægean, waves;
To where the deep-adorning Cyclade Isles 105
In shining prospect rise, and on the shore
Of farthest Crete resounds the Libyan Main.
"O'er all two rival cities rear'd the brow,
And balanced all. Spread on Eurotas' bank,
Amid a circle of soft-rising hills, 110
The patient Sparta one: the sober, hard,
And man-subduing city; which no shape
Of pain could conquer, nor of pleasure charm.
Lycurgus there built, on the solid base
Of equal life, so well a temper'd state, 115
Where mix'd each government in such just poise,
Each power so checking and supporting each,
That firm for ages and unmoved it stood,
The fort of Greece, without one giddy hour,
One shock of faction or of party-rage. 120
For, drain'd the springs of wealth, Corruption there
Lay wither'd at the root. Thrice-happy land!
Had not neglected Art, with weedy Vice
Confounded, sunk. But if Athenian arts
Loved not the soil, yet there the calm abode 125
Of wisdom, virtue, philosophic ease,
Of manly sense and wit, in frugal phrase
Confined, and press'd into *Laconic* force.
There too, by rooting thence still treacherous self,
The public and the private grew the same. 130
The children of the nursing public all,
And at its table fed, for that they toil'd,
For that they lived entire, and even for that
The tender mother urged her son to die.
"Of softer genius, but not less intent 135
To seize the palm of empire, Athens rose.
Where, with bright marbles big and future pomp,
Hymettus* spread, amid the scented sky,

* A mountain near Athens.

treasures to the labouring bee,
anic hand the stores of health ; 140
soul-attenuating clime,
ssus and Cephissus * glow'd
f science, shedding sweets divine,
ts and animated arms :
ionate for ME, an easy-moved, 145
fined, a delicate, humane,
l people reign'd. Oft on the brink
rried by the charm of speech,
asty counsel immature,
rash democracy, unpoised, 150
rage devour'd that ever tears
unequal ; part too rich,
fierce with want or abject grown.
t, their mild restorer, rose ;
tempest ; to the calm of laws 155
e settling whole ; and, with the weight
two senates † to the public lent,
anchor fix'd the driving state.
s my forming care to these confined ;
ion through the whole I pour'd, 160
ention ! who should most excel
ent well-poised, adjusted best
real ; in countries cultured high ;
ted towns, where order reigns,
life, and polish'd manners fair ; 165
and arms,—arms only drawn
n Greece, to quell the Persian pride ;
ience, and in graceful arts.
or glory peacefully they strove,
rew greater, and the prize of all. 170
brighten'd, hence the radiant youth
y beam ; by generous pride inflamed,
ardour burn ; their great reward
t wreath which sounding Pisa ‡ gave.
flourish'd Greece ; and hence a race of men, 175

rs, betwixt which Athens was situated.
ppagus, or supreme court of judicature, which Solon re-
improved ; and the Council of Four Hundred, by him
n this Council all affairs of state were deliberated, before
be voted in the assembly of the people.
pia, the *city where the Olympic* games were celebrated.

As gods by conscious future times adored;
In whom each virtue wore a smiling air,
Each science shed o'er life a friendly light,
Each art was nature. Spartan valour hence,
At the famed Pass,* firm as an isthmus stood, 180
And the whole eastern ocean, waving far
As eye could dart its vision, nobly check'd;
While in extended battle, at the field
Of Marathon, my keen Athenians drove
Before their ardent band a host of slaves. 185

"Hence through the continent Ten Thousand Greeks
Urged a retreat whose glory not the prime
Of victories can reach. Deserts in vain
Opposed their course, and hostile lands unknown,
And deep rapacious floods dire-bank'd with death, 190
And mountains in whose jaws Destruction grinn'd,
Hunger and toil, Armenian snows and storms,
And circling myriads still of barbarous foes,
Greece in their view, and glory yet untouch'd,
Their steady column pierced the scattering herds 195
Which a whole empire pour'd, and held its way
Triumphant, by the sage-exalted chief †
Fired and sustain'd. O light and force of mind,
Almost almighty in severe extremes!
The sea at last from Colchian mountains seen, 200
Kind-hearted transport round their captains threw
The soldiers' fond embrace, o'erflow'd their eyes
With tender floods, and loosed the general voice
To cries resounding loud, 'The sea! the sea!'

"In Attic bounds hence heroes, sages, wits 205
Shone thick as stars, the Milky Way of Greece!
And though gay wit and pleasing grace was theirs,
All the soft modes of elegance and ease,
Yet was not courage less, the patient touch
Of toiling Art, and disquisition deep. 210

"My spirit pours a vigour through the soul,
The' unfetter'd thought with energy inspires,
Invincible in arts, in the bright field
Of nobler science, as in that of arms.
Athenians thus not less intrepid burst 215
The bonds of tyrant darkness, than they spurn'd
The Persian chains; while through the city, full

* The Straits of Thermopylæ. † Xenophon.

thful quarrel and of witty war,
ınt struggled taste refining taste,
iendly free discussion, calling forth 220
.he fair jewel truth its latent ray.
l shone out the great Athenian sage
.ther of philosophy ; * the sun
whose white blaze emerged each various sect
'arious tints, but with diminish'd beam. 225
of Athens : he in every street
priceless treasure : goodness his delight,
n his wealth, and glory his reward.
hrough the human heart, with playful art,
nple question stole, as into truth 230
rious deeds he smiled the laughing race,
: moral happy life, whate'er can bless
ce mankind ; and what he taught he was.
unded high, though plain, his doctrine broke
erent Schools :—the bold poetic phrase 235
red Plato ; Xenophon's pure strain,
ıe clear brook that steals along the vale ;
ing truth, the Stagyrite's keen eye ;
alted Stoic pride ; the Cynic sneer ;
ow-consenting Academic doubt ; 240
bining bliss to virtue, the glad ease
curus, seldom understood.
ever candid, reason still opposed
on ; and, since virtue was their aim,
y sure practice tried to prove *his* way 245
st. Then stood untouch'd the solid base
erty, the Liberty of Mind :
tems yet, and soul-enslaving creeds,
ith the monsters of succeeding times.
priestly darkness sprung the' enlightening arts 250
and sword, and rage, and horrid names.
Greece ! thou sapient nurse of finer arts,
to bright Science blooming Fancy bore !
thy praise, that thou, and thou alone,
e hast led the way, in these excell'd, 255
d with the laurel of assenting Time.
thy full language, speaking mighty things ;
clear torrent close, or else diffused
d majestic stream, and rolling on

* *Socrates.*

Through all the winding harmony of sound; 260
In it the power of eloquence, at large,
Breathed the persuasive or pathetic soul;
Still'd by degrees the democratic storm,
Or bade it threatening rise, and tyrants shook,
Flush'd at the head of their victorious troops. 265
In it the Muse, her fury never quench'd
By mean unyielding phrase or jarring sound,
Her unconfined divinity display'd,
And, still harmonious, form'd it to her will;
Or soft depress'd it to the shepherd's moan, 270
Or raised it swelling to the tongue of gods.
"Heroic song was thine; the fountain-bard,*
Whence each poetic stream derives its course.
Thine the dread moral scene, thy chief delight!
Where idle Fancy durst not mix her voice, 275
When Reason spoke august; the fervent heart
Or plain'd, or storm'd; and in the' impassion'd man,
Concealing art with art, the poet sunk.
This potent school of manners—but, when left
To loose neglect, a land-corrupting plague— 280
Was not unworthy deem'd of public care
And boundless cost by thee; whose every son,
Even last mechanic, the true taste possess'd
Of what had flavour to the nourish'd soul.
"The sweet enforcer of the poet's strain, 285
Thine was the meaning Music of the heart:
Not the vain trill, that, void of passion, runs
In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears;
But that deep-searching voice and artful hand
To which respondent shakes the varied soul. 290
"Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
By Love imagined, by the Graces touch'd,
The boast of well-pleased Nature, Sculpture seized,
And bade them ever smile in Parian stone.
Selecting Beauty's choice, and that again 295
Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,
Thy workmen left even Nature's self behind.
From those far different whose prolific hand
Peoples a nation, they for years on years,
By the cool touches of judicious toil, 300
Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd it all

* Homer.

gh the live features of one breathing stone.
beaming full, it shone, expressing gods,—
awful brow, Apollo's air divine,
erce atrocious frown of sinew'd Mars, 305
sly graces of the Cyprian queen.
ely perfect all ! each dimple sunk,
very muscle swell'd, as Nature taught.
ses braided gay the marble waved;
. in loose robes, or thin transparent veils; 310
g into motion; soften'd into flesh;
red to passion, or refined to soul.
or less thy pencil, with creative touch,
nimic life, when all thy brightest dames
bled Zeuxis in his Helen mix'd; 315
hen Apelles, who peculiar knew
e a grace that more than mortal smiled,
ul of beauty! call'd the queen of love
from the billows, blushing orient charms.
such enchantment then thy pencil pour'd, 320
ruel-thoughted War the' impatient torch
. to the ground; and, rather than destroy
atriot picture, let the city scape.*
rst elder Sculpture taught her sister art
t design, where great ideas shone, 325
the secret trace expression spoke;
t her the graceful attitude, the turn
eauteous airs of head, the native act,
d or easy, and, cast free behind,
elling mantle's well-adjusted flow. 330
he bright Muse, their eldest sister, came,
ade her follow where she led the way;
arth, and sea, and air, in colours rise,
pious action on the canvass glow;
er gay fable, spread invention's store, 335
ed her view, taught composition high,
st arrangement, circling round one point,
tarts to sight, binds and commands the whole.
t from the heavenly Muse a nobler aim,

en Demetrius besieged Rhodes, and could have reduced the city
g fire to that quarter of it where stood the house of the cele-
Protogenes, he chose rather to raise the siege than hazard the
of a famous picture called *Ialysus*, the master-piece of that

And scorning the soft trade of mere delight, 340
O'er all thy temples, porticoes, and schools,
Heroic deeds she traced, and warm display'd
Each moral beauty to the ravish'd eye.
There, as the' imagined presence of the god
Aroused the mind, or vacant hours induced 345
Calm contemplation, or assembled youth
Burn'd in ambitious circle round the sage,
The living lesson stole into the heart,
With more prevailing force than dwells in words.
These rouse to glory; while to rural life 350
The softer canvass oft reposed the soul.
There gaily broke the sun-illumined cloud;
The lessening prospect, and the mountain blue,
Vanish'd in air; the precipice frown'd dire;
White down the rock the rushing torrent dash'd; 355
The sun shone trembling o'er the distant main;
The tempest foam'd immense, the driving storm
Sadden'd the skies, and, from the doubling gloom,
On the scathed oak the ragged lightning fell;
In closing shades, and where the current strays, 360
With peace, and love, and innocence around,
Piped the lone shepherd to his feeding flock;
Round happy parents smiled their younger selves;
And friends conversed, by death divided long.
"To public Virtue thus the smiling Arts, 365
Unblemish'd handmaids, served; the Graces they
To dress this fairest Venus. Thus revered,
And placed beyond the reach of sordid care,
The high awarders of immortal fame,
Alone for glory thy great masters strove; 370
Courted by kings, and by contending states
Assumed the boasted honour of their birth.
"In architecture too thy rank supreme!
That art where most magnificent appears
The little builder, man; by thee refined, 375
And, smiling high, to full perfection brought.
Such thy sure rules, that Goths of every age,
Who scorn'd their aid, have only loaded earth
With labour'd heavy monuments of shame;
Not those gay domes that o'er thy splendid shore 380
Shot, all proportion, up. First, unadorn'd
And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose;

e then, with decent matron grace,
pillar heaved; luxuriant, last,
Corinthian spread her wanton wreath: 385
e so measured true, so lessen'd off
roportion, that the marble pile,
o repel the still or stormy waste
g ages, light as fabrics look'd
n the magic wand aërial rise. 390
e were the wonders that illumined Greece
l to end."—Here interrupting warm,
are they now?" I cried: "say, goddess, where?
t the land, thy darling thus of old!"
' she resumed: "deep in the kindred gloom 395
tition and of slavery sunk!
now can touch their hearts, benumb'd
dejected sloth and servile fear;
e pierce the darkness of their minds;
r art the quick ambitious soul 400
ion in their breast awake.
supply the needful arts of life,
: Toil denies the hopeless hand;
y trace remaining, vestige grey,
ng column on the desert shore, 405
where Corinth or where Athens stood:
ss land of violence and death;
ommerce parleys, dubious, on the shore;
wild impulse curious Search restrains,
trust the' inhospitable clime! 410
l Nature fails; in sordid want
debased, their beauty beams no more.
himself seems, angry, to regard
nworthy the degenerate race,
them oft with pestilential rays; 415
rth, blue poison steaming on the skies,
t shakes them from her troubled sides.
m man to man, Fate's first decree,
Death the tide of riches rolls,
must die and Liberty go round. 420
e was the stand, ere Virtue, Valour, Arts,
soul fired by me, (that often, stung
ughts of better times and old renown,
ira-tyrants tried to clear the land,)
extinct in Greece, their works effaced, 425

And gross o'er all unfeeling Bondage spread.
Sooner I moved my much-reluctant flight,
Poised on the doubtful wing; when Greece with Greece
Embroil'd in foul contention fought no more
For common glory and for common weal; 430
But, false to Freedom, sought to quell the free;
Broke the firm band of peace and sacred love,
That lent the whole irrefragable force;
And, as around the partial trophy blush'd,
Prepared the way for total overthrow. 435
Then to the Persian power, whose pride they scorn'd
When Xerxes pour'd his millions o'er the land,
Sparta by turns and Athens vilely sued;
Sued to be venal parricides, to spill
Their country's bravest blood, and on themselves 440
To turn their matchless mercenary arms.
Peaceful in Susa, then, sat the Great King;*
And by the trick of treaties, the still waste
Of sly corruption, and barbaric gold,
Effected what his steel could ne'er perform. 445
Profuse he gave them the luxurious draught,
Inflaming all the land; unbalanced wide
Their tottering states; their wild assemblies ruled,
As the winds turn at every blast the seas;
And by their listed orators, whose breath 450
Still with a factious storm infested Greece,
Roused them to civil war, or dash'd them down
To sordid peace,—peace that, when Sparta shook
Astonish'd Artaxerxes on his throne,
Gave up, fair-spread o'er Asia's sunny shore, 455
Their kindred cities to perpetual chains! †
What could so base, so infamous a thought
In Spartan hearts inspire? Jealous they saw
Respiring Athens rear again her walls;‡
And the pale Fury fired them, once again 460
To crush this rival city to the dust.

* So the kings of Persia were called by the Greeks.

† The peace made by Antalcidas, the Lacedæmonian admiral, with the Persians; by which the Lacedæmonians abandoned all the Greeks established in the Lesser Asia to the dominion of the king of Persia.

‡ Athens had been dismantled by the Lacedæmonians, at the end of the first Peloponnesian war, and was at this time restored by Conon to its former splendour.

no more the noble social soul
y my families combined;
hort views and selfish passions broke,
hen friends are rankled into foes, 465
:'d severe, and waged eternal war:
hey, furious, their exhausted force;
ı false glory, discord, madness blind,
the blackening storm from Thracia came.
rs roll'd on, by many a battle stain'd,* 470
ı and boast of Fame! where courage, art,
tary glory shone supreme:—
etesting ages from the scene
ı self-mangled turn the sickening eye.
'hen, bleeding from a thousand wounds, 475
ıer spirits fail; and in the dust
t heroes, Nicias, Conon, lay,
, and the Theban friends;†
donian vulture mark'd his time,
re scent of Chæronea‡ lured, 480
e-descending seized his hapless prey.
tame submitted to the victor's yoke
nce the gay, the turbulent, the bold;
grace, and Muse, and science born;
ı of war, of government, elate; 485
ts dreadful, dreadful to the best;
myself could scarcely rule: and thus
ian fetters, that enthrall'd the mind,
n'd to formal and apparent chains.
ss Corruption first deject the pride 490
rdian vigour of the free-born soul,
e attempts of Violence are vain;
within, and while at heart untouch'd,
; by Force was Freedom overcome.
as Independence stoops the head, 495
enslaved, and vice-created wants;
some foul corrupting hand, whose waste
ighten'd wants with fatal bounty feeds;
ın to man the slackening ruin runs,
whole state unnerved in slavery sinks." 500

eloponnesian war. † Pelopidas and Epaminondas.
attle of Chæronea, in which Philip of Macedon utterly defeated the Greeks.

LIBERTY.

PART III.

ROME.

CONTENTS.

As this Part contains a description of the establishment of Liberty in Rome, it begins with a view of the Grecian colonies settled in the southern parts of Italy, which with Sicily constituted the Great Greece of the ancients—With these colonies the Spirit of Liberty, and of Republics, spreads over Italy—Transition to Pythagoras and his philosophy, which he taught through those free states and cities—Amidst the many small Republics in Italy, Rome the destined seat of Liberty—Her establishment there dated from the expulsion of the Tarquins—How differing from that in Greece—Reference to a view of the Roman Republic given in the *First* Part of this Poem: to mark its Rise and Fall the peculiar purport of *this*—During its first ages, the greatest force of Liberty and Virtue exerted—The source whence derived the Heroic Virtues of the Romans—Enumeration of these Virtues—Thence their security at home; their glory, success, and empire abroad—Bounds of the Roman empire geographically described—The states of Greece restored to Liberty, by Titus Quinctius Flaminius, the highest instance of public generosity and beneficence—The loss of Liberty in Rome—Its causes, progress, and completion in the death of Brutus—Rome under the Emperors—From Rome the Goddess of Liberty goes among the Northern Nations; where, by infusing into them her spirit and general principles, she lays the ground-work of her future establishments; sends them in vengeance on the Roman empire, now totally enslaved; and then, with Arts and Sciences in her train, quits earth during the dark ages—The celestial regions, to which Liberty retired, not proper to be opened to the view of mortals.

Here melting mix'd with air the' ideal forms
That painted still whate'er the goddess sung.
Then I, impatient: "From extinguish'd Greece,
To what new region stream'd the human day?"
She softly sighing, as when Zephyr leaves, 5
Resign'd to Boreas, the declining year,

Resumed: "Indignant, these last scenes * I fled;
And long ere then, Leucadia's cloudy cliff
And the Ceraunian hills behind me thrown,
All Latium stood aroused. Ages before, 10
Great mother of republics, Greece had pour'd,
Swarm after swarm, her ardent youth around.
On Asia, Afric, Sicily, they stoop'd;
But chief on fair Hesperia's winding shore;
Where, from Lacinium † to Etrurian vales, 15
They roll'd increasing colonies along,
And lent materials for my Roman reign.
With them my spirit spread; and numerous states
And cities rose, on Grecian models form'd;
As its parental policy and arts 20
Each had imbibed. Besides, to each assign'd,
A guardian genius o'er the public weal
Kept an unclosing eye; tried to sustain,
Or more sublime, the soul infused by me:
And strong the battle rose, with various wave, 25
Against the tyrant demons of the land.
Thus they their little wars and triumphs knew,
Their flows of fortune, and receding times;
But almost all below the proud regard
Of story vow'd to Rome, on deeds intent 30
That Truth beyond the flight of Fable bore.
"Not so the Samian sage: ‡ to him belongs
The brightest witness of recording Fame.
For these free states his native isle § forsook,
And a vain tyrant's transitory smile, 35
He sought Crotona's pure salubrious air,
And through Great Greece ‖ his gentle wisdom taught;
Wisdom that calm'd for listening years ¶ the mind,
Nor ever heard amid the storm of zeal.
His mental eye first launch'd into the deeps 40
Of boundless ether; where unnumber'd orbs,
Myriads on myriads, through the pathless sky
Unerring roll, and wind their steady way.

* The last struggles of Liberty in Greece.
† A promontory in Calabria. ‡ Pythagoras.
§ Samos, over which then reigned the tyrant Polycrates.
‖ The southern parts of Italy and Sicily, so called because of the Grecian colonies there settled.
¶ His scholars were enjoined *silence for five years.*

There he the full consenting choir beheld;
There first discern'd the secret band of love, 45
The kind attraction, that to central suns
Binds circling earths, and world with world unites.
Instructed thence, he great ideas form'd
Of the whole-moving, all-informing GOD,
The Sun of beings! beaming unconfined 50
Light, life, and love, and ever-active power;
Whom nought can image, and who best approves
The silent worship of the moral heart,
That joys in bounteous Heaven, and spreads the joy.
Nor scorn'd the soaring sage to stoop to life, 55
And bound his reason to the sphere of man.
He gave the four yet reigning virtues name;*
Inspired the study of the finer arts
That civilize mankind, and laws devised
Where with enlighten'd justice mercy mix'd. 60
He even into his tender system took
Whatever shares the brotherhood of life:
He taught that life's indissoluble flame,
From brute to man, and man to brute again,
For ever shifting, runs the' eternal round; 65
Thence tried against the blood-polluted meal,
And limbs yet quivering with some kindred soul,
To turn the human heart. Delightful truth,
Had he beheld the living chain ascend,
And not a circling form, but rising whole! 70
"Amid these small republics one arose,
On yellow Tiber's bank,—almighty Rome,
Fated for me. A nobler spirit warm'd
Her sons; and, roused by tyrants, nobler still
It burn'd in Brutus; the proud Tarquins chased, 75
With all their crimes; bade radiant eras rise,
And the long honours of the consul-line.
"Here from the fairer, not the greater, plan
Of Greece I varied; whose unmixing states,
By the keen soul of emulation pierced, 80
Long waged alone the bloodless war of *arts*,
And their best empire gain'd. But to diffuse
O'er *men* an empire was my purpose now:
To let my martial majesty abroad;
Into the vortex of one state to draw 85

* The four cardinal virtues.

: mix'd force, and liberty, on earth ;
ır tyrants, and set nations free.
ly have I given, with flying touch,
view of this my amplest reign.
le its first, last, periods you survey, 90
' it labouring rose, and rapid fell.
Rome in noon-tide empire grasp'd the world,
. as her resistless legions shone,
ns stoop'd around ; though then appear'd
leur most, yet in her dawn of power, 95
a jealous equal people press'd,
the toil, the mighty struggle then.
ach Roman I a hero told ;
r passing sun, and Latian scene,
ot virtues then, and awful deeds, 100
ırpass the faith of modern times,
eved, with sacred horror strike.
ıen, to prove my most exalted power,
oint of full perfection push'd,
ss and enthusiastic zeal, 105
, the reigning passion of the free :
ike passion ! which, the bounds of self
bursting, the whole public takes
ıeart, enlarged, and burning high
mix'd ardour of unnumber'd selves ; 110
ı safe beneath the voted laws
ne parent state, fraternal, live.
ı kind sun of moral nature flow'd
ıat shine the light of human-kind,
d through story, warm remotest time. 115
tues, too, reflected to their source,
its flame. The social charm went round,
dea, more attractive still,
by virtue mark'd ; till Romans, all
of friends, unconquerable grew. 120
e, when their Country raised her plaintive voice,
' of pleading Nature was not heard ;
ıeir hearts the fathers throbb'd no more ;
:hemselves, but gentle to the whole.
'eeten'd pain, the luxury of toil ; 125
that baffled Fortune's utmost rage ;
ıded hope, which at the lowest ebb,
ennus conquer'd, and when Cannæ bled,

The bravest impulse felt, and scorn'd despair.
Hence Moderation a new conquest gain'd; 130
As on the vanquish'd, like descending heaven,
Their dewy mercy dropp'd, their bounty beam'd,
And by the labouring hand were crowns bestow'd.
Fruitful of men, hence hard laborious life,
Which no fatigue can quell, no season pierce. 135
Hence Independence, with his little pleased,
Serene and self-sufficient, like a god;
In whom Corruption could not lodge one charm,
While he his honest roots to gold preferr'd;
While, truly rich, and by his Sabine field 140
The *man* maintain'd, the *Roman's* splendour all
Was in the public wealth and glory placed:
Or ready, a rough swain, to guide the plough;
Or else, the purple o'er his shoulder thrown
In long majestic flow, to rule the state, 145
With Wisdom's purest eye; or, clad in steel,
To drive the steady battle on the foe.
Hence every passion, even the proudest, stoop'd
To common-good: Camillus, thy revenge;
Thy glory, Fabius. All submissive hence, 150
Consuls, dictators, still resign'd their rule
The very moment that the laws ordain'd.
Though Conquest o'er them clapp'd her eagle-wings,
Her laurels wreathed, and yoked her snowy steeds
To the triumphal car; soon as expired 155
The latest hour of sway, taught to submit,
(A harder lesson *that* than to command,)
Into the private Roman sunk the chief.
If Rome was served and glorious, careless they
By whom. Their country's fame they deem'd their own;
And, above envy, in a rival's train 161
Sung the loud Iōs by themselves deserved.
Hence matchless courage. On Cremera's bank,
Hence fell the Fabii; hence the Decii died,
And Curtius plunged into the flaming gulf. 165
Hence Regulus the wavering Fathers firm'd,
By dreadful counsel never given before;
For Roman honour sued, and his own doom.
Hence he sustain'd to dare a death prepared
By Punic rage. On earth his manly look 170
Relentless fix'd, he from a last embrace,

ns polluted, put his wife aside,
le children climbing for a kiss;
ımb, through rows of weeping, wondering friends,
.llustrious exile! press'd along. 175
ı impatient did he pierce the crowds
ıg his return, than if, escaped
ıng litigious suits, he glad forsook
sy town awhile and city cloud,
the Venafrian or Tarentine air. 180
these high particulars recount?
ınest bosom felt a thirst for fame;
heir worst death, and shame their only fear.
l no charms, nor any terrors Fate,
:ome and Glory call'd. But, in one view, 185
ıe rare boast of these unequall'd times.
volved unsullied by a crime:
reign'd, and scarcely needed laws
a race elated with the pride
e, and disdaining to descend 190
ıness, mutual violence, and wrongs.
'ar around them raged, in happy Rome
:eful smiled; all, save the passing clouds
en hang on Freedom's jealous brow:
: unblemish'd centuries elapsed, 195
ot a Roman bled but in the field.
rtue such, that an unbalanced state,
ween Noble and Plebeian toss'd,
d the wave of fluctuating power,
nce kept firm, and with triumphant prow 200
t the storms. Oft though the native feuds,
m the first their *constitution* shook,
t ruin. growing as *it* grew,)
ı the threatening point of civil war
ɔ rush; yet could the lenient voice 205
om, soothing the tumultuous soul,
ɔns of Virtue calm. Their generous hearts,
fied by self, so naked lay
sible to truth, that o'er the rage
ɣ faction, by oppression swell'd, 210
l a simple fable, and at once
ɔ recover'd the divided state.
ıeir often-cheated hopes refused
thing touch, still, in the love of Rome,

The dread dictator found a sure resource. 215
Was she assaulted! was her glory stain'd!
One common quarrel wide inflamed the whole.
Foes in the forum, in the field were friends,
By social danger bound; each fond for each,
And for their dearest country all, to die. 220
"Thus up the hill of empire slow they toil'd;
Till, the bold summit gain'd, the thousand states
Of proud Italia blended into one:
Then o'er the nations they resistless rush'd,
And touch'd the limits of the failing world. 225
"Let Fancy's eye the distant *lines* unite.
See *that* which borders wild the western main,
Where storms at large resound, and tides immense;
From Caledonia's dim cerulean coast,
And moist Hibernia, to where Atlas, lodged 230
Amid the restless clouds and leaning heaven,
Hangs o'er the deep that borrows thence its name.
Mark *that* opposed, where first the springing Morn
Her roses sheds, and shakes around her dews;
From the dire deserts by the Caspian laved, 235
To where the Tigris and Euphrates, join'd,
Impetuous tear the Babylonian plain,
And Blest Arabia aromatic breathes.
See *that* dividing far the watery north,
Parent of floods! from the majestic Rhine, 240
Drunk by Batavian meads, to where, seven-mouth'd,
In Euxine waves the flashing Danube roars;
To where the frozen Tanais scarcely stirs
The dead Mæotic pool, or the long Rha *
In the black Scythian Sea † his torrent throws. 245
Last, *that* beneath the burning zone behold.
See where it runs, from the deep-loaded plains
Of Mauritania to the Libyan sands,
Where Ammon lifts amid the torrid waste
A verdant isle, with shade and fountain fresh; 250
And farther, to the full Egyptian shore,
To where the Nile from Ethiopian clouds,
His never-drain'd ethereal urn, descends.
In this vast space what various tongues and states!
What bounding rocks and mountains, floods and seas! 255
What purple tyrants quell'd, and nations freed!

* The ancient name of the Volga. † The Caspian Sea.

er Greece descended chief, with stealth divine,
oman bounty in a flood of day;
her Isthmian games, a fading pomp,
ll-assembled youth innumerous swarm'd. 260
ribunal raised Flaminius sat;
or he, from the deep phalanx pierced
ı-coated Macedon, and back
recian tyrant* to his bounds repell'd.
high thoughtless gaiety of game, 265
sport alone their unambitious hearts
s'd, the sudden trumpet, sounding hoarse,
ilence o'er the bright assembly reign.
hus a herald: 'To the states of Greece
oman people, unconfined, restore 270
countries, cities, liberties, and laws;
remit, and garrisons withdraw.'
owd, astonish'd half, and half inform'd,
dubious round; some question'd, some exclaim'd,
one who, dreaming, between hope and fear, 275
in anxious joy,) 'Be that again,
t again proclaim'd, distinct and loud!'
nd distinct it was again proclaim'd;
ill as midnight in the rural shade,
the gale slumbers, they the words devour'd. 280
severe Amazement held them mute;
bursting broad, the boundless shout to heaven
many a thousand hearts ecstatic sprung.
ry hand rebellow'd to their joy
'elling sea, the rocks, and vocal hills: 285
;h all her turrets stately Corinth † shook;
rom the void above of shatter'd air,
tting bird fell breathless to the ground.
piercing bliss! how keen a sense of fame
en, Flaminius, reach thy inmost soul! 290
ith what deep-felt glory didst thou then
the fondness of transported Greece!
in a tempest of superior joy,
eft the sports; like Bacchanals, they flew,
ther straining in a strict embrace, 295
rain'd a slave; and loud acclaims till night
the proconsul's tent repeated rung.

* king of Macedonia.
† Isthmian games were celebrated at Corinth.

Then, crown'd with garlands, came the festive hours;
And music, sparkling wine, and converse warm
Their raptures waked anew. 'Ye gods!' they cried, 300
'Ye guardian gods of Greece! and are we free?
Was it not madness deem'd the very thought?
And is it true? How did we purchase chains!
At what a dire expense of kindred blood!
And are they now dissolved? and scarce one drop 305
For the fair first of blessings have we paid!
Courage and conduct in the doubtful field,
When rages wide the storm of mingling war,
Are rare indeed; but how to generous ends
To turn success and conquest, rarer still: 310
That the great gods and Romans only know.
Lives there on earth, almost to Greece unknown,
A people so magnanimous, to quit
Their native soil, traverse the stormy deep,
And by their blood and treasure, spent for us, 315
Redeem our states, our liberties, and laws?
There does! there does! O saviour Titus! Rome!'
Thus through the happy night they pour'd their souls,
And in my last-reflected beams rejoiced.
As when the shepherd, on the mountain-brow, 320
Sits piping to his flocks and gamesome kids;
Meantime the sun, beneath the green earth sunk,
Slants upward o'er the scene a parting gleam:
Short is the glory that the mountain gilds,
Plays on the glittering flocks, and glads the swain; 325
To western worlds irrevocable roll'd,
Rapid, the source of light recalls his ray."
Here interposing I: "O queen of men,
Beneath whose sceptre in essential rights
Equal they live; though placed, for common good, 330
Various, or in subjection or command;
And that by common choice! alas! the scene,
With virtue, freedom, and with glory bright,
Streams into blood, and darkens into woe."
Thus she pursued: "Near this great era, Rome 335
Began to feel the swift approach of fate,
That now her vitals gain'd; still more and more
Her deep divisions kindling into rage,
And war with chains and desolation charged.
From an unequal balance of her sons 340

contentions sprung; and, as increased
nequality, more fierce
. to tumult. Independence fail'd,
urious wants, by real there;
ıis virtue every virtue sunk, 345
ı sliding rock, the pile sustain'd.
ıpt, too late, the Gracchi made,
ying scale, and poise the state.
swell'd Aristocratic Pride;
, the villain whose fell gripe 350
grees to baseness the free soul!
', rapacious, cruel, mean,
.ce! while on the other crept
in want, with pleasure fired;
:riptions, for the darkest deeds, 355
d feeder bade; inconstant, blind,
iends at need, and duped by foes;
ditious, when a chief inspired
ɔng fury, but, of him deprived,
'es that lick'd the scourging hand. 360
n republic, that against the blast
n rose; that,—like an oak,
ɜracious Algidum,* whose boughs
r shoot beneath the rigid axe,—
ıaughter, from the steel itself, 365
.nd spirit drew; smit with the calm,
ɜrene of prosperous fortune, pined.
her weighty legions could oppose:
ɜnce,† on Afric's tawny shore,
l in dust, a stabling now for wolves; 370
.readed power received the yoke.
tructive, from the conquer'd East,
ɔlunder came that worst of plagues,
nce of mind,—a fever'd thirst
ɜ joys which Luxury prepares. 375
ɔys, that wasteful leave behind
honour, in reflecting hour,
.y, to glad the conscious soul;
ɔlving in one ruin wealth
acquiring powers; while stupid Self, 380
ust, and hebetating Sense

d range of fruitful hills near Tusculum.—EDIT.

Devour the nobler faculties of bliss.
Hence Roman virtue slacken'd into sloth;
Security relax'd the softening state;
And the broad eye of Government lay closed. 385
No more the laws inviolable reign'd,
And public weal no more: but party raged;
And partial power, and licence unrestrain'd,
Let Discord through the deathful city loose.
First, mild Tiberius,* on thy sacred head 390
The Fury's vengeance fell; the first whose blood
Had, since the consuls, stain'd contending Rome:
Of precedent pernicious! With thee bled
Three hundred Romans; with thy brother, next,
Three thousand more; till, into battles turn'd 395
Debates of peace, and forced the trembling laws,
The Forum and Comitia horrid grew,
A scene of barter'd power or reeking gore.
When, half-ashamed, Corruption's thievish arts,
And ruffian Force, begin to sap the mounds 400
And majesty of laws; if not in time
Repress'd severe, for human aid too strong
The torrent turns, and over-bears the whole.
"Thus luxury, dissension, a mix'd rage
Of boundless pleasure and of boundless wealth, 405
Want wishing change, and waste repairing war,
Rapine for ever lost to peaceful toil,
Guilt unatoned, profuse of blood revenge,
Corruption all-avow'd, and lawless force,
Each heightening each, alternate shook the state. 410
Meantime Ambition, at the dazzling head
Of hardy legions, with the laurels heap'd
And spoil of nations, in one circling blast
Combined in various storm, and from its base
The broad republic tore. By Virtue built, 415
It touch'd the skies, and spread o'er shelter'd earth
An ample roof: by Virtue too sustain'd,
And balanced steady, every tempest sung
Innoxious by, or bade it firmer stand.
But when, with sudden and enormous change, 420
The first of mankind sunk into the last,
As once in virtue, so in vice, extreme,

* Tiberius Gracchus.

versal fabric yielded loose,
mbition still; and, thundering down
beneath its ruins crush'd a world. 425
ering people to themselves a prey
r fall, when their victorious troops,
and rapine savage grown, can find
to sack and pillage but their own.
rutal Marius and keen Sylla first 430
he deluge dire of civil blood,
g woes began; and this, or that,
nching their revenge, nor virtue spared,
nor age, nor quality, nor name;
e, into a human shambles turn'd, 435
serts lovely.—O, to well-earn'd chains
race!—If no true Roman then,
ola, there was, to raise for me
ful hand; was there no father, robb'd
ing youth to prop his wither'd age? 440
a witness to his hoary sire
and gore defiled? no friend forlorn?
ch that doubtful trembled for himself?
ave or wild, to pierce a monster's heart,
aping horror round, no more deserved 445
ed shelter of the laws he spurn'd?
. o'er all profound Dejection sat,
veless Fear. The slave's asylum theirs:
, ill-judging, that the timid back
eak to slaughter; or partaken guilt. 450
from Sylla's vanity I drew
ampled deed. The power resign'd,
unhoped, the commonwealth restored,
the public, and effaced his crimes.
streets yet streaming from his murderous hand
l he stray'd, unguarded, unassail'd; 455
the bed of peace his ashes laid:
which I to his demission gave.
him died not the despotic soul.
n saw that stooping Rome could bear 460
r, nor had virtue to be free.
or succeeding years, my troubled reign
in peace, no spreading prospect, knew.
ion gather'd round. Still the black soul

Or of a Catiline or Rullus * swell'd 465
With fell designs; and all the watchful art
Of Cicero demanded, all the force,
All the state-wielding magic of his tongue,
And all the thunder of my Cato's zeal.
With these I linger'd; till the flame anew 470
Burst out in blaze immense, and wrapp'd the world.
The shameful contest sprung, to whom mankind
Should yield the neck: to Pompey, who conceal'd
A rage impatient of an equal name;
Or to the nobler Cæsar, on whose brow 475
O'er daring vice deluding virtue smiled,
And who no less a vain superior scorn'd.
Both bled, but bled in vain. New traitors rose.
The venal WILL *be bought, the base have lords.*
To these vile wars I left ambitious slaves; 480
And from Philippi's field, from where in dust
The last of Romans, matchless Brutus, lay,
Spread to the North untamed a rapid wing.
"What, though the first smooth Cæsars arts caress'd,
Merit, and virtue, simulating me! 485
Severely tender! cruelly humane!
The chain to clinch, and make it softer sit
On the new-broken, still ferocious, state.
From the dark *third*,† succeeding, I beheld
The' imperial monsters all: a race on earth 490
Vindictive sent, the scourge of human-kind!
Whose blind profusion drain'd a bankrupt world;
Whose lust to forming Nature seems disgrace;
And whose infernal rage bade every drop
Of ancient blood, that yet retain'd my flame, 495
To that of Pœtus,‡ in the peaceful bath,
Or Rome's affrighted streets, inglorious flow.
Not almost just the meanly-patient death

* Publius Servilius Rullus, tribune of the people, proposed an Agrarian law, in appearance very advantageous for the people, but destructive of their liberty; and which was defeated by the eloquence of Cicero, in his speech against Rullus.

† Caligula.

‡ Thrasea Pœtus, put to death by Nero. Tacitus introduces the account of the death of his death thus: "After having inhumanly slaughtered so many illustrious men, he" (Nero) "burned at last with a desire of ruining all Virtue itself, in the person of Thrasea," &c.

a tyrant's unprevented stroke.
d gave one short evening gleam ; 500
ıl felt, as in the midst it spread
ıd horror. The delight of men,
› day, when his o'erflowing hand
no happy heart, concluded lost !
he, with the mild sire and son,* 505
virtue,) eased awhile mankind ;
evived beneath their gentle beam.
heir last effort : what Sculpture raised
glory, following triumphs stole,
with Gothic forms,—the chisel's shame,— 510
ımphal Arch,† the forms of Greece.
me o'er rocky Thrace, and the deep vales
emus, I pursued my flight ;
ng farthest Scythia, westward swept
traversed by a thousand streams : 515
ıd of lakes, and fens immense,
sounding torrents, gloomy heaths,
leserts, black with sounding pine ;
ure frowns ; though sometimes into smiles
, and, immediate at the touch 520
ı gales, throws from the sudden glebe
pasture and a waste of flowers.
›mpress'd, when the whole loaded heaven
ı snow, lost in one white abrupt,
inguish'd earth ; and, seized by frost, 525
llong streams, and floods, and oceans sleep.
ife glows : the furry millions there
ıeir dens beneath the sheltering snows ;
a race of men prolific swarms,
pain, to little pleasure, used ; 530
keen-parching, beat Riphæan winds ;
heir soil, and like their climate fierce :
y of nations ! These I roused,
on land, on people people pour'd ;
lmost perpetual night they broke, 535

ıs Pius, and his adopted son Marcus Aurelius, afterwards
nus Philosophus.
ine's Arch ; to build which, that of Trajan was destroyed ;
ing been then almost entirely lost.
ent Sarmatia contained a vast tract of country running all
th of Europe and Asia.

As if in search of day: and o'er the banks
Of yielding empire, only slave-sustain'd,
Resistless raged, in vengeance urged by me.
"Long in the barbarous heart the buried seeds
Of freedom lay, for many a wintry age; 540
And though my spirit work'd, by slow degrees,
Nought but its pride and fierceness yet appear'd.
Then was the night of time, that parted worlds.
I quitted earth the while. As when the tribes
Aërial, warn'd of rising winter, ride 545
Autumnal winds, to warmer climates borne;
So, Arts and each good Genius in my train,
I cut the closing gloom, and soar'd to heaven.
"In the bright regions there of purest day,
Far other scenes and palaces arise, 550
Adorn'd profuse with other arts divine.
All beauty here below, to them compared,
Would, like a rose before the mid-day Sun,
Shrink up its blossom; like a bubble, break
The passing poor magnificence of kings. 555
For there the King of Nature, in full blaze,
Calls every splendour forth; and there his court
Amid ethereal powers and virtues holds,—
Angel, archangel, tutelary gods
Of cities, nations, empires, and of worlds. 560
But sacred be the veil that kindly clouds
A light too keen for mortals; wraps a view
Too softening fair for those that here in dust
Must cheerful toil out their appointed years!
A sense of higher life would only damp 565
The school-boy's task, and spoil his playful hours.
Nor could the child of Reason, feeble man,
With vigour through this infant being drudge,
Did brighter worlds, their unimagined bliss
Disclosing, dazzle and dissolve his mind." 570

LIBERTY.

PART IV.

BRITAIN.

CONTENTS.

Difference betwixt the ancients and moderns slightly touched upon—Description of the Dark Ages—The Goddess of Liberty, who during these is supposed to have left earth, returns, attended with Arts and Science—She first descends on Italy—Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture fix at Rome, to revive their several arts by the great models of antiquity there, which many barbarous invasions had not been able to destroy—The revival of these arts marked out—That sometimes arts may flourish for a while under despotic governments, though never the natural and genuine production of them—Learning begins to dawn—The Muse and Science attend Liberty, who in her progress towards Great Britain raises several free states and cities—These enumerated—Author's exclamation of joy upon seeing the British seas and coasts rise in the vision, which painted whatever the Goddess of Liberty said—She resumes her narration—The Genius of the Deep appears, and, addressing Liberty, associates Great Britain into his dominion—Liberty received and congratulated by Britannia, and the Native Genii or Virtues of the Island—These described—Animated by the presence of Liberty, they begin their operations—Their beneficent influence contrasted with the works and delusions of opposing Demons—Concludes with an abstract of the English history, marking the several advances of Liberty, down to her complete establishment at the Revolution.

Struck with the rising scene, thus I, amazed :
" Ah, goddess, what a change ! Is earth the same ?
Of the same kind the ruthless race she feeds ?
And does the same fair sun and ether spread
Round this vile spot their all-enlivening soul ? 5
Lo ! Beauty fails ; lost in unlovely forms
Of little pomp, Magnificence no more
Exalts the mind, and bids the public smile ;

While to rapacious Interest Glory leaves
Mankind, and every grace of life is gone." 10
  To this the Power whose vital radiance calls,
From the brute mass of man, an order'd world:
  "Wait till the morning shines, and from the depth
Of Gothic darkness springs another day.
True, Genius droops; the tender ancient taste 15
Of Beauty, then fresh-blooming in her prime,
But faintly trembles through the callous soul;
And Grandeur, or of morals, or of life,
Sinks into safe pursuits and creeping cares.
Even cautious Virtue seems to stoop her flight, 20
And Aged Life to deem the generous deeds
Of Youth romantic. Yet in cooler thought
Well-reason'd, in researches piercing deep
Through nature's works, in profitable arts,
And all that calm Experience can disclose, 25
(Slow guide, but sure,) behold the world anew
Exalted rise, with other honours crown'd;
And, where my spirit wakes the finer powers,
Athenian laurels still afresh shall bloom.
  "Oblivious ages pass'd; while Earth, forsook 30
By her best Genii, lay, to Demons foul,
And unchain'd Furies, an abandon'd prey.
Contention led the van; first small of size,
But soon dilating to the skies she towers:
Then, wide as air, the livid Fury spread, 35
And, high her head above the stormy clouds,
She blazed in omens, swell'd the groaning winds
With wild surmises, battlings, sounds of war:
From land to land the maddening trumpet blew,
And pour'd her venom through the heart of man. 40
Shook to the Pole, the North obey'd her call.
Forth rush'd the bloody Power of Gothic war,
War against human-kind: Rapine, that led
Millions of raging robbers in his train;
Unlistening, barbarous Force, to whom the sword 45
Is reason, honour, law; the foe of arts,
By monsters follow'd, hideous to behold,
That claim'd their place. Outrageous mix'd with these
Another species of tyrannic rule,*
Unknown before, whose cankerous shackles seized 50

* Church power, or ecclesiastical tyranny.

The' envenom'd soul: a wilder Fury, she
Even o'er her elder sister* tyrannized;
Or, if perchance agreed, inflamed her rage.
Dire was her train, and loud:—the sable band,
Thundering, 'Submit, ye laity! ye profane! 55
Earth is the Lord's, and therefore ours: let kings
Allow the common claim, and half be theirs;
If not, behold! the sacred lightning flies:'
Scholastic Discord, with a hundred tongues,
For science uttering jangling words obscure, 60
Where frighted Reason never yet could dwell:
Of peremptory feature, Cleric Pride,
Whose reddening cheek no contradiction bears;
And Holy Slander, his associate firm,
On whom the Lying Spirit still descends: 65
Mother of tortures, Persecuting Zeal,
High-flashing in her hand the ready torch,
Or poniard bathed in unbelieving blood!
Hell's fiercest fiend! of saintly brow demure,
Assuming a celestial seraph's name, 70
While she, beneath the blasphemous pretence
Of pleasing Parent Heaven, the Source of Love,
Has wrought more horrors, more detested deeds,
Than all the rest combined. Led on by her,
And wild of head to work her fell designs, 75
Came idiot Superstition; round with ears
Innumerous strow'd, ten thousand monkish forms
With legends plied them, and with tenets, meant
To charm or scare the simple into slaves,
And poison reason: gross, she swallows all; 80
The most absurd believing ever most.
Broad o'er the whole her universal night,
The gloom still doubling, Ignorance diffused.
"Nought to be seen but visionary monks
To councils strolling, and embroiling creeds; 85
Banditti saints,† disturbing distant lands;
And unknown nations, wandering for a home.
All lay reversed: the sacred arts of rule
Turn'd to flagitious leagues against mankind,
And arts of plunder more and more avow'd; 90
Pure plain Devotion to a solemn farce;‡

* Civil tyranny. † Crusades.
‡ *The corruptions of the church of Rome.*

To holy dotage Virtue, even to guile,
To murder, and a mockery of oaths;
Brave ancient Freedom to the rage of slaves,*
Proud of their state, and fighting for their chains; 95
Dishonour'd Courage to the bravo's trade,†
To civil broil; and Glory to romance.
Thus human life unhinged to ruin reel'd,
And giddy Reason totter'd on her throne.
"At last Heaven's best inexplicable scheme, 100
Disclosing, bade new brightening eras smile.
The high command gone forth, Arts in my train,
And azure-mantled Science, swift we spread
A sounding pinion. Eager Pity, mix'd
With indignation, urged her downward flight. 105
On Latium first we stoop'd, for doubtful life
That panted, sunk beneath unnumber'd woes.
Ah, poor Italia! what a bitter cup
Of vengeance hast thou drain'd! Goths, Vandals, Huns,
Lombards, barbarians broke from every land,— 110
How many a ruffian form hast thou beheld!
What horrid jargons heard, where rage alone
Was all thy frighted ear could comprehend!
How frequent by the red inhuman hand,
Yet warm with brother's, husband's, father's blood, 115
Hast thou thy matrons and thy virgins seen
To violation dragg'd, and mingled death!
What conflagrations, earthquakes, ravage, floods,
Have turn'd thy cities into stony wilds;
And, succourless and bare, the poor remains 120
Of wretches forth to Nature's common cast!
Added to these, the still-continued waste
Of inbred foes,‡ that on thy vitals prey,
And, double tyrants, seize the very soul.
Where hadst thou treasures for this rapine all, 125
These hungry myriads, that thy bowels tore,
Heap'd sack on sack, and buried in their rage
Wonders of art? whence this grey scene a mine
Of more than gold becomes and orient gems,
Where Egypt, Greece, and Rome united glow. 130
"Here Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, bent
From ancient models to restore their arts,

* Vassalage, whence the attachment of clans to their chief.
† Duelling. ‡ The hierarchy.

n'd. A little trace we how they rose.
nid the hoary ruins, Sculpture first,
ligging, from the cavern dark and damp, 135
grave for ages, bid her marble race
; to new light. Joy sparkled in her eyes,
ld remembrance thrill'd in every thought,
· the pleasing resurrection saw.
ıing site, respiring from his toils, 140
ell-known Hero who delivered Greece,*
nple chest, all tempested with force,
querable rear'd. She saw the head,
ıing the hero, small, of Grecian size,
more extensive than the sinewy neck; 145
›reading shoulders, muscular and broad;
hole a mass of swelling sinews, touch'd
armonious shape: she saw, and joy'd.
:llow hunter, Meleager, raised
auteous front, and through the finish'd whole 150
what ideas smiled of old in Greece.
ing aspect, rush'd impetuous forth
ladiator.† Pitiless his look,
ach keen sinew braced, the storm of war,
ıg, o'er all his nervous body frowns. 155
ying other ‡ from the gloom she drew:
rted on his shorten'd arm he leans,
agonizing; with incumbent fate
declines his head: yet dark beneath
ıffering feature sullen vengeance lours, 160
:, indignation, unaccomplish'd rage;
till the cheated eye expects his fall.
nquest-flush'd, from prostrate Python, came
ıiver'd god.§ In graceful act he stands,
m extended with the slacken'd bow. 165
flows his easy robe, and fair displays
ıly-soften'd form. The bloom of gods
youthful o'er the beardless cheek to wave:
atures yet heroic ardour warms;
ıweet subsiding to a native smile, 170
with the joy elating conquest gives,
ter'd frown exalts his matchless air.
›ra moved: her full-proportion'd limbs

› Hercules of Farnese. † The Fighting Gladiator.
› Dying Gladiator. § The Apollo of Belvidere.

Rise through the mantle fluttering in the breeze.
The Queen of Love * arose, as from the deep 175
She sprung in all the melting pomp of charms.
Bashful she bends, her well-taught look aside
Turns in enchanting guise, where dubious mix
Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled sense
Of modest shame, and slippery looks of love. 180
The gazer grows enamour'd; and the stone,
As if exulting in its conquest, smiles.
So turn'd each limb, so swell'd with softening art,
That the deluded eye the marble doubts.
At last her utmost master-piece † she found, 185
That Maro fired :‡—the miserable sire,
Wrapp'd with his sons in Fate's severest grasp.
The serpents, twisting round, their stringent folds
Inextricable tie. Such passion here,
Such agonies, such bitterness of pain, 190
Seem so to tremble through the tortured stone,
That the touch'd heart engrosses all the view.
Almost unmark'd the best proportions pass
That ever Greece beheld; and, seen alone,
On the rapt eye the' imperious passions seize :— 195
The father's double pangs, both for himself
And sons convulsed; to Heaven his rueful look,
Imploring aid, and half-accusing, cast;
His fell despair, with indignation mix'd,
As the strong-curling monsters from his side 200
His full-extended fury cannot tear.
More tender touch'd, with varied art, his sons
All the soft rage of younger passions show.
In a boy's helpless fate one sinks oppress'd;
While, yet unpierced, the frighted other tries 205
His foot to steal out of the horrid twine.
"She bore no more, but straight from Gothic rust
Her chisel clear'd, and dust and fragments drove
Impetuous round.§ Successive as it went
From son to son, with more enlivening touch, 210

* The Venus of Medici.
† The group of Laocoon and his two sons, destroyed by two serpents.
‡ See *Æneid.* ii. 199—227.
§ It is reported of Michael Angelo Buonarotti, the most celebrated master in modern sculpture, that he wrought with a kind of inspiration or enthusiastical fury, which produced the effect here mentioned.

ı brute rock it call'd the breathing form ;
legislator's awful grace
Buonarotti bid a Moses rise,
ting love immense, a Saviour-God.*
ese observant, Painting felt the fire 215
ard. Then ecstatic she diffused
ass, seized the palette, with quick hand
ırs brew'd, and on the void expanse
:reation pour'd, her mimic world.
the manner of her eldest race, 220
ıd dry ; just struggling from the taste
for ages scared in cloisters dim
:stitious herd : yet glorious then
m'd their works, where undeveloped lay
e wonders that enrich'd mankind, 225
w light and grace o'er Europe cast.
lual gather streams. Enlarging this,
ıis portion of her various gifts
ess dealt, to none indulging all ;
o Raphael. At kind distance still 230
ı stands, like happiness, to tempt
ıal chase. In elegant design,
g nature ; in ideas fair
extracted from the fine antique ;
le, expression, airs divine ; 235
of Rome and Florence bore the prize.
of Venice she the magic art
ı melting into colours gave.
o, it was, by one embracing mass
ınd shade, that settles round the whole, 240
tremulous from part to part,
binding harmony to throw,
he picture, and repose the sight.
bard school,† succeeding, mingled both.
time dread fanes and palaces around 245
e magnific front. Music again
:rsal language of the heart
and, rising from the plaintive vale,
ll concert spread, and solemn choir.
bigots smiled ; to their protection took 250
their own, and from them borrow'd pomp :

ed the two finest pieces of modern sculpture.
ool of the Caracci.

For in a tyrant's garden these awhile
May bloom, though freedom be their parent soil.
"And now confess'd, with gently-growing gleam,
The morning shone, and westward stream'd its light. 255
The Muse awoke. Not sooner on the wing
Is the gay bird of dawn. Artless her voice,
Untaught and wild, yet warbling through the woods
Romantic lays. But as her northern course
She, with her tutor, Science, in my train, 260
Ardent pursued, her strains more noble grew:
While Reason drew the plan, the Heart inform'd
The moral page, and Fancy lent it grace.
"Rome and her circling deserts cast behind,
I pass'd not idle to my great sojourn. 265
"On Arno's * fertile plain, where the rich vine
Luxuriant o'er Etrurian mountains roves,
Safe in the lap reposed of private bliss,
I small republics raised.† Thrice happy they,
Had social freedom bound their peace, and arts, 270
Instead of ruling power, (ne'er meant for them,)
Employ'd their little cares, and saved their fate!
"Beyond the rugged Apennines, that roll
Far through Italian bounds their wavy tops,
My path, too, I with public blessings strow'd:— 275
Free states and cities, where the Lombard plain,
In spite of culture negligent and gross,
From her deep bosom pours unbidden joys,
And green o'er all the land a garden spreads.
"The barren rocks themselves, beneath my foot 280
Relenting, bloom'd on the Ligurian shore.
Thick-swarming people there,‡ like emmets, seized,
Amid surrounding cliffs, the scatter'd spots
Which Nature left in her destroying rage,§
Made their own fields, nor sigh'd for other lands. 285
There, in white prospect, from the rocky hill

* The river Arno runs through Florence.

† The republics of Florence, Pisa, Lucca, and Sienna. They formerly have had very cruel wars together, but are now all peaceably subject to the great duke of Tuscany; except it be Lucca, which still maintains the form of a republic.

‡ The Genoese territory is reckoned very populous; but the towns and villages for the most part lie hid among the Apennine rocks and mountains.

§ According to Dr. Burnet's System of the Deluge.

ıal descending to the shelter'd shore,
ıe proud Genoa's marble turrets rose:
while my genuine spirit warm'd her sons,
ıth her Dorias, not unworthy, she 290
for the trident of the narrow seas,
Britain yet had open'd all the main.
'or be the then-triumphant state forgot;*
e, push'd from plunder'd earth,† a remnant still,
red by me, through the dark ages kept 295
y old Roman flame some sparks alive:
eeming god-built city, which my hand
in the bosom fix'd of wondering seas!
ıish'd mortals sail'd, with pleasing awe,
nd the sea-girt walls, by Neptune fenced, 300
down the briny street; where, on each hand,
ing seen amid unstable waves,
plendid palace shines, and rising tides,
reen steps marking, murmur at the door.
ıis fair queen of Adria's stormy Gulf, 305
nart of nations, long, obedient seas
l all the treasure of the radiant East.
ıow no more. Than one great tyrant worse,
se shared oppression lightens, as diffused,)
subject tearing, many tyrants rose: 310
east the proudest. Join'd in dark cabal,
, jealous, watchful, silent, and severe,
o'er the whole indissoluble chains:
oftor shackles of luxurious ease
likewise added, to secure their sway. 315
Venice fainter shines; and Commerce thus,
il impatient, flags the drooping sail.
ing, besides, his ancient bounds, he took
ger circle:‡ found another seat,§
ing a thousand ports, and, charm'd with toil, 320
n nothing can dismay, far other sons.
'he mountains then, clad with eternal snow,
ss'd my power. Deep as the rampant rocks,

enice was the most flourishing city in Europe, with regard to trade,
the passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope, and
ca, were discovered.
ıose who fled to some marshes in the Adriatic Gulf, from the
ion spread over Italy by an irruption of the Huns, first founded
his famous city, about the beginning of the fifth century.
e main ocean. § Great Britain.

By Nature thrown insuperable round,
I planted there a league of friendly states,* 325
And bade plain freedom their ambition be.
There in the vale, where rural Plenty fills,
From lakes, and meads, and furrow'd fields, her horn,
Chief where the Leman pure emits the Rhone,†
Rare to be seen, unguilty cities rise; 330
Cities of brothers form'd; while equal life,
Accorded gracious with revolving power,
Maintains them free, and in their happy streets
Nor cruel deed nor misery is known.
For valour, faith, and innocence of life 335
Renown'd, a rough laborious people there
Not only give the dreadful Alps to smile,
And press their culture on retiring snows;
But, to firm order train'd and patient war,
They likewise know, beyond the nerve remiss 340
Of mercenary force, how to defend
The tasteful little their hard toil has earn'd,
And the proud arm of Bourbon to defy.

"Even, cheer'd by me, their shaggy mountains charm
More than or Gallic or Italian plains; 345
And sickening Fancy oft, when absent long,
Pines to behold their Alpine views again:‡—
The hollow-winding stream; the vale, fair-spread
Amid an amphitheatre of hills,
Whence, vapour-wing'd, the sudden tempest springs; 350
From steep to steep ascending, the gay train
Of fogs, thick-roll'd into romantic shapes;
The flitting cloud, against the summit dash'd,
And, by the sun illumined, pouring bright
A gemmy shower; hung o'er amazing rocks, 355
The mountain-ash, and solemn-sounding pine;
The snow-fed torrent, in white mazes toss'd
Down to the clear ethereal lake below;
And, high o'er-topping all the broken scene,
The mountain fading into sky, where shines 360

* The Swiss Cantons.

† Geneva, situated on the Lacus Lemanus; a small state, but noble example of the blessings of civil and religious liberty.

‡ The Swiss, after having been long absent from their native country, are seized with such a violent desire of seeing it again, as affects them with a kind of languishing indisposition, called "the Swiss sickness."

On winter winter shivering, and whose top
Licks from their cloudy magazine the snows.
"From these descending, as I waved my course
O'er vast Germania, the ferocious nurse
Of hardy men and hearts affronting death, 365
I gave some favour'd cities* there to lift
A nobler brow, and through their swarming streets,
More busy, wealthy, cheerful, and alive,
In each contented face to look my soul.
"Thence the loud Baltic passing, black with storm, 370
To wintry Scandinavia's utmost bound;
There I the manly race,† the parent-hive
Of the mix'd kingdoms, form'd into a state
More regularly free. By keener air
Their genius purged, and temper'd hard, by frost, 375
Tempest, and toil, their nerves; the sons of those
Whose only terror was a bloodless death;‡
They, wise and dauntless, still sustain my cause.
Yet there I fix'd not. Turning to the south,
The whispering zephyrs sigh'd at my delay." 380
Here, with the shifted vision, burst my joy:
"O the dear prospect! O majestic view!
See Britain's empire! Lo! the watery vast
Wide-waves, diffusing the cerulean plain.
And now, methinks, like clouds at distance seen, 385
Emerging white from deeps of ether, dawn
My kindred cliffs; whence, wafted in the gale,
Ineffable, a secret sweetness breathes.
Goddess, forgive! my heart surprised o'erflows
With filial fondness for the land you bless." 390
As parents to a child complacent deign
Approvance, the Celestial Brightness smiled;
Then thus: "As o'er the wave-resounding deep,
To my near reign, the happy isle, I steer'd
With easy wing; behold! from surge to surge, 395
Stalk'd the tremendous Genius of the deep.
Around him clouds, in mingled tempest, hung;
Thick-flashing meteors crown'd his starry head;
And ready thunder redden'd in his hand,
Or from it stream'd compress'd the gloomy cloud. 400
Where'er he look'd, the trembling waves recoil'd.

* The Hanse Towns. † The Swedes.
‡ See note on verse 680.

For others feels, as for another self;
Of various name, as various objects wake
Warm into action the kind sense within; 490
Whether the blameless poor, the nobly maim'd,
The lost to reason, the declined in life,
The helpless young that kiss no mother's hand,
And the gay second infancy of age,
She gives in public families to live, 495
A sight to gladden Heaven! whether she stands
Fair beckoning at the hospitable gate,
And bids the stranger take repose and joy;
Whether, to solace honest Labour, she
Rejoices those that make the land rejoice; 500
Or whether to philosophy and arts
(At once the basis and the finish'd pride
Of government and life) she spreads her hand;
Nor knows her gift profuse, nor seems to know,
Doubling her bounty, that she gives at all. 505
Justice to these her awful presence join'd,
The mother of the state! No low revenge,
No turbid passions in her breast ferment:
Tender, serene, compassionate of vice,
As the last woe that can afflict mankind, 510
She punishment awards: yet, of the good
More piteous still, and of the suffering whole,
Awards it firm. So fair her just decree,
That, in his judging peers, each on himself
Pronounces his own doom. O happy land, 515
Where reigns alone this justice of the free!
'Mid the bright group Sincerity his front
Diffusive rear'd; his pure untroubled eye
The fount of truth. The Thoughtful Power, apart,
Now, pensive, cast on earth his fix'd regard; 520
Now, touch'd celestial, launch'd it on the sky.
The Genius he whence Britain shines supreme,
The land of light and rectitude of mind.
He too the fire of fancy feeds intense,
With all the train of passions thence derived; 525
Not kindling quick, a noisy transient blaze,
But gradual, silent, lasting, and profound.
Now, his fair firmament, pointing to the shade,
And [illegible] stood: the generous pair
That simple life, the quiet whispering grove, 530

And the still raptures of the free-born soul,
To cates prefer, by Virtue bought, not earn'd;
Proudly prefer them to the servile pomp,
And to the heart-embitter'd joys of slaves.
Or should the latter, to the public scene 535
Demanded, quit his sylvan friend awhile,
Nought can his firmness shake, nothing seduce
His zeal, still active for the common-weal;
Nor stormy tyrants, nor Corruption's tools,
Foul ministers, dark-working by the force 540
Of secret-sapping gold. All their vile arts,
Their shameful honours, their perfidious gifts,
He greatly scorns; and, if he must betray
His plunder'd country, or his power resign,
A moment's parley were eternal shame. 545
Illustrious into private life again,
From dirty levees, he unstain'd ascends,
And firm in senates stands the patriot's ground,
Or draws new vigour in the peaceful shade.
Aloof the Bashful Virtue hover'd coy, 550
Proving by sweet distrust distrusted worth.
Rough Labour closed the train: and in his hand,
Rude, callous, sinew-swell'd, and black with toil,
Came manly Indignation. Sour he seems,
And more than seems, by lawless pride assail'd; 555
Yet, kind at heart, and just, and generous, there
No vengeance lurks, no pale insidious gall.
Even in the very luxury of rage,
He softening can forgive a gallant foe;
The nerve, support, and glory of the land! 560
Nor be Religion, rational and free,
Here pass'd in silence; whose enraptured eye
Sees heaven with earth connected, human things
Link'd to divine; who not from servile fear,
By rites for some weak tyrant incense fit, 565
The God of Love adores, but from a heart
Effusing gladness, into pleasing awe
That now astonish'd swells, now in a calm
Of fearless confidence that smiles serene;
That lives devotion, one continual hymn; 570
And then most grateful, when Heaven's bounty most
Is right enjoy'd. This ever-cheerful Power

Over the raised circle ray'd superior day.
"I joy'd to join the Virtues whence my reign
Over Albion was to rise. Each cheering each, 575
And, like the circling planets from the sun,
All borrowing beams from me, a heighten'd zeal
Impatient fired us to commence our toils,
Or pleasures rather. Long the pungent time
Pass'd not in mutual halls; but, through the land 580
Darting our light, we chase the fogs away.
"The Virtues conquer with a single look.
Such grace, such beauty, such victorious light,
Live in their presence, stream in every glance,
That the soul, won, enamour'd, and refined, 585
Grows their own image, pure ethereal flame.
Hence the foul Demons, that oppose our reign,
Would still from us deluded mortals wrap:
Or in gross shades they drown the visual ray,
Or by the fogs of prejudice, where mix 590
Falsehood and truth confounded, foil the sense
With vain refracted images of bliss.
But chief around the court of flatter'd kings
They roll the dusky rampart, wall o'er wall
Of darkness pile, and with their thickest shade 595
Secure the throne. No savage Alp, the den
Of wolves, and bears, and monstrous things obscene,
That vex the swain and waste the country round,
Protected lies beneath a deeper cloud.
Yet there we sometimes send a searching ray: 600
As, at the sacred opening of the morn,
The prowling race retire; so, pierced severe,
Before our potent blaze these Demons fly,
And all their works dissolve:—The whisper'd tale,
That, like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows: 605
Fair-faced Deceit, whose wily conscious eye
Ne'er looks direct: the tongue that licks the dust,
But, when it safely dares, as prompt to sting:
Smooth crocodile Destruction, whose fell tears
Ensnare: the Janus-face of courtly Pride; 610
One to superiors heaves submissive eyes,
On hapless worth the other scowls disdain:
Cheeks that for some weak tenderness alone,
Some virtuous slip, can wear a blush: the laugh

.e, when midnight bowls disclose the heart, 615
rving Virtue, and at Virtue's fools :
nined to be broke, the plighted faith ;
nore, the godless oath, that knows no ties :
ızzing Slander ; silky moths, that eat
nest name : the harpy-hand and maw 620
ricious Luxury ; who makes
.rone his shelter, venal laws his fort,
ıy his service, who betrays his king.
ɔw turn your view, and mark from Celtic night *
sent grandeur how my Britain rose. 625
ld were those Britons who, the careless sons
ıure, roam'd the forest-bounds, at once
rerdant city, high-embowering fane,
ıe gay circle of their woodland wars :
the Druid † taught that death but shifts 630
tal scene, they that prime fear despised ;
rone to rush on steel, disdain'd to spare
saved life that must again return.
rom Nature's hand, by tyrant force,
ill more tyrant custom, unsubdued, 635
nows no master save creating Heaven,
ı as choice and common good ordain.
eneral sense, with which the nations I
cuous fire, in Britons burn'd intense,
re times prophetic. Witness, Rome, 640
ıw'st thy Cæsar from the naked land,
only fort was British hearts, repell'd,
ɛ Pharsalian wreaths. Witness, the toil,
ɔod of ages, bootless to secure
h an empire's ‡ yoke a stubborn isle, 645
ed hard, and never quite subdued.
ɔrth § remain'd untouch'd, where those who scorn'd
ıp retired ; and, to their keen effort
ıg at last, recoil'd the Roman power.
., unable to sustain the shock, 650
ea to sea desponding legions raised

ıt Britain was peopled by the Celtæ or Gauls.
Druids, among the ancient Gauls and Britons, had the care and
of all religious matters.
Roman empire.
donia, inhabited by the Scots and Picts ; whither a great many
who would not submit to *the Romans*, retired.

The wall immense,* and yet, on summer's eve,
While sport his lambkins round, the shepherd's gaze.
Continual o'er it burst the northern storm;†
As often, check'd, receded, threatening hoarse 655
A swift return. But the devouring flood
No more endured control, when, to support
The last remains of empire,‡ was recall'd
The weary Roman, and the Briton lay
Unnerved, exhausted, spiritless, and sunk. 660
Great proof how men enfeeble into slaves!
The sword behind him flash'd; before him roar'd,
Deaf to his woes, the deep.§ Forlorn, around
He roll'd his eye; not sparkling ardent flame,
As when Caractacus‖ to battle led 665
Silurian swains, and Boadicea¶ taught
Her raging troops the miseries of slaves.
"Then (sad relief!) from the bleak coast that hears
The German Ocean roar, deep-blooming, strong,
And yellow-hair'd, the blue-eyed Saxon came. 670
He came implored, but came with other aim
Than to protect. For conquest and defence
Suffices the same arm. With the fierce race
Pour'd in a fresh invigorating stream;
Blood, where unquell'd a mighty spirit glow'd. 675
Rash war, and perilous battle, their delight;
And immature, and red with glorious wounds,
Unpeaceful death their choice; deriving thence
A right to feast, and drain immortal bowls,

* The wall of Severus, built upon Adrian's rampart, which ran for eighty miles quite cross the country, from the mouth of the Tyne to Solway Frith.

† Irruptions of the Scots and Picts.

‡ The Roman empire being miserably torn by the northern nations, Britain was for ever abandoned by the Romans in the year 426 or 427.

§ The Britons, applying to Ætius, the Roman general, for assistance, thus expressed their miserable condition: "We know not which way to turn us. The Barbarians drive us to sea, and the sea forces us back to the Barbarians; between which we have only the choice of two deaths, —either to be swallowed up by the waves, or butchered by the sword."

‖ King of the Silures, famous for his great exploits, and accounted the best general Great Britain had ever produced. The Silures were esteemed the bravest and most powerful of all the Britons: they inhabited Herefordshire, Radnorshire, Brecknockshire, Monmouthshire, and Glamorganshire.

¶ Queen of the Iceni: her story is well known.

In Odin's hall,* whose blazing roof resounds 680
The genial uproar of those shades who fall
In desperate fight or by some brave attempt;
And though more polish'd times the martial creed
Disown, yet still the fearless habit lives.
Nor were the surly gifts of war their all. 685
Wisdom was likewise theirs, indulgent laws,
The calm gradations of art-nursing peace,
And matchless orders,—the deep basis still
On which ascends my British reign. Untamed
To the refining subtilties of slaves, 690
They brought a happy government along;
Form'd by that freedom which, with secret voice,
Impartial Nature teaches all her sons,
And which of old through the whole Scythian mass
I strong inspired. Monarchical their state, 695
But prudently confined, and mingled wise
Of each harmonious power: only, too much,
Imperious war into their rule infused,
Prevail'd the general-king and chieftain-thanes.
"In many a field, by civil fury stain'd, 700
Bled the discordant Heptarchy;† and long
(Educing good from ill) the battle groan'd;
Ere, blood-cemented, Anglo-Saxons saw
Egbert and Peace on one united throne.‡

* It is certain, that an opinion was fixed and general among them (the Goths) that death was but the entrance into another life; that all men who lived lazy and unactive lives, and died natural deaths, by sickness or by age, went into vast caves under ground, all dark and miry, full of noisome creatures usual to such places, and there for ever grovelled in endless stench and misery. On the contrary, all who gave themselves to warlike actions and enterprises, to the conquest of their neighbours and the slaughter of their enemies, and died in battle, or of violent deaths upon bold adventures or resolutions, went immediately to the vast hall or palace of Odin, their god of war, who eternally kept open house for all such guests, where they were entertained at infinite tables, in perpetual feasts and mirth, carousing in bowls made of the skulls of their enemies they had slain; according to the number of whom, every one in these mansions of pleasure was the most honoured and best entertained.—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S "Essay on Heroic Virtue."

† The seven kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxons, considered as being united into one common government, under a general-in-chief or monarch, and by the means of an assembly-general, or *Wittenagemot*.

‡ Egbert king of Wessex, who, after having reduced all the other kingdoms of the Heptarchy under his dominion, was the first king of England.

"No sooner dawn'd the fair-disclosing calm 705
Of brighter days, when, lo! the North anew,
With stormy nations black, on England pour'd
Woes the severest e'er a people felt.
The Danish Raven,* lured by annual prey,
Hung o'er the land incessant. Fleet on fleet 710
Of barbarous pirates unremitting tore
The miserable coast. Before them stalk'd,
Far-seen, the Demon of devouring Flame;
Rapine, and Murder, all with blood besmear'd,
Without or ear, or eye, or feeling heart; 715
While close behind them march'd the sallow Power
Of desolating Famine, who delights
In grass-grown cities, and in desert fields;
And purple-spotted Pestilence, by whom
Even Friendship scared, in sickening horror sinks 720
Each social sense and tenderness of life.
Fixing at last, the sanguinary race
Spread from the Humber's loud-resounding shore,
To where the Thames devolves his gentle maze;
And with superior arm the Saxon awed. 725
But superstition first, and monkish dreams,
And monk-directed, cloister-seeking kings,
Had eat away his vigour, eat away
His edge of courage, and depress'd the soul
Of conquering freedom which he once respired. 730
Thus cruel ages pass'd; and rare appear'd
White-mantled Peace, exulting o'er the vale,
As when, with Alfred,† from the wilds she came
To policed cities and protected plains.
Thus by degrees the Saxon empire sunk; 735
Then set entire in Hastings'‡ bloody field.
"Compendious war! (on Britain's glory bent;
So Fate ordain'd,) in that decisive day,
The haughty Norman seized at once an isle

* A famous Danish standard was called *Reafan*, or "Raven." The Danes imagined that, before a battle, the raven wrought upon this standard clapped its wings, or hung down its head, in token of victory or defeat.

† Alfred the Great, renowned in war, and no less famous in peace for his many excellent institutions, particularly that of juries.

‡ The battle of Hastings, in which Harold II., the last of the Saxon Kings, was slain, and William the Conqueror made himself master of England.

:h, through many a century, in vain 740
ıan, Saxon, Dane, had toil'd and bled.
.c nations this the final burst;
r'd the genius of these people all,
:tues mix'd in one exalted stream,
ı rich tide of English blood grew full. 745
ile my spirit slept; the land awhile,
ɔd, droop'd beneath despotic rage.
of Edward's * equal gentle laws,
ɔus victor's partial will prevail'd.
;rate lay; and, in the secret shade, 750
ng but fearful Indignation gnash'd
ı. Of freedom, property, despoil'd,
heir bulwark, arms; with castles crush'd,
fians quarter'd o'er the bridled land;
ering wretches, at the Curfew sound,† 755
shrunk into their sordid beds,
ough the mournful gloom, of ancient times
ıd, or dreamt of better. Even, to feed
's idle sport, the peasant starved:
ild herd, the pasture of the tame, 760
rful hamlet, spiry town, was given,
brown forest‡ roughen'd wide around.
this so dead, so vile submission long
not. Gathering force, my gradual flame
f the mountain of tyrannic sway. 765
:o bend, impatient of control,
themselves the common tyrant check'd.
rch, by kings intractable and fierce
ıer portion of the plunder'd state,
ɔed by the timorous and weak 770
new ground, first taught their rapine law.
ɔns next a nobler league began,
se of English and of Norman race,
aternal nation blended now,
ɔn of the free! Press'd by a band 775

d III. the Confessor, who reduced the West-Saxon, Mercian,
ı laws into one body; which from that time became common
and, under the name of "the Laws of Edward."
urfew-bell, (from the French, *Couvre-feu,*) which was rung
t at eight of the clock, to warn the English to put out their
andles, under the penalty of a severe fine.
lew Forest in Hampshire; to make which, the country for
y miles in compass was laid waste.

Of patriots,* ardent as the summer's noon
That looks delighted on, the tyrant see!
Mark how with feign'd alacrity he bears
His strong reluctance down, his dark revenge;
And gives the CHARTER, by which life indeed 780
Becomes of price, a glory to be man!

"Through this and through succeeding reigns affirm'd
These long-contested rights, the wholesome winds
Of opposition hence began to blow,†
And often since have lent the country life. 785
Before their breath Corruption's insect-blights,
The darkening clouds of evil counsel, fly;
Or, should they sounding swell, a putrid court,
A pestilential ministry they purge,
And ventilated states renew their bloom. 790

"Though with the temper'd monarchy here mix'd
Aristocratic sway, the people still,
Flatter'd by this or that, as interest lean'd,
No full protection knew. For me reserved,
And for my Commons, was that glorious turn. 795
They crown'd my first attempt; in senates rose‡
The fort of freedom! Slow till then, alone,
Had work'd that general liberty, that soul
Which generous Nature breathes, and which, when left
By me to bondage was corrupted Rome, 800
I through the northern nations wide diffused.
Hence many a people, fierce with freedom, rush'd
From the rude iron regions of the North,
To Libyan deserts swarm protruding swarm,
And pour'd new spirit through a slavish world. 805
Yet, o'er these Gothic states, the king and chiefs

* On the 5th of June, 1215, King John, met by the Barons on Runnemede, signed the Great Charter of Liberties, or *Magna Charta*.

† The league formed by the Barons, during the reign of John, in the year 1213, was the first confederacy made in England in defence of the nation's interest against the king.

‡ The Commons are generally thought to have been first represented in parliament towards the end of Henry III.'s reign. To a parliament called in the year 1264, each county was ordered to send four knights, as representatives of their respective shires; and to a parliament called in the year following, each county was ordered to send, as their representatives, two knights, and each city and borough as many citizens and burgesses. Till then, history makes no mention of them; whence a very strong argument may be drawn, to fix the original of the House of Commons to that era.

Retain'd the high prerogative of war,
And with enormous property engross'd
The mingled power. But on Britannia's shore
Now present, I to raise my reign began 810
By raising the democracy, the third
And broadest bulwark of the guarded state.
Then was the full, the perfect plan disclosed
Of Britain's matchless constitution, mix'd
Of mutual checking and supporting powers,— 815
KING, LORDS, and COMMONS; nor the name of 'free'
Deserving while the vassal-many droop'd:
For, since the moment of the whole they form,
So, as depress'd or raised, the balance they
Of public welfare and of glory cast. 820
Mark from this period the continual proof.
"When kings of narrow genius, minion-rid,
Neglecting faithful worth for fawning slaves;
Proudly regardless of their people's plaints,
And poorly passive of insulting foes; 825
Double, not prudent; obstinate, not firm;
Their mercy fear, necessity their faith;
Instead of generous fire, presumptuous, hot,
Rash to resolve, and slothful to perform;
Tyrants at once and slaves; imperious, mean; 830
To want rapacious joining shameful waste;
By counsels weak and wicked easy roused
To paltry schemes of absolute command,
To seek their splendour in their sure disgrace,
And in a broken, ruin'd people wealth: 835
When such o'ercast the state, no bond of love,
No heart, no soul, no unity, no nerve,
Combined the loose disjointed public, lost
To fame abroad, to happiness at home.
"But when an Edward * and a Henry † breathed 840
Through the charm'd whole one all-exerting soul;
Drawn sympathetic from his dark retreat,
When wide-attracted Merit round them glow'd:
When counsels just, extensive, generous, firm,
Amid the maze of state, determined kept 845
Some ruling point in view; when, on the stock
Of public good and glory grafted, spread
Their palms, their laurels; or, if thence they stray'd,

* Edward III. † Henry V.

Swift to return, and patient of restraint;
When regal state, pre-eminence of place, 850
They scorn'd to deem pre-eminence of ease,
To be luxurious drones, that only rob
The busy hive; as in distinction, power,
Indulgence, honour, and advantage, first,
When they, too, claim'd in virtue, danger, toil, 855
Superior rank, with equal hand prepared
To guard the subject and to quell the foe;—
When such with me their vital influence shed,
No murmur'd grievance, hopeless sigh, was heard;
No foul distrust through wary senates ran, 860
Confined their bounty, and their ardour quench'd:
On aid, unquestion'd, liberal aid was given.
Safe in their conduct, by their valour fired,
Fond, where they led, victorious armies rush'd;
And Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt,* proclaim 865
What kings supported by almighty love,
And people fired with liberty, can do.

"Be veil'd the savage reignsf when kindred rage
The numerous-once Plantagenets devour'd,
A vase to vengeance vow'd! and when, oppress'd 870
By private feuds, almost extinguish'd lay
My quivering flame. But, in the next, behold
A cautious tyrant‡ lend it oil anew.

"Proud, dark, suspicious, brooding o'er his gold;
As, how to fix his throne, he jealous cast 875
His crafty views around; pierced with a ray
Which on his timid mind I darted full,
He mark'd the Barons of excessive sway,
At pleasure making and unmaking kings;§
And hence, to crush these petty tyrants, plann'd 880
A law‖ that let them, by the silent waste
Of luxury, their landed wealth diffuse,
And with that wealth their implicated power.
By soft degrees a mighty change ensued,
Even working to this day. With streams, deduced 885

* Three famous battles, gained by the English over the French.
† During the civil wars betwixt the families of York and Lancaster.
‡ Henry VII.
§ The famous Earl of Warwick, during the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV., was called "the King-Maker."
‖ Permitting the Barons to alienate their lands.

From these diminish'd floods, the country smiled:
As when impetuous from the snow-heap'd Alps,
To vernal suns relenting, pours the Rhine;
While undivided, oft with wasteful sweep
He foams along; but through Batavian meads, 890
Branch'd into fair canals, indulgent flows;
Waters a thousand fields; and, culture, trade,
Towns, meadows, gliding ships, and villas mix'd,
A rich, a wondrous landscape rises round.
"His furious son * the soul-enslaving chain,† 895
Which many a doting venerable age
Had link by link strong-twisted round the land,
Shook off. No longer could be borne a power,
From Heaven pretended, to deceive, to void
Each solemn tie, to plunder without bounds, 900
To curb the generous soul, to fool mankind,
And, wild at last, to plunge into a sea
Of blood and horror. The returning light,
That first through Wickliff‡ streak'd the priestly gloom,
Now burst in open day. Bared to the blaze, 905
Forth from the haunts of Superstition § crawl'd
Her motley sons, fantastic figures all;
And, wide-dispersed, their useless fetid wealth
In graceful labour bloom'd, and fruits of peace.
"Trade, join'd to these, on every sea display'd 910
A daring canvass, pour'd with every tide
A golden flood. From other worlds ‖ were roll'd
The guilty glittering stores, whose fatal charms,
By the plain Indian happily despised,
Yet work'd his woe, and to the blissful groves, 915
Where Nature lived herself among her sons,
And Innocence and Joy for ever dwelt,
Drew rage unknown to Pagan climes before;
The worst, the zeal-inflamed barbarian drew.
Be no such horrid commerce, Britain, thine; 920
But want for want with mutual aid supply!
"The Commons, thus enrich'd and powerful grown,

* Henry VIII. † Of papal dominion.

‡ John Wickliff, doctor of divinity, who, towards the close of the fourteenth century, published doctrines very contrary to those of the church of Rome, and particularly denying the papal authority. His followers grew very numerous, and were called Lollards.

§ Suppression of monasteries.

‖ The Spanish West Indies.

[illegible] weigh'd. Eliza then,
[illegible] motions, steady gave
[illegible] like the Secret Eye 925
[illegible] guarded world,
[illegible] seized the public good,
[illegible] without one ally,
[illegible] quell'd her circling foes.
[illegible] with her sheltering arm, 930
[illegible] universal sway *
[illegible] press'd, the Belgic States,
[illegible] Continent, arose.
[illegible] spirit of her days!
[illegible] fearless love 935
[illegible] people waited gay,
[illegible] the long-threaten'd fleet,†
[illegible] of Spain around their isle.
[illegible] British thunder here to rage:
[illegible] obey'd its awful call: 940
[illegible] Iberian ports involved,
[illegible] even to the centre shook
[illegible] conquer'd world, and sculking stole
By [illegible] their Indian treasure home.
Meantime, Peace, Plenty, Justice, Science, Arts, 945

He lost his people's confidence and love:
Irreparable loss, whence crowns become
An anxious burden! Years inglorious pass'd:
Triumphant Spain the vengeful draught enjoy'd: 965
Abandon'd Frederick * pined, and Raleigh bled.
But nothing that to these internal broils,
That rancour, he began; while lawless sway
He, with his slavish doctors, tried to rear
On metaphysic,† on enchanted ground, 970
And all the mazy quibbles of the Schools:
As if for one, and sometimes for the worst,
Heaven had mankind in vengeance only made.
Vain the pretence! Not so the dire effect,
The fierce, the foolish discord thence derived,‡ 975
That tears the country still, by party-rage
And ministerial clamour kept alive.
In action weak, and for the wordy war
Best-fitted, faint this prince pursued his claim;
Content to teach the subject-herd how great, 980
How sacred *he*, how despicable *they!*
"But his unyielding son § these doctrines drank
With all a bigot's rage; (who never damps
By reasoning his fire;) and what they taught,
Warm and tenacious, into practice push'd. 985
Senates in vain their kind restraint applied:
The more they struggled to support the laws,
His justice-dreading ministers the more
Drove him beyond their bounds. Tired with the check
Of faithful Love, and with the flattery pleased 990
Of false-designing Guilt, the fountain he
Of public wisdom and of justice ‖ shut.
Wide mourn'd the land. Straight to the voted aid,
Free, cordial, large, of never-failing source,
The' illegal imposition follow'd harsh, 995
With execration given, or ruthless squeezed
From an insulted people by a band

* Elector Palatine, and who had been chosen king of Bohemia, but was stripped of all his dominions and dignities by the emperor Ferdinand, while James I. his father-in-law, being amused from time to time, endeavoured to mediate a peace.

† The monstrous, and till then unheard-of, doctrines of divine, indefeasible, hereditary right, passive obedience, &c.

‡ The parties of Whig and Tory.

§ Charles I. ‖ Parliaments.

[illegible] of tyrant power.
[illegible] and pour [illegible] abroad
[illegible] emissaries, spies, 1000
[illegible] forest in to the grove
[illegible] ing schemes.—
[illegible] sins.'
[illegible] the few —
[illegible] exhausted land. 1005
[illegible] healthy peace should flow
[illegible] rights shed
[illegible] in the venal Bench,
[illegible] the scale.
Affrighted years, 1010
[illegible] vengeance fall
[illegible] of submissive fear
[illegible] Hampden raised his voice.
[illegible] the Laws no more
[illegible] some other ear: 1015
[illegible] keen resentive North,
[illegible] roused.
[illegible] Beneath its wing
[illegible] to furnish hostile aid,
[illegible] There a dame 1020

Not easy cools again. From breast to breast,
From eye to eye, the kindling passions mix
In heighten'd blaze; and, ever wise and just,
High Heaven to gracious ends directs the storm. 1040
Thus in one conflagration Britain wrapp'd,
And by Confusion's lawless sons despoil'd,
King, Lords, and Commons, thundering to the ground
Successive rush'd. Lo! from their ashes rose,
Gay-beaming radiant youth, the Phœnix-State.* 1045
"The grievous yoke of vassalage, the yoke
Of private life, lay by those flames dissolved;
And, from the wasteful, the luxurious king,†
Was purchased that which taught the young to bend.‡
Stronger restored, the Commons tax'd the whole, 1050
And built on that eternal rock their power.
The Crown, of its hereditary wealth
Despoil'd, on senates more dependent grew;
And they more frequent, more assured. Yet lived,
And in full vigour spread, that bitter root, 1055
The passive doctrines, by their patrons first
Opposed ferocious when they touch themselves.
"This wild delusive cant; the rash cabal
Of hungry courtiers, ravenous for prey;
The bigot, restless in a double chain 1060
To bind anew the land; the constant need
Of finding faithless means, of shifting forms,
And flattering senates, to supply his waste;
These tore some moments from the careless prince,
And in his breast awaked the kindred plan. 1065
By dangerous softness long he mined his way;
By subtle arts, dissimulation deep;
By sharing what Corruption shower'd profuse;
By breathing wide the gay licentious plague,
And pleasing manners, fitted to deceive. 1070
"At last subsided the delirious joy,
On whose high billow from the saintly reign
The nation drove too far. A pension'd king,
Against his country bribed by Gallic gold;
The port§ pernicious sold, the Scylla since 1075
And fell Charybdis of the British seas;

* At the Restoration. † Charles II.
‡ Court of Wards. § Dunkirk.

Freedom attack'd abroad,* with surer blow
To cut it off at home; the saviour-league †
Of Europe broke; the progress even advanced
Of universal sway,‡ which to reduce 1080
Such seas of blood and treasure Britain cost;
The millions, by a generous people given,
Or squander'd vile, or to corrupt, disgrace,
And awe the land with forces not their own,§
Employ'd; the darling church herself betray'd; 1085
All these, broad-glaring, oped the general eye,
And waked my spirit, the resisting soul.
"Mild was at first and half-ashamed the check
Of senates, shook from the fantastic dream
Of absolute submission; tenets vile, 1090
Which slaves would blush to own, and which, reduced
To practice, always honest Nature shock!
Not even the mask removed, and the fierce front
Of Tyranny disclosed; nor trampled laws;
Nor seized each badge of freedom ‖ through the land; 1095
Nor Sidney bleeding for the' unpublish'd page;
Nor on the Bench avow'd Corruption placed,
And murderous Rage itself, in Jefferies' form;
Nor endless acts of arbitrary power,
Cruel and false,—could raise the public arm. 1100
Distrustful, scatter'd, of combining chiefs
Devoid, and dreading blind rapacious war,
The patient Public turns not, till impell'd
To the near verge of ruin. Hence I roused
The bigot-king,¶ and hurried fated on 1105
His measures immature. But chief his zeal,
Out-flaming Rome herself, portentous scared
The troubled nation: Mary's horrid days
To fancy bleeding rose, and the dire glare
Of Smithfield lighten'd in its eyes anew. 1110
Yet silence reign'd. Each on another scowl'd
Fearful amazement, pressing down his rage;
As, muttering vengeance, the deep thunder frowns,
Awfully still, waiting the high command

* The war, in conjunction with France, against the Dutch.
† The Triple Alliance. ‡ Under Louis XIV.
§ A standing army, raised without the consent of Parliament.
‖ The charters of corporations. ¶ James II.

To spring. Straight from his country, Europe saved, 1115
To save Britannia, lo! my darling son,
Than hero more, the patriot of mankind,
Immortal Nassau, came. I hush'd the deep
By Demons roused, and bade the listed winds,*
Still shifting as behoved, with various breath, 1120
Waft the deliverer to the longing shore.
See, wide alive, the foaming Channel bright †
With swelling sails and all the pride of war;
Delightful view, when Justice draws the sword!
And mark, diffusing ardent soul around, 1125
And sweet contempt of death, my streaming flag.‡
Even adverse navies § bless'd the binding gale,
Kept down the glad acclaim, and silent joy'd.
Arrived, the pomp, and not the waste, of arms
His progress mark'd. The faint-opposing host ‖ 1130
For once in yielding their best victory found,
And by desertion proved exalted faith;
While his the bloodless conquest of the heart,
Shouts without groan, and triumph without war.
"Then dawn'd the period destined to confine 1135
The surge of wild prerogative, to raise
A mound restraining its imperious rage,
And bid the raving deep no farther flow.
Nor were, without that fence, the swallow'd state
Better than Belgian plains without their dykes, 1140
Sustaining weighty seas. This, often saved

* The Prince of Orange, in his passage to England, though his fleet had been at first dispersed by a storm, was afterwards extremely favoured by several changes of wind.

† Rapin, in his "History of England:" "The third of November the fleet entered the Channel, and lay by between Calais and Dover, to stay for the ships that were behind. Here the Prince called a council of war. —It is easy to imagine what a glorious show the fleet made. Five or six hundred ships in so narrow a channel, and both the English and French shores covered with numberless spectators, are no common sight. For my part, who was then on board the fleet, I own it struck me extremely."

‡ "The Prince placed himself in the main body, carrying a flag with English colours, and their Highnesses' arms surrounded with this motto, 'THE PROTESTANT RELIGION AND THE LIBERTIES OF ENGLAND;' and underneath, the motto of the house of Nassau, JE MAINTIENDRAI, 'I will maintain.'"—RAPIN.

§ The English fleet. ‖ The king's army.

By more than human hand, the public saw,
And seized the white-wing'd moment. Pleased to yield
Destructive power,* a wise heroic prince †
Even lent his aid. Thrice happy, did they know
Their happiness, Britannia's bounded kings!
What, though not theirs the boast, in dungeon-glooms
To plunge bold Freedom; or to cheerless wilds
To drive him from the cordial face of friend;
Or fierce to strike him at the midnight hour,
By mandate blind, not Justice, that delights
To dare the keenest eye of open day?
What, though no glory to control the laws,
And make injurious will their only rule,
They deem it? What, though, tools of wanton power,
Pestiferous armies swarm not at their call?
What, though they give not a relentless crew
Of civil furies—proud Oppression's fangs!—
To tear at pleasure the dejected land,
With starving Labour pampering idle Waste?
To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe
The guiltless tear from lone Affliction's eye;
To raise hid Merit, set the' alluring light
Of Virtue high to view; to nourish arts,
Direct the thunder of an injured state,
Make a whole glorious people sing for joy,
Bless human-kind, and through the downward depth
Of future times to spread that better Sun
Which lights up British soul: for deeds like these,
The dazzling fair career unbounded lies;
While (still superior bliss!) the dark abrupt
Is kindly barr'd, the precipice of ill.
O luxury divine! O poor to this,
Ye giddy glories of despotic thrones!
By this, by this indeed is imaged Heaven,—
By boundless good without the power of ill.
"And now, behold! exalted as the cope
That swells immense o'er many-peopled earth,
And like it free, my fabric stands complete,
The palace of the laws. To the four heavens
Four gates impartial thrown, unceasing crowds,

* By the Bill of Rights and the Act of Succession.
† William III.

ɡs themselves the hearty peasant mix'd,
nt in. And though to different ranks
ɛ place belongs, yet equal spreads
ring roof o'er all; while plenty flows, 1185
contentment echoes round the whole.
descend! Ye winds, confirming, blow!
ırd tempest, nor corrosive time,
ıt the felon undermining hand
orruption, can its frame dissolve, 1190
ıe toil of ages in the dust."

LIBERTY.

PART V.

THE PROSPECT.

CONTENTS.

The Author addresses the Goddess of Liberty, marking the happiness and grandeur of Great Britain, as arising from her influence—She resumes her discourse, and points out the chief virtues which are necessary to maintain her establishment there—Recommends, as its last ornament and finishing, Sciences, Fine Arts, and Public Works—The encouragement of these urged from the example of France, though under a despotic government—The whole concludes with a Prospect of Future Times, given by the Goddess of Liberty: this described by the author, as it passes in vision before him.

Here interposing, as the goddess paused,
"O bless'd Britannia! in *thy* presence bless'd,
Thou guardian of mankind! whence spring alone
All human grandeur, happiness, and fame:
For Toil, by thee protected, feels no pain; 5
The poor man's lot with milk and honey flows;
And, gilded with thy rays, even death looks gay.
Let other lands the potent blessings boast
Of more exalting suns. Let Asia's woods
Untended yield the vegetable fleece: 10
And let the little insect-artist form,
On higher life intent, its silken tomb.
Let wondering rocks, in radiant birth, disclose,
The various-tinctured children of the Sun.
From the prone beam let more delicious fruits 15
A flavour drink, that in one piercing taste
Bids each combine. Let Gallic vineyards burst
With floods of joy; with mild balsamic juice
The Tuscan olive. Let Arabia breathe

Her spicy gales, her vital gums distil. 20
Turbid with gold, let southern rivers flow;
And orient floods draw soft o'er pearls their maze.
Let Afric vaunt her treasures. Let Peru
Deep in her bowels her own ruin breed,
The yellow traitor that her bliss betray'd,— 25
Unequall'd bliss!—and to unequall'd rage!
Yet nor the gorgeous East, nor golden South,
Nor, in full prime, that new-discover'd world,
Where flames the falling day, in wealth and praise
Shall with Britannia vie, while, goddess, she 30
Derives her praise from thee, her matchless charms.
Her hearty fruits the hand of Freedom own;
And, warm with culture, her thick-clustering fields
Prolific teem. Eternal verdure crowns
Her meads; her gardens smile eternal spring. 35
She gives the hunter-horse, unquell'd by toil,
Ardent, to rush into the rapid chase;
She, whitening o'er her downs, diffusive pours
Unnumber'd flocks; she weaves the fleecy robe
That wraps the nations; she to lusty droves 40
The richest pasture spreads; and, hers, deep-wave
Autumnal seas of pleasing plenty round.
These her delights; and by no baneful herb,
No darting tiger, no grim lion's glare,
No fierce-descending wolf, no serpent roll'd 45
In spires immense progressive o'er the land,
Disturb'd. Enlivening these, add cities, full
Of wealth, of trade, of cheerful toiling crowds:
Add thriving towns: add villages and farms,
Innumerous sow'd along the lively vale, 50
Where bold unrivall'd peasants happy dwell:
Add ancient seats, with venerable oaks
Embosom'd high, while kindred floods below
Wind through the mead; and those of modern hand,
More pompous, add, that splendid shine afar. 55
Need I her limpid lakes, her rivers, name,
Where swarm the finny race? Thee, chief, O Thames,
On whose each tide, glad with returning sails,
Flows in the mingled harvest of mankind!
And thee, thou Severn, whose prodigious swell 60
And waves resounding imitate the main!
Why need I name her deep capacious ports,

That point around the world? And why her seas?
All ocean is her own, and every land
To whom her ruling thunder ocean bears. 65
She too the mineral feeds: the' obedient lead,
The warlike iron, nor the peaceful less,
Forming of life art-civilized the bond;
And that the Tyrian merchant sought of old,*
Not dreaming then of Britain's brighter fame. 70
She rears to Freedom an undaunted race,
Compatriot zealous, hospitable, kind,
Hers the warm Cambrian: hers the lofty Scot,
To hardship tamed, active in arts and arms,
Fired with a restless, an impatient flame, 75
That leads him raptured where Ambition calls:
And English merit hers; where meet combined
Whate'er high fancy, sound judicious thought,
An ample generous heart, undrooping soul,
And firm tenacious valour can bestow. 80
Great nurse of fruits, of flocks, of commerce, she!
Great nurse of men! By thee, O goddess, taught,
Her old renown I trace, disclose her source
Of wealth, of grandeur, and to Britons sing
A strain the Muses never touch'd before. 85
"But how shall this thy mighty kingdom stand?
On what unyielding base? how finish'd shine?"
At this her eye, collecting all its fire,
Beam'd more than human; and her awful voice
Majestic thus she raised: "To Britons bear 90
This closing strain, and with intenser note
Loud let it sound in their awaken'd ear.
"On virtue can alone my kingdom stand,
On public virtue, every virtue join'd.
For, lost this social cement of mankind, 95
The greatest empires, by scarce-felt degrees,
Will moulder soft away; till, tottering loose,
They yield at last to total ruin rush.
Unbind'd by virtue, government a league
[illegible], a circling junto of the great, 100
[illegible] law; religion mild, a yoke
[illegible] the sleeping soul, a trick of state
[illegible] their reigns, and to share the prey.
[illegible] senates, save a face

* Tin.

Of consultation deep and reason free, 105
While the determined voice and heart are sold?
What boasted freedom, save a sounding name?
And what election, but a market vile
Of slaves self-barter'd? Virtue! without thee
There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in states; 110
War has no vigour, and no safety peace:
Even justice warps to party, laws oppress;
Wide through the land their weak protection fails;
First broke the balance, and then scorn'd the sword.
Thus nations sink, society dissolves; 115
Rapine and guile and violence break loose,
Everting life, and turning love to gall;
Man hates the face of man, and Indian woods
And Libya's hissing sands to him are tame.
"By those three virtues be the frame sustain'd 120
Of British freedom: INDEPENDENT LIFE;
INTEGRITY IN OFFICE; and, o'er all
Supreme, A PASSION FOR THE COMMON-WEAL.
"Hail! INDEPENDENCE, hail! Heaven's next best gift
To that of life and an immortal soul! 125
The life of life! that to the banquet high
And sober meal gives taste, to the bow'd roof
Fair-dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms.
Of public freedom, hail, thou secret source!
Whose streams, from every quarter confluent, form 130
My better Nile, that nurses human life.
By rills from thee deduced irriguous fed,
The private field looks gay, with Nature's wealth
Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight
That Nature craves. Its happy master there, 135
The only free-man, walks his pleasing round:
Sweet-featured Peace attending; fearless Truth;
Firm Resolution; Goodness, blessing all
That can rejoice; Contentment, surest friend;
And, still fresh stores from Nature's book derived, 140
Philosophy, companion ever new.
These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,
When into action call'd, his busy, hours.
Meantime true-judging, moderate desires,
Economy and taste combined, direct 145
His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
Secure his little kingdom. Nor can those

Whom Fortune heaps, without these virtues reach
That truce with pain, that animated ease,
That self-enjoyment springing from within, 150
That independence, active or retired,
Which make the soundest bliss of man below;
But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,
And drain'd by wants to Nature all unknown,
A wandering, tasteless, gaily-wretched train, 155
Though rich, are beggars, and, though noble, slaves.
"Lo! damn'd to wealth, at what a gross expense
They purchase disappointment, pain, and shame!
Instead of hearty hospitable cheer,
See how the hall with brutal riot flows; 160
While, in the foaming flood fermenting steep'd,
The country maddens into party-rage.
Mark those disgraceful piles of wood and stone;
Those parks and gardens, where, his haunts betrimm'd,
And Nature by presumptuous Art oppress'd, 165
The woodland Genius mourns. See the full board
That steams disgust, and bowls that give no joy.
No truth invited there, to feed the mind;
Nor wit, the wine rejoicing reason quaffs.
Hark how the dome with insolence resounds, 170
With those retain'd by Vanity to scare
Repose and friends. To tyrant Fashion mark
The costly worship paid, to the broad gaze
Of fools. From still delusive day to day,
Led an eternal round of lying hope, 175
See, self-abandon'd, how they roam adrift,
Dash'd o'er the town, a miserable wreck!
Then to adore some warbling eunuch turn'd,
With Midas' ears they crowd; or to the buzz
Of masquerade unblushing: or, to show 180
Their scorn of Nature, at the tragic scene
They mirthful sit, or prove the comic true.
But chief behold around the rattling board
The civil robbers ranged; and even the fair,
The tender fair, each sweetness laid aside, 185
As fierce for plunder as all-licensed troops
In some sack'd city! Thus dissolved their wealth,
Without one generous luxury dissolved,
Or quarter'd on it many a needless want,
At the throng'd levee bends the venal tribe; 190

fair but faithless smiles each varnish'd o'er,
smooth as those that mutually deceive,
or their falsehood each despising each;
hook their patron by the wintry winds,
flies the wither'd shower, and leaves him bare. 195
superior Afric's sable sons,
erchant pilfer'd, to these willing slaves!
ich as unsqueezed favourite, to them,
who can his virtue boast alone!
ritons, be firm, nor let Corruption sly 200
round your heart indissoluble chains!
eel of Brutus burst the grosser bonds
ear cast o'er Rome; but still remain'd
oft-enchanting fetters of the mind,
ther Cæsars rose. Determined, hold 205
independence; for, that once destroy'd,
nded, freedom is a morning dream,
flits aërial from the spreading eye.
orbid it, Heaven, that ever I need urge
RITY IN OFFICE on my sons! 210
ate common honour,—not to rob,—
whom? The gracious, the confiding hand
lavishly rewards; the toiling poor,
e cup with many a bitter drop is mix'd;
uardian public; every face they see, 215
very friend; nay, in effect, themselves.
familiar life, the villain's fate
ts no cure; so, when a desperate age
is arrives, I the devoted race
nant spurn, and hopeless soar away. 220
ut, ah, too little known to modern times!
t the noblest passion pass'd unsung;
ray peculiar, from unbounded Love
d, which kindles the heroic soul;
TION TO THE PUBLIC. Glorious flame! 225
ial ardour! in what unknown worlds,
sely scatter'd through the blue immense,
thou been blessing myriads, since in Rome,
irtuous Rome, so many deathless names
thee their lustre drew; since, taught by thee, 230
poverty put splendour to the blush,
grew luxurious, and even death delight?
lt thou ne'er, in thy *long period*, look

With blaze direct on this my last retreat?
"'T is not enough, from self right understood 235
Reflected, that thy rays inflame the heart:
Though Virtue not disdains appeals to self,
Dreads not the trial; all her joys are true,
Nor is there any real joy save hers.
Far less the tepid, the declaiming race, 240
Foes to corruption, to its wages friends,
Or those whom private passions, for a while,
Beneath my standard list;—can they suffice
To raise and fix the glory of my reign?
"An active flood of universal love 245
Must swell the breast. First, in effusion wide,
The restless spirit roves creation round,
And seizes every being: stronger then
It tends to life, whate'er the kindred search
Of bliss allies: then, more collected still, 250
It urges human-kind: a passion grown,
At last, the central Parent-public calls
Its utmost effort forth, awakes each sense,
The comely, grand, and tender. Without this,
This awful pant, shook from sublimer powers 255
Than those of self, this Heaven-infused delight,
This moral gravitation, rushing prone
To press the public good, my system soon,
Traverse, to several selfish centres drawn,
Will reel to ruin, while for ever shut 260
Stand the bright portals of desponding Fame.
"From sordid self shoot up no shining deeds,
None of those ancient lights that gladden earth,
Give grace to being, and arouse the brave
To just ambition, virtue's quickening fire! 265
Life tedious grows, an idly-bustling round,
Fill'd up with actions animal and mean,
A dull gazette! The' impatient reader scorns
The poor historic page; till kindly comes
Oblivion, and redeems a people's shame. 270
Not so the times when, emulation-stung,
Greece shone in genius, science, and in arts,
And Rome in virtues dreadful to be told.
To live was glory then! and charm'd mankind,
Through the deep periods of devolving time, 275
Those, raptured, copy; these, astonish'd, read.

ıe, a corrupted state, with every vice
ery meanness foul, this passion damps.
ın unshock'd behold the cruel eye,
le inveigling smile, the ruffian front; 280
etch abandon'd to relentless self,
r vile if miser or profuse;
not of God, assiduous to corrupt;
l deputed tyrant, who devours
or and weak,* at distance from redress; 285
us faction bellowing loud my name;
se, fair-seeming patriot's hollow boast;
resolved on bondage, fierce for chains,
red rights a merchandise alone
ıing, and to work their feeder's will 290
ds a horror to mankind prepared,
e the dregs of Romulus of old?
ıese indeed can undetesting see?
ıo unpitying? To the generous eye
s is virtue; and, though self-betray'd, 295
ıle struggling with their fate must rouse
ro's throb. Nor can a land at once
to virtue quite. How glorious, then,
:ury for gods, to save the good,
the feeble, dash bold Vice aside, 300
s the wicked, and restore the frail!
ty, besides, the young are pure,
ıns may tinge their father's cheek with shame.
ould then the times arrive, (which Heaven avert!)
ıritons bend unnerved, not by the force 305
s, more generous and more manly, quell'd,
Corruption's soul-dejecting arts,
npudent and gross! by their own gold,
bestow'd, to bribe them to give all;
ıarty raging, or immersed in sloth, 310
they Britannia's well-fought laurels yield
r-conquering Gaul; even from her brow
r own naval oak be basely torn,
h as tremble at the stiffening gale,
:rveless sink while others sing rejoiced. 315

d Molesworth, in his Account of Denmark, says, "It is observed, imited monarchies and commonwealths, a neighbourhood to the he government is advantageous to the subjects; whilst the dia- vinces are less thriving, *and more liable* to oppression."

Or (darker prospect! scarce one gleam behind
Disclosing) should the broad corruptive plague
Breathe from the city to the farthest hut
That sits serene within the forest-shade;
The fever'd people fire, inflame their wants, 320
And their luxurious thirst, so gathering rage
That, were a buyer found, they stand prepared
To sell their birthright for a cooling draught:
Should shameless pens for plain corruption plead,
The hired assassins of the commonweal! 325
Deem'd the declaiming rant of Greece and Rome,
Should public Virtue grow the public scoff,
Till private, failing, staggers through the land;
Till round the city loose mechanic Want,
Dire-prowling nightly, makes the cheerful haunts 330
Of men more hideous than Numidian wilds;
Nor from its fury sleeps the vale in peace;
And murders, horrors, perjuries abound;
Nay, till to lowest deeds the highest stoop;
The rich, like starving wretches, thirst for gold; 335
And those on whom the vernal showers of Heaven
All-bounteous fall, and that prime lot bestow,—
A power to live to nature and themselves,—
In sick attendance wear their anxious days,
With fortune joyless, and with honours mean:— 340
Meantime, perhaps, profusion flows around,
The waste of war, without the works of peace;
No mark of millions in the gulf absorb'd
Of uncreating vice; none—but the rage
Of roused Corruption still demanding more. 345
That very portion which, by faithful skill
Employ'd, might make the smiling Public rear
Her ornamented head, drill'd through the hands
Of mercenary tools, serves but to nurse
A locust-band within, and in the bud 350
Leaves starved each work of dignity and use.
"I paint the worst. But should these times arrive,
If any nobler passion yet remain,
Let all my sons all parties fling aside,
Despise their nonsense, and together join; 355
Let Worth and Virtue, scorning low despair,
Exerted full, from every quarter shine,
Commix'd in heighten'd blaze. Light flash'd to light,

Moral or intellectual, more intense
By giving glows. As on pure winter's eve 360
Gradual the stars effulge; fainter at first
They straggling rise: but when the radiant host,
In thick profusion pour'd, shine out immense,
Each casting vivid influence on each,
From pole to pole a glittering deluge plays, 365
And worlds above rejoice, and men below.
"But why to Britons this superfluous strain?
Good-nature, honest truth, even somewhat blunt,
Of crooked baseness an indignant scorn,
A zeal unyielding in their country's cause, 370
And ready bounty, wont to dwell with them:
Nor only wont; wide o'er the land diffused,
In many a blest retirement still they dwell.
"To softer prospect turn we now the view;
To laurell'd science, arts, and public works, 375
That lend my finish'd fabric comely pride,
Grandeur, and grace. Of sullen genius he,
Cursed by the Muses, by the Graces loathed,
Who deems beneath the Public's high regard
These last enlivening touches of my reign! 380
However puff'd with power and gorged with wealth
A nation be, let trade enormous rise,
Let East and South their mingled treasure pour,
Till, swell'd impetuous, the corrupting flood
Burst o'er the city and devour the land; 385
Yet these neglected, these recording arts,
Wealth rots, a nuisance; and, oblivious sunk,
That nation must another Carthage lie.
If not by them on monumental brass,
On sculptured marble, on the deathless page, 390
Impress'd, renown had left no trace behind:
In vain, to future times, the sage had thought,
The legislator plann'd, the hero found
A beauteous death, the patriot toil'd in vain.
The' awarders they of Fame's immortal wreath, 395
They rouse ambition, they the mind exalt,
Give great ideas, lovely forms infuse,
Delight the general eye; and, dress'd by them,
The moral Venus glows with double charms.
"Science, my close associate, still attends 400
Where'er I go. Sometimes, in simple guise,

She walks the furrow with the consul-swain,
Whispering unletter'd wisdom to the heart,
Direct; or, sometimes, in the pompous robe
Of Fancy dress'd, she charms Athenian wits, 405
And a whole sapient city round her burns.
Then o'er her brow Minerva's terrors nod:
With Xenophon, sometimes, in dire extremes
She breathes deliberate soul, and makes retreat*
Unequall'd glory. With the Theban sage,— 410
Epaminondas, first and best of men!—
Sometimes she bids the deep-embattled host,
Above the vulgar reach, resistless form'd,
March to sure conquest, never gain'd before.†
Nor on the treacherous seas of giddy state 415
Unskilful she: when the triumphant tide
Of high-swollen empire wears one boundless smile,
And the gale tempts to new pursuits of fame,
Sometimes, with Scipio, she collects her sail,
And seeks the blissful shore of rural ease, 420
Where, but the' Aonian Maids, no sirens sing;
Or should the deep-brew'd tempest muttering rise,
While rocks and shoals perfidious lurk around,
With Tully she her wide-reviving light
To senates holds, a Catiline confounds, 425
And saves awhile from Cæsar sinking Rome.
Such the kind Power whose piercing eye dissolves
Each mental fetter, and sets Reason free;
For me inspiring an enlighten'd zeal,
The more tenacious as the more convinced 430
How happy freemen, and how wretched slaves.
To Britons not unknown, to Britons full
The goddess spreads her stores, the secret soul
That quickens trade, the breath unseen that wafts
To them the treasures of a balanced world. 435
But finer arts (save what the Muse has sung
In daring flight, above all modern wing)

* The famous Retreat of the Ten Thousand was chiefly conducted by Xenophon.

† Epaminondas, after having beat the Lacedæmonians and their allies, in the battle of Leuctra, made an incursion, at the head of a powerful army, into Laconia. It was now six hundred years since the Dorians had possessed this country, and in all that time the face of an enemy had not been seen within their territories.—PLUTARCH in Agesilaus.

droop the head: and public works,
Corruption into private gain,
ıent, disgrace; not serve, destroy. 440
Britons, by their own joint wisdom ruled
ıe royal head, whose vital power
enlivens, and exerts the whole;
ts and public works shall they
yield? yield to a land that bends, 445
and broke, beneath the will of one?
o, should the' unkingly thirst of gold,
passions, or ambition, prompt,
t-armies o'er the blasted land;
m its thirsty bounds the springs of wealth, 450
ısatiate reservoir to fill;
e desert Patriot-Merit frowns,
ngeons Arts, when they, their chains
bursting, for their nobler works
icence scorn but Truth's and mine. 455
o think! shall Britons, in the field
r'd still, the better laurel lose?
ıat monarch's* reign who vainly dreamt,
power betray'd, and flatter'd pride,
ınbounded sway; while, swarming round, 460
s dared all Europe to the field;
hands while treasure flow'd profuse,
great source of treasure, subjects' blood,
squander'd, sicken'd every land;
ain chief while my superior sons, 465
ıce rushing, dash'd his idle hopes,
his agonizing heart be low;
. as in the golden calm of peace,
lic works at home, what arts arose!
ous science shone! what genius glow'd! 470
ot for me to paint, diffusive shot
xtents of land, the shining road;
compelling arch; the long canal,†
nountains piercing, and uniting seas;
‡ resounding sweet with infant joy, 475
ıine saved, or cruel-handed Shame;
‡ where Valour counts his noble scars;
where social Pleasure loves to dwell,

ouis XIV. † The Canal of Languedoc.
‡ The Hospitals for Foundlings and Invalids.

Of the fierce demon, Gothic Duel, freed;
The robber from his farthest forest chased; 480
The turbid city clear'd, and, by degrees,
Into sure peace the best police refined,
Magnificence, and grace, and decent joy.
Let Gallic bards record how honour'd Arts
And Science, by despotic bounty bless'd, 485
At distance flourish'd from my parent-eye:
Restoring ancient taste, how Boileau rose;
How the big Roman soul shook, in Corneille,
The trembling stage; in elegant Racine,
How the more powerful, though more humble, voice 490
Of nature-painting Greece, resistless, breathed
The whole awaken'd heart; how Molière's scene,
Chastised and regular, with well-judged wit,
Not scatter'd wild, and native humour graced,
Was life itself: to public honours raised, 495
How Learning in warm seminaries* spread;
And, more for glory than the small reward,
How Emulation strove: how their pure tongue
Almost obtain'd what was denied their arms:
From Rome awhile how Painting, courted long, 500
With Poussin came; Ancient Design, that lifts
A fairer front, and looks another soul:
How the kind art† that, of unvalued price,
The famed and only picture easy gives,
Refined her touch, and, through the shadow'd piece, 505
All the live spirit of the painter pour'd:
Coyest of arts, how Sculpture northward deign'd
A look, and bade her Girardon arise:
How lavish grandeur blazed; the barren waste
Astonish'd saw the sudden palace swell, 510
And fountains spout amid its arid shades:
For leagues, bright vistas opening to the view,
How forests in majestic gardens smiled:
How menial Arts, by their gay sisters taught,
Wove the deep flower, the blooming foliage train'd 515
In joyous figures o'er the silky lawn,
The palace cheer'd, illumed the storied wall,
And with the pencil vied the glowing loom.‡
"These laurels, Louis, by the droppings raised

* The Academies of Sciences, of the Belles Lettres, and of Painting.
† Engraving. ‡ The tapestry of the Gobelins.

y profusion, its dishonour shade, 520
green through future times, shall bind thy brow;
e the vain honours of perfidious war
er abhorr'd, or in oblivion lost.
what prevailing vigour had they shot,
stole a deeper root, by the full tide 525
r-sunk millions fed! Superior still,
had they branch'd luxuriant to the skies,
itain planted, by the potent juice
edom swell'd! Forced is the bloom of arts,
e, uncertain spring, when Bounty gives, 530
: without me, a transitory gleam.
shine the slippery days, enticing skies
your smile, and courtly breezes blow;
rts, betray'd, trust to the flattering air
tender blossom: then malignant rise 535
blights of envy, of those insect-clouds
blasting merit, often cover courts.
should, perchance, some kind Mæcenas aid
loubtful beamings of his prince's soul,
ravering ardour fix, and unconfined 540
se his warm beneficence around;
leath, at last, and wintry tyrants come,
sprig of genius killing at the root.
when with me Imperial Bounty joins,
o'er the public blows eternal spring; 545
e mingled autumn every harvest pours
ery land; whate'er Invention, Art,
ing Toil, and Nature can produce."
re ceased the goddess; and her ardent wings,
'd in the colours of the heavenly bow, 550
l waving radiance round, for sudden flight
ared, when thus impatient burst my prayer:
orming light of life! O better sun!
of mankind, by whom the cloudy North
med not envies Languedocian skies, 555
, unstain'd ether all, diffusive smile!
n shall we call these ancient laurels ours?
when thy work complete?" Straight with her hand,
tial red, she touch'd my darken'd eyes.
the touch of day the shades dissolve, 560
nick, methought, the misty circle clear'd
dims the dawn of *being here below*;

The future shone disclosed, and, in long view,
Bright rising eras instant rush'd to light.
"They come, great goddess! I the times behold! 565
The times our fathers in the bloody field
Have earn'd so dear, and, not with less renown,
In the warm struggles of the senate-fight.
The times I see, whose glory to supply,
For toiling ages Commerce round the world 570
Has wing'd unnumber'd sails, and from each land
Materials heap'd, that well-employ'd, with Rome
Might vie our grandeur, and with Greece our art.
"Lo! princes I behold contriving still
And still conducting firm some brave design; 575
Kings that the narrow joyless circle scorn,
Burst the blockade of false-designing men,
Of treacherous smiles, of adulation fell,
And of the blinding clouds around them thrown:
Their court rejoicing millions; worth alone 580
And virtue dear to them; their best delight,
In just proportion to give general joy;
Their jealous care, thy kingdom to maintain;
The public glory theirs; unsparing love
Their endless treasure; and their deeds their praise. 585
With thee they work. Nought can resist your force;
Life feels it quickening in her dark retreats:
Strong spread the blooms of Genius, Science, Art;
His bashful bounds disclosing Merit breaks;
And, big with fruits of glory, Virtue blows 590
Expansive o'er the land. Another race
Of generous youth, of patriot-sires, I see!
Not those vain insects fluttering in the blaze
Of court and ball and play; those venal souls,
Corruption's veteran unrelenting bands, 595
That, to their vices slaves, can ne'er be free.
"I see the fountains purged whence life derives
A clear or turbid flow; see the young mind,
Not fed impure by chance, by flattery fool'd,
Or by scholastic jargon bloated proud, 600
But fill'd and nourish'd by the light of truth.
Then, beam'd through fancy the refining ray,
And pouring on the heart, the passions feel
At once informing light and moving flame;
Till moral, public, graceful action crowns 605

ɜ. Behold! the fair contention glows,
t mind or body can adorn,
to life. Instead of barren heads,
ı pedants, wrangling sons of pride,
ı-perplexing metaphysic wits, 610
iots, chiefs, and citizens are form'd.
Justice, like the liberal light of heaven,
sed shines on all; and from her beam,
; Guilt, retire the savage crew
rl amid the darkness they themselves 615
ɔwn around the laws. Oppression grieves:
ıer legal Furies bite the lip,
rkes and Talbots their deep snares detect,
ı swift Justice through the clouds they raise!
social Labour lifts his guarded head, 620
not yield to government in vain.
sure land is rooted ruffian Force,
lewd nurse of villains, idle Waste;
l their haunts, down dash'd their maddening bowl,
ɜ poison! beauteous Order reigns, 625
bmission, unimposing Toil,
hout guile, Civility that marks
foul herd of brutal slaves thy sons,
ess Peace. Or, should affronting war
ut dreadful vengeance rouse the just, 630
fields of freemen I behold,
w with their own proper arm to guard
ı bless'd isle against a leaguing world.
g Gaul her boiling youth restrains,
her dream of universal sway. 635
s and seas are Britain's wide domain;
ı sail but by permission spreads.
swarming southward on rejoicing suns,
ıies extend; the calm retreat
rved distress, the better home 640
whom bigots chase from foreign lands.
on rapine, servitude, and woe,
ıeir turn some petty tyrant's prey;
ıd by social freedom, firm they rise;
of late, an Oglethorpe has form'd, 645
vding round, the charm'd Savannah sees.
id with want and misery, no more
ts the tender passenger afflict.

r sickness without friend,
r his burning load, 650
hat ne'er earn'd
. The stores profuse
has to these assign'd,
s riot swell
. Right applied, 655
land of freedom stains :
ds : if old, demands,
miserable due :
y the fondest care.
rmy life, and sweet 660
Mercy's dews array'd.
se families of Heaven !
ye bigots, why so late ?)
des glad a rising age :
and, while their song ascends, 665
s his lute aside.
Muses raise a nobler strain,
arm impassion'd truth,
order, notes
heart-felt image fill'd. 670

Of pompous tyrants and of dreaming monks
The gaudy tools and prisoners no more.
"Lo! numerous domes a Burlington confess. 690
For kings and senates fit, the palace see;
The temple breathing a religious awe;
Even framed with elegance the plain retreat,
The private dwelling. Certain in his aim,
Taste, never idly working, saves expense. 695
"See sylvan scenes, where Art alone pretends
To dress her mistress, and disclose her charms!
Such as a Pope in miniature has shown,
A Bathurst o'er the widening forest * spreads;
And such as form a Richmond, Chiswick, Stowe. 700
"August, around, what public works I see!
Lo, stately streets! lo, squares that court the breeze!
In spite of those to whom pertains the care,
Engulfing more than founded Roman ways,
Lo, ray'd from cities o'er the brighten'd land, 705
Connecting sea to sea, the solid road!
Lo! the proud arch (no vile exactor's stand)
With easy sweep bestrides the chafing flood.
See long canals and deepen'd rivers join
Each part with each, and with the circling main 710
The whole enliven'd isle. Lo! ports expand,
Free as the winds and waves, their sheltering arms.
Lo! streaming comfort o'er the troubled deep,
On every pointed coast the lighthouse towers;
And, by the broad imperious mole repell'd, 715
Hark how the baffled storm indignant roars!"
As thick to view these varied wonders rose,
Shook all my soul with transport, unassured
The vision broke; and on my waking eye
Rush'd the still ruins of dejected Rome. 720

* Okely Woods, near Cirencester.

A POEM

To the Memory

OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD TALBOT,

LATE CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN:

ADDRESSED TO HIS SON.

WHILE, with the public, you, my lord, lament
A friend and father lost; permit the Muse,
(The Muse assign'd of old a double theme,—
To praise dead worth, and humble living pride;
Whose generous task begins where interest ends,) 5
Permit her on a Talbot's tomb to lay
This cordial verse sincere, by Truth inspired,
Which means not to bestow, but borrow, fame.
Yes, she may sing his matchless virtues now:
Unhappy that she may!—But where begin? 10
How from the diamond single out each ray,
Where all, though trembling with ten thousand hues,
Effuse one dazzling undivided light?
Let the low-minded of these narrow days
No more presume to deem the lofty tale 15
Of ancient times, in pity to their own,
Romance. In Talbot we united saw
The piercing eye, the quick enlighten'd soul,
The graceful ease, the flowing tongue of Greece,
Join'd to the virtues and the force of Rome. 20
Eternal Wisdom, that all-quickening sun,
Whence every life in just proportion draws
Directing light and actuating flame,
Now with a larger portion of its beams
Awaken'd mortal clay. Hence steady, calm, 25

e, deep, and clear, his reason saw
stantaneous view the truth of things;
hat to human life and human bliss
s,—that noblest science, fit for man:
nce, responsive to his knowledge, glow'd 30
ent virtue. Ignorance and vice,
ort foul, agree, each heightening each;
irtue draws from knowledge brighter fire.
grand, what comely, or what tender sense,
lent, or what virtue, was not his? 35
at can render man or great or good,
eful worth or amiable grace?
ld he brook in studious shade to lie,
etirement, indolently pleased
lfish peace. The syren of the wise, 40
eals the' Aonian song, and, in the shape
ue, woos them from a worthless world,)
deep he felt her charms, could never melt
nuous spirit, recollected, calm
t night, yet active as the day. 45
re the bold, the bustling, and the bad,
usurp the reins of power, the more
it Virtue, with indignant zeal,
k their combination. Shall low views
king interest or luxurious vice, 50
ain's passions, quicken more to toil,
rt a livelier vigour through the soul,
ose that, mingled with our truest good,
esent honour and immortal fame,
the good of all? An empty form 55
eak Virtue that amid the shade
ing lies, with future schemes amused,
Wickedness and Folly, kindred powers,
d the world. A Talbot's, different far,
ardent into action, that disdain'd 60
in deathlike sloth one pulse of life
ight be saved; disdain'd, for coward Ease
r insipid pleasures, to resign
ze of glory, the keen sweets of toil,
ose high joys that teach the truly great 65
for others, and for others die.
, behold, he breaks benign on life.
athing more beneficence, the Spring

Leads in her swelling train the gentle airs:
While gay, behind her, smiles the kindling waste 70
Of ruffian storms and Winter's lawless rage.
In him Astraea to this dim abode
Of ever-wandering men return'd again.
To bless them his delight, to bring them back,
From thorny error, from unjoyous wrong, 75
Into the paths of kind primeval faith,
Of happiness and justice. All his parts,
His virtues all, collected, sought the good
Of human-kind. For *that* he, fervent, felt
The throb of patriots, when they model states: 80
Anxious for *that*, nor needful sleep could hold
His still-awaken'd soul; nor friends had charms
To steal, with pleasing guile, one useful hour;
Toil knew no languor, no attraction joy.
Thus with unwearied steps, by Virtue led, 85
He gain'd the summit of that sacred hill
Where, raised above black Envy's darkening clouds,
Her spotless temple lifts its radiant front.
Be named, victorious ravagers, no more!
Vanish, ye human comets! shrink your blaze! 90
Ye that your glory to your terrors owe,
As, o'er the gazing, desolated earth,
You scatter famine, pestilence, and war;
Vanish before this vernal sun of fame!
Effulgent sweetness, beaming life and joy! 95
How the heart listen'd while he, pleading, spoke!
While on the' enlighten'd mind, with winning art,
His gentle reason so persuasive stole,
That the charm'd hearer thought it was his own.
Ah! when, ye studious of the laws, again 100
Shall such enchanting lessons bless your ear?
When shall again the darkest truths, perplex'd,
Be set in ample day? When shall the harsh
And arduous open into smiling ease?
The solid mix with elegant delight? 105
His was the talent, with the purest light
At once to pour conviction on the soul,
And warm with lawful flame the' impassion'd heart.
That dangerous gift with him was safely lodged
By Heaven. He sacred to his country's cause, 110
To trampled want and worth, to suffering right,

one widow's and her orphan's woes,
l the mighty charm. With equal brow,
ıg then the smiles or frowns of Power,
hat noblest eloquence effused 115
;enerous Passion, taught by Reason, breathes:
oke the man; and over barren Art
l abundant Nature. Freedom then
nt was, Humanity, and Truth.
l on the seat of justice, there he reign'd 120
erior sphere of cloudless day,
intelligence. No tumult there,
: emotion, no intemperate heat,
ion e'er disturb'd the clear serene
ınd him spread. A zeal for right alone, 125
: of justice, like the steady sun,
l ardour lent; and sometimes, raised
the sons of violence, of pride,
d deceit, his indignation gleam'd,
by sober dignity restrain'd. 130
tion quick, he snatch'd the truth;
ı progressive patience, step by step,
dent, or to the slower kind,
ugh the maze of falsehood traced it on,
he last, evolved, it full appear'd, 135
n the loser own'd the just decree.
hen in senates he, to Freedom firm,
:n'd Freedom, plann'd salubrious laws,
ous learning, his wide knowledge then,
ght deep into Britannia's weal, 140
eous seem'd from simple sense to flow,
plain patriot smooth'd the brow of Law.
ious swell, no frothy pomp of words
:he cheated ear; no studied maze
mation, to perplex the right, 145
ening threw around. Safe in itself,
rn force, all-powerful Reason spoke;
ı the great, the ruling point at once
m'd decisive day, and show'd it vain
hen farther out the clear debate. 150
on breathes conviction; to the heart,
rdent forth in eloquence *unbid*,
rt attends: for let the *venal* try
ery hardening, stupifying art,

Truth must prevail, zeal will enkindle zeal, 155
And Nature, skilful touch'd, is honest still.
  Behold him in the councils of his prince.
What faithful light he lends! How rare, in courts,
Such wisdom, such abilities; and join'd
To virtue so determined, public zeal, 160
And honour of such adamantine proof,
As even Corruption, hopeless and o'er-awed,
Durst not have tempted! Yet, of manners mild,
And winning every heart, he knew to please,
Nobly to please; while equally he scorn'd 165
Or adulation to receive or give.
Happy the state where wakes a ruling eye
Of such inspection keen and general care!
Beneath a guard so vigilant, so pure,
Toil may resign his careless head to rest, 170
And ever-jealous Freedom sleep in peace.
Ah! lost untimely! lost in downward days!
And many a patriot counsel with him lost!
Counsels that might have humbled Britain's foe,—
Her native foe, from eldest time by Fate 175
Appointed,—as did once a Talbot's arms.
  Let learning, arts, let universal worth
Lament a patron lost, a friend and judge.
Unlike the sons of vanity, that, veil'd
Beneath the patron's prostituted name, 180
Dare sacrifice a worthy man to pride,
And flush confusion o'er an honest cheek;
When he conferr'd a grace, it seem'd a debt
Which he to merit, to the public, paid,
And to the great all-bounteous Source of good. 185
His sympathizing heart itself received
The generous obligation he bestow'd.
This, this indeed is patronizing worth.
Their kind protector him the Muses own,
But scorn with noble pride the boasted aid 190
Of tasteless Vanity's insulting hand.
The gracious stream that cheers the letter'd world,
Is not the noisy gift of Summer's noon,
Whose sudden current from the naked root
Washes the little soil which yet remain'd, 195
And only more dejects the blushing flowers:
No, 't is the soft-descending dews at eve,

t treasures of the vernal year,
g deep their stores, the still night long;
ı returning morn, the freshen'd world 200
ıce all, all beauty, joy, and song.
t me view him in the pleasing light
e life, where pomp forgets to glare,
re the plain unguarded soul is seen.
th that truest greatness he appear'd 205
ıinks not of appearing; kindly veil'd
ft graces of the friendly scene,
: social confidence and ease.
he converse of the wise and good,
ı, disentangling every power, 210
ıthing mix'd improvement with delight,
, amid the various-blossom'd Spring,
ı-beaming Autumn's pensive shade,
ısophic mind with Nature talks.
is sons, his dear remains, with whom 215
ır laid superfluous state aside,
d your filial duty thence the more,
ıdship raised it, with esteem, with love,
he ties of blood; O, speak the joy,
: serene, the cheerful wisdom mild, 220
ıous spirit, which his vacant hours,
ance of amusement, through the breast
And thou, O Rundle,* lend thy strain,
ling friend! thou brother of his soul!
, the head and heart their stores unite; 225
r Fancy paints, Invention pours,
ıt digests, the well-tuned bosom feels,
ıtural, moral, or divine, has taught,
ues dictate, or the Muses sing.
the plaint which to the lonely main, 230
ımory conversing, you will pour,
e pebbled shore you pensive stray.
'erry's mountains a bleak crescent form,
l their ample round receive the waves
n the frozen pole resounding rush 235
ıs. Though from native sunshine driven,
rom your friends, the sunshine of the soul,
erous zeal, and politics infirm,
ıf worth; yet will you bless your lot,

* Dr. Rundle, late bishop of Derry in Ireland.

Yet will you triumph in your glorious fate, 240
Whence Talbot's friendship glows to future times,
Intrepid, warm; of kindred tempers born;
Nursed, by experience, into slow esteem,
Calm confidence unbounded, love not blind,
And the sweet light from mingled minds disclosed, 245
From mingled chymic oils as bursts the fire.
I too remember well that cheerful bowl
Which round his table flow'd. The serious there
Mix'd with the sportive, with the learn'd the plain;
Mirth soften'd wisdom, candour temper'd mirth; 250
And wit its honey lent, without the sting.
Not simple Nature's unaffected sons,
The blameless Indians, round their forest-cheer,
In sunny lawn or shady covert, set,
Hold more unspotted converse: nor of old 255
Rome's awful consuls, her dictator-swains,
As on the product of their Sabine farms
They fared, with stricter virtue fed the soul:
Nor yet in Athens, at an Attic meal,
Where Socrates presided, fairer truth, 260
More elegant humanity, more grace,
Wit more refined, or deeper science reign'd.
But far beyond the little vulgar bounds
Of family, or friends, or native land,
By just degrees and with proportion'd flame 265
Extended his benevolence: a friend
To human-kind, to parent Nature's works.
Of free access, and of engaging grace,
Such as a brother to a brother owes,
He kept an open judging ear for all, 270
And spread an open countenance, where smiled
The fair effulgence of an open heart;
While on the rich, the poor, the high, the low,
With equal ray his ready goodness shone:
For "nothing human foreign was to him." 275
Thus to a dread inheritance, my lord,
And hard to be supported, you succeed:
But, kept by virtue, as by virtue gain'd,
It will, through latest time, enrich your race,
When grosser wealth shall moulder into dust, 280
And with their authors in oblivion sunk
Vain titles lie, the servile badges oft

ı submission, not the meed of worth.
nuine honour its large patent holds
ıankind, through every land and age, 285
ersal Reason's various sons,
ın of God himself, sole perfect Judge!
ıw, these noblest honours of the mind
l terms descend: the high-placed heir,
by the public eye, that with keen gaze 290
ınt seeks out faults, cannot through life,
ıe nameless insects of a court,
ed steal; but, with his sire compared,
t be glorious, or he must be scorn'd.
ıth to you, who merit well to bear 295
to Britons dear, the' officious Muse
ely sing, and sing without reserve.
were the plaint, and ignorant the tear,
ould a Talbot mourn. Ourselves, indeed,
ntry robb'd of her delight and strength, 300
lament. Yet let us grateful joy,
such virtues knew, such virtues felt,
l them still, teaching our views to rise
ı ever-brightening scenes of future worlds.
b, ye worst of zealots! ye that, prone 305
ghtless dust, renounce that generous hope,
every joy below its spirit draws,
ery pain its balm. A Talbot's light,
ot's virtues claim another source
ıe blind maze of undesigning blood; 310
ıen that vital fountain plays no more,
y be quench'd amid the gelid stream.
inks I see his mounting spirit, freed
ıngling earth, regain the realms of day,
ve country, whence, to bless mankind, 315
Goodness on this darksome spot
y'd it down awhile. Behold! approved
tremendous Judge of heaven and earth,
the' Almighty Father's presence join'd,
es his rank, in glory and in bliss, 320
he human worthies. Glad around
his compatriot shades, and point him out,
yful pride, Britannia's blameless boast.
ıo is he that with a fonder eye
hine enraptured?—*'T is the best of sons!* 325

The best of friends! Too soon is realized
That hope which once forbade thy tears to flow!
Meanwhile the kindred souls of every land,
(Howe'er divided in the fretful days
Of prejudice and error,) mingled now 330
In one selected, never-jarring state,
Where God himself their only Monarch reigns,
Partake the joy: yet, such the sense that still
Remains of earthly woes, for us below,
And for our loss, they drop a pitying tear. 335
But cease, presumptuous Muse, nor vainly strive
To quit this cloudy sphere that binds thee down:
'Tis not for mortal hand to trace these scenes,
Scenes that our gross ideas grovelling cast
Behind, and strike our boldest language dumb. 340
Forgive, immortal shade! if aught from earth,
From dust, low-warbled, to those groves can rise
Where flows celestial harmony; forgive
This fond superfluous verse. With deep-felt voice,
On every heart impress'd, thy deeds themselves 345
Attest thy praise. Thy praise the widow's sighs
And orphan's tears embalm. The good, the bad,
The sons of justice and the sons of strife,
All who or freedom or who interest prize,
A deep-divided nation's parties all, 350
Conspire to swell thy spotless praise to heaven.
Glad heaven receives it, and seraphic lyres
With songs of triumph thy arrival hail.
How vain this tribute, then, this lowly lay!
Yet nought is vain which Gratitude inspires. 355
The Muse, besides, her duty thus approves
To virtue, to her country, to mankind,
To ruling Nature, that in glorious charge,
As to her priestess, gives it her, to hymn
Whatever good and excellent she forms. 360

THE

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE:

AN ALLEGORICAL POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This poem being writ in the manner of Spenser, the obsolete words, and a simplicity of diction in some of the lines which borders on the ludicrous, were necessary to make the imitation more perfect. And the style of that admirable poet, as well as the measure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriated by custom to all allegorical poems

PLANATION OF THE OBSOLETE WORDS USED IN THIS POEM.

nage, the chief, or
.test, of magicians or
ıanters.
!, paid.
', affright.
n, between.
ılways.

sorrow, trouble, mis-
ıne.
ıpt, named.
ı, painting, display-
.
ɛ, cold, raw.
. to sing songs of joy.
us, the north-east wind.
, certainly.

a word prefixed to
ıes.
/, skilfully.
nted, painted.
sy-head, drowsiness.

easy.
ons, immediately, of-
, afterwards.
ılso.

fairies.

or *Geer*, furniture,
ıipage, dress.

Glaive, sword. (French.)
Glee, joy, pleasure.

Han, have.
Hight, named, called; and sometimes it is used for *is called*. See canto i. stanza 7.

Idless, idleness.
Imp, child, or offspring; from the Saxon *impan*, "to graft or plant."

Kest, for cast.

Lad, for led.
Lea, a piece of land, or meadow.
Libbard, leopard.
Lig, to lie,
Losel, a loose idle fellow.
Louting, bowing, bending.
Lithe, loose, lax.

Mell, mingle.
Moe, more.
Moil, to labour.
Mote, might.
Muchel, or *Mochel*, much, great.

Nathless, nevertheless.
Ne, nor.

Needments, necessaries.
Noursling, a child that is nursed.
Noyance, harm.

Prankt, coloured, adorned gaily.
Perdie, (French, *par Dieu*,) an old oath.
Prick'd through the forest, rode through the forest.

Sear, dry, burnt up.
Sheen, bright, shining.
Sicker, sure, surely.
Soot, sweet, or sweetly.
Sooth, true, or truth.
Stound, misfortune, pang.
Sweltry, sultry, consuming with heat.
Swink, to labour.
Smackt, savoured.

Thrall, slave.
Transmew'd, transformed.

Unkempt, (Latin, *incomptus*,) unadorned.
Vild, vile.

Ween, to think, be of opinion.
Weet, to know; *to weet*, to wit.
Whilom, ere-while, formerly.
Wight, man.
Wis, (for *Wist*,) to know, think, understand.
Wonne, (a noun,) dwelling.
Wrpke, wreaked.

N.B. The letter Y is frequently placed in the begining of a word by Spenser, to lengthen it a syllable; and *en* at the end of a word, for the same reason; as, *withouten*, *casten*, &c.

Yborn, born.
Yblent, or *Blent*, blended, mingled.
Yclad, clad.
Ycleped, called, named.
Yfere, together.
Ymolten, melted.
Yode, (preter-tense of *yede*,) went.

THE

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

CANTO I.

THE Castle hight of Indolence,
And its false luxury;
Where for a little time, alas!
We lived right jollily.

I.

'RTAL man, who livest here by toil,
.ot complain of this thy hard estate:
like an emmet thou must ever moil,
sad sentence of an ancient date;
, certes, there is for it reason great;
though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
ıouten that would come a heavier bale,—
fe, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

II.

ɔwly dale, fast by a river's side,
ı woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
ost enchanting wizard did abide,
ı whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
as, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
there a season atween June and May,
' prankt with Spring, with Summer half imbrown'd,
ıtless climate made, where, sooth to say,
ıg wight could work, *ne* cared even for play.

III.

Was naught around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kept,
From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime murmuring at glittering streamlets play'd,
And lured every where their waters down;
That, as they bickerd through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

IV.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-dove plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a soft the grasshopper did keep:
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

V.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood:
And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

VI.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was;
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer-sky.
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures, always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

while, unceasing at the massy gate,
ıth a spacious palm, the wicked wight
placed ; and to his lute of cruel fate
ɔur harsh complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

VIII.

ıer continual pilgrims crowded still,
. all the roads of earth that pass there by :
ıs they chaunced to breathe on neighbouring hill,
reshness of this valley smote their eye,
drew them ever and anon more nigh ;
lustering round the' enchanter false they hung,
lten with his syren melody ;
e o'er tho' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
he trembling chords these tempting verses sung :

IX.

ıold ! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold !
ll but man with unearn'd pleasure gay :
er bright robes the butterfly unfold,
ɔ from her wintry tomb in prime of May !
. youthful bride can equal her array ?
can with her for easy pleasure vie ?
. mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
. flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
: has to do beneath the radiant sky.

XI.

"Outcast of nature, man! the wretched thrall
Of bitter-dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
Of cares that eat away the heart with gall,
And of the vices, an inhuman train,
That all proceed from savage thirst of gain:
For when hard-hearted Interest first began
To poison earth, Astræa left the plain;
Guile, Violence, and Murder seized on man,
And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

XII.

"Come, ye who still the cumbrous load of life
Push hard up-hill; but as the farthest steep
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
For ever vain. Come, and, withouten fee,
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
Your cares, your toils; will steep you in a sea
Of full delight. O come, ye weary wights, to me!

XIII.

"With me, you need not rise at early dawn,
To pass the joyless day in various stounds;
Or, louting low, on upstart Fortune fawn,
And sell fair Honour for some paltry pounds;
Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,
Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds;
Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,
In venal senate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

XIV.

"No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
From village on to village sounding clear;
To tardy swain no shrill-voiced matrons squall;
No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;
No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith scar
Ne noisy tradesman your sweet slumbers start
With sounds that are a misery to hear:
But all is calm,—as would delight the heart
Of Sybarite of old,—all nature, and all art.

XV.

"Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent ease,
Good-natured lounging, sauntering up and down.
They who are pleased themselves must always please;
On others' ways they never squint a frown,
Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town.
Thus, from the source of tender Indolence,
With milky blood the heart is overflown,
Is soothed and sweeten'd by the social sense;
'or interest, envy, pride, and strife are banish'd hence.

XVI.

"What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above those passions that this world deform,
And torture man, a proud malignant worm?
But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
A quicker sense of joy; as breezes stray
'cross the' enliven'd skies, and make them still more gay.

XVII.

"The best of men have ever loved repose:
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
Embitter'd more from peevish day to day.
Even those whom fame has lent her fairest ray,
The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
From a base world at last have stolen away:
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
'etiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

XVIII.

"But if a little exercise you choose,
Some zest for ease, 't is not forbidden here.
Amid the groves you may indulge the Muse,
Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
Or, softly stealing, with your watery gear,
Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry
You may delude: the whilst, amused, you hear
Now the hoarse stream, and now the Zephyr's sigh,
'tuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

XIX.

"O grievous folly! to hoap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting Fate,
And gives the' untasted portion you have won
With ruthless toil and many a wretch undone,
To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun!
But sure it is of vanities most vain,
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

XX.

He ceased. But still their tremblding ears retain'd
The deep vibrations of his witching song,
That, by a kind of magic power, constrain'd
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng.
Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slipp'd along,
In silent ease: as when, beneath the beam
Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,
The soft-embodied fays through airy portal stream.

XXI.

By the smooth demon so it order'd was,
And here his baneful bounty first began:
Though some there were who would not further pass,
And his alluring baits suspected han.
The wise distrust the too fair-spoken man:
Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye.
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can:
For, do their very best, they cannot fly;
But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

XXII.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
With sudden spring he leap'd upon them straight;
And soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
They found themselves within the cursed gate,
Full hard to be repass'd, like that of Fate.
Not stronger were of old the giant-crew,
Who sought to pull high Jove from regal state;
Though feeble wretch he seem'd, of sallow hue:
Gentes, who hither his grasp, will that encounter rue.

XXIII.

For whomsoe'er the villain takes in hand,
Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace;
As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,
And of their vanish'd force remains no trace:
So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
Is seized in some losel's hot embrace,
She waxeth very weakly as she warms,
Then sighing yields her up to love's delicious harms.

XXIV.

Waked by the crowd, slow from his bench arose
A comely, full-spread porter, swoln with sleep:
His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breathed repose;
And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,
Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep;
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
Through which his half-waked soul would faintly peep.
Then, taking his black staff, he call'd his man,
And roused himself as much as rouse himself he can.

XXV.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call.
He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
Save sleep and play who minded nought at all,
Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to disengage,
Garters and buckles; task for him unfit,
But ill becoming his grave personage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit;
So this same limber page to all performed it.

XXVI.

Meantime the master-porter wide display'd
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns;
Wherewith he those who enter'd in array'd,
Loose as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the summer-woods, when Evening frowns.
O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace. This done, right fain,
Sir Porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

XXVII.

Thus easy robed, they to the fountain sped
That in the middle of the court up-threw
A stream, high-spouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew.
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted, drew.
It was a fountain of nepenthe rare;
Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasaunce grew,
And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care;
Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams more fair.

XXVIII.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleased and still,
Withouten tromp was proclamation made:
"Ye sons of Indolence, do what you will;
And wander where you list, through hall or glade!
Be no man's pleasure for another stay'd:
Let each as likes him best his hours employ,
And cursed be he who minds his neighbour's trade!
Here dwells kind Ease and unreproving Joy:
He little merits bliss who others can annoy."

XXIX.

Straight of these endless numbers, swarming round,
As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,
But every man stroll'd off his own glad way.
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
No living creature could be seen to stray;
While solitude and perfect silence reign'd:
So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrain'd.

XXX.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid-Isles,*
Placed far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone Fancy him beguiles;
Or that aërial beings sometimes deign
To stand embodied, to our senses plain,)
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro:
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

* These islands on the western coast of Scotland called the Hebrides.

XXXI.

Ye gods of quiet and of sleep profound,
Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,
And all the widely-silent places round!
Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays
What never yet was sung in mortal lays.
But how shall I attempt such arduous string,
I who have spent my nights and nightly days
In this soul-deadening place, loose-loitering?
Ah! how shall I for this uprear my moulted wing?

XXXII.

Come on, my Muse, nor stoop to low despair,
Thou imp of Jove, touch'd by celestial fire!
Thou yet shalt sing of war and actions fair,
Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire;
Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre;
Thou yet shalt tread in tragic pall the stage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
Dashing corruption down through every worthless age.

XXXIII.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Ne cursed knocker plied by villain's hand,
Self-open'd into halls, where who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretch'd around in seemly band;
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

XXXIV.

And every where huge cover'd tables stood,
With wines high-flavour'd and rich viands crown'd;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this Earth are found,
And all old Ocean genders in his round.
Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
Even undemanded by a sign or sound:
You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
Fair-ranged the dishes *rose, and thick* the glasses play'd.

XXXV.

Here freedom reign'd, without the least alloy:
Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor saintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.
For why? There was but one great rule for all;
To wit, that each should work his own desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what unbid the Muses might inspire.

XXXVI.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the sweetly-tortured heart;
Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd Echo to resound their smart;
While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and peace impart.

XXXVII.

Those pleased the most where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age;
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed:
Blest sons of nature they! true Golden Age indeed!

XXXVIII.

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or Autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls:
Now the black tempest strikes the' astonish'd eyes;
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies:
Whate'er Lorraine light-touch'd with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

XXXIX.

Each sound too here to languishment inclined,
Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease.
Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft, by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breathed such soul-dissolving airs
As did, alas! with soft perdition please:
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

XL.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive, melancholy mind;
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But sidelong to the gently-waving wind
To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined;
From which, with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight:
Whence, with just cause, "the harp of Æolus"* it hight.

XLI.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul?
Now rising love they fann'd; now pleasing dole
They breathed, in tender musings, through the heart;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart:
Wild-warbling Nature all, above the reach of Art!

XLII.

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store;
And verse, love, music still the garland wore:
When sleep was coy, the bard in waiting there†
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the Muse's lore;

* This is not an imagination of the author; there being in fact such an instrument, called "Æolus's harp," which, when placed against a little rushing or current of air, produces the effect here described.

† The Arabian Caliphs had *poets among* the officers of their court, whose office it *was to do what is here mentioned.*

Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning-air.

XLIII.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell:
At doors and windows, threatening, seem'd to call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell;
Yet the least entrance found they none at all;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

XLIV.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace;
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,
And shed a roseate smile on Nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
So fleece with clouds, the pure ethereal space;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

XLV.

No, fair illusions! artful phantoms, no!
My Muse will not attempt your fairy-land:
She has no colours that like you can glow:
To catch your vivid scenes, too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprights,
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, soft, and bland,
Pour'd all the' Arabian heaven upon our nights,
And bless'd them oft besides with more refined delights.

XLVI.

They were in sooth a most enchanting train,
Even feigning virtue; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
But for those fiends, whom blood and broils delight;
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulfs, where sullen waters sleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On jutting cliffs, or pent in ruins deep;
They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to keep.

XLVII.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight-gloom!
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom!
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart.
But chief, awhile, O! lend us from the tomb
Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mix'd woe the heart.

XLVIII.

Or are you sportive? Bid the morn of youth
Rise to new light; and beam afresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth,
To cares estranged, and manhood's thorny ways.
What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supplied;
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!—But, fondly wandering wide,
My Muse, resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

XLIX.

One great amusement of our household was,
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
Upon this ant-hill earth; where constantly
Of idly-busy men the restless fry
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,
Or which, obtain'd, the caitiffs dare not taste.
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste?

L.

"Of Vanity the Mirror" this was call'd.
Here you a muckworm of the town might see,
At his dull desk, amid his ledgers stall'd,
Eat up with carking care and penurie;
Most like to carcass parch'd on gallow-tree.
"A penny saved is a penny got:"
Firm to this scoundrel-maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire, and banished his pot.

LI.

Straight from the filth of this low grub, behold!
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,
All glossy gay, enamell'd all with gold,
The silly tenant of the summer-air;
In folly lost, of nothing takes he care.
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradesmen him among them share:
His father's ghost from Limbo-lake, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

LII.

This globe portray'd the race of learned men,
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page,
Backwards and forwards: oft they snatch the pen,
As if inspired, and in a Thespian rage;
Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage.
Why, authors, all this scrawl and scribbling sore?
To lose the present, gain the future, age,
Praised to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame when useless worldly store.

LIII.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches roaring all.
Wide-pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew;
See how they dash along from wall to wall!
At every door, hark how they thundering call!
Good Lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall;
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace to blight,
And make new tiresome parties for the coming night.

LIV.

The puzzling sons of party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntoes met;
And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging rear'd
The' important shoulder: then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.
No sooner Lucifer* recalls affairs,
Than forth they various rush in mighty fret;
When, lo! push'd up to power, and crown'd their cares,
In comes another set, and kicketh them down stairs.

* The morning-star.

LV.

But what most show'd the vanity of life
Was, to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engaged and deadly strife;
Most Christian kings, inflamed by black desire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour;
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were before,
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force restore.

LVI.

To number up the thousands dwelling here,
An useless were and eke an endless task;
From kings, and those who at the helm appear,
To gipsies brown in summer-glades who bask.
Yea, many a man, perdie, I could unmask,
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,
With tape-tied trash, and suits of fools that ask
For place or pension laid in decent row;
But these I passen by, with nameless numbers moe.

LVII.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark:
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face;
Pensive, not sad; in thought involved, not dark.
As soot this man could sing as morning-lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart:
But these his talents were yburied stark;
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon Nature gave, or nature-painting Art.

LVIII.

To noon-tide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound;
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomile are found:
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward through the twilight shadows stray,
I slow. So *had he* passed many a day.

LIX.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they pass'd:
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew reveal'd.
Oft as he traversed the cerulean field,
And mark'd the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

LX.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk,
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke,)
One shyer still, who quite detested talk.
Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine and broad o'ershadowing oak:
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke;
Ne ever utter'd word, save, when first shone
The glittering star of eve, "Thank Heaven! the day is done."

LXI.

Here lurk'd a wretch, who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad:
And sure his linen was not very clean.
Through secret loop-holes, that had practised been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
Unkempt and rough, of squalid face and mien;
Our Castle's shame! whence, from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

LXII.

One day there chanced into these halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at first sight:
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
Before the sprightly tempest tossing light.
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane though keen,
Turning the night to day, and day to night:
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

LXIII.

But not even pleasure to excess is good :
What most elates then sinks the soul as low :
When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher still the' exulting billows flow,
The farther back again they flagging go,
And leave us grovelling on the dreary shore.
Taught by this son of joy, we found it so ;
Who, whilst he stay'd, kept in a gay uproar
Our madden'd castle all, the' abode of sleep no more.

LXIV.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly,
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng ;
And oft he sips their bowl ; or, nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And scares their tender sleep with trump profound ;
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

LXV.

Another guest there was, of sense refined,
Who felt each worth,—for every worth he had ;
Serene yet warm, humane yet firm, his mind,
As little touch'd as any man's with bad.
Him through their inmost walks the Muses lad,
To him the sacred love of Nature lent ;
And sometimes would he make our valley glad.
Whenas we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better sort this friendly message sent :

LXVI.

"Come, dwell with us ! true son of Virtue, come !
But if, alas ! we cannot thee persuade
To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade ;
Yet when at last thy toils but ill apaid
Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,
Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
There to indulge the Muse, and Nature mark :
We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley-Park."

LXVII.

Here whilom ligg'd the' Æsopus * of the age;
But call'd by Fame, in soul ypricked deep,
A noble pride restored him to the stage,
And roused him like a gyant from his sleep.
Even from his slumbers we advantage reap:
With double force the' enliven'd scene he wakes,
Yet quits not Nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum: now the heart he shakes,
And now with well-urged sense the' enlighten'd judgment takes.

LXVIII.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems;
† Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On Virtue still, and Nature's pleasing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain.
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat;
Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralizing sage: his ditty sweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

LXIX.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod;
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.
A little, round, fat, oily man of God
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damsel chanced to trippen by;
Which when observed, he shrunk into his mew,
And straight would recollect his piety anew.

LXX.

Nor be forgot a tribe who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but state-affairs:
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought;
And on their brow sat every nation's cares.
The world by them is parcell'd out in shares,
When in the Hall of Smoke they congress hold,
And the sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye: then, smoke-enroll'd,
Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

* Mr. Quin.

† The following lines of this stanza were writ by a friend of the auth

LXXI.

Here languid Beauty kept her pale-faced court:
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made resort;
Where, from gross mortal care and business free,
They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury.
Or should they a vain show of work assume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom;
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

LXXII.

Their only labour was to kill the time;
And labour dire it is, and weary woe.
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme;
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow:
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclined,
And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the wind.

LXXIII.*

One nymph there was, methought, in bloom of May,
On whom the idle fiend glanced many a look,
In hopes to lead her down the slippery way,
To taste of Pleasure's deep, deceitful brook.
No virtues yet her gentle mind forsook;
No idle whims, no vapours fill'd her brain:
But Prudence for her youthful guide she took,
And Goodness, which no earthly vice could stain,
Dwelt in her mind: she was ne proud, I ween, or vain.

LXXIV.

Now must I mark the villany we found,
But, ah! too late, as shall eftsoons be shown.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under-ground;
Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
Diseased, and loathsome, privily were thrown.
Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there,
Unpitied, uttering many a bitter groan:
For of these wretches taken was no care;
Fierce fiends and hags of hell their only nurses were.

* This stanza appeared in the first edition.—EDIT.

LXXV.

Alas the change! from scenes of joy and rest,
To this dark den, where sickness toss'd alway!
Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppress'd,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
Heaving his sides, and snored night and day.
To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyne he shut straightway.
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the breath.

LXXVI.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
Soft-swoln, and pale, here lay the Hydropsy:
Unwieldy man; with belly monstrous round,
For ever fed with watery supply;
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
And moping here did Hypochondria sit,
Mother of Spleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit;
And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd a wit.

LXXVII.

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low:
She felt, or fancied in her fluttering mood,
All the diseases which the spitals know,
And sought all physic which the shops bestow,
And still new leeches and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever wavering to and fro;
For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,
Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.

LXXVIII.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pined,
With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
Yet loved in secret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings:
The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing cocks;
A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings:
Whilst Apoplexy cramm'd Intemperance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

CANTO II.

THE Knight of Arts and Industry,
And his atchievements fair,
That, by this Castle's overthrow,
Secured and crowned were.

I.

ESCAPED the Castle of the sire of sin,
Ah! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find?
For, all around, without, and all within,
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,
Of goodness savouring and a tender mind,
E'er rose to view. But now another strain,
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind:
I now must sing of pleasure turn'd to pain,
And of the false enchanter, Indolence, complain.

II.

Is there no patron to protect the Muse,
And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil?
To every labour its reward accrues,
And they are sure of bread who swink and moil;
But a fell tribe the' Aonian hive despoil,
As ruthless wasps oft rob the painful bee:
Thus, while the laws not guard that noblest toil,
Ne for the Muses other meed decree,
They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

III.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve.
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the *great children* leave:
Of fancy, reason, *virtue, nought* can me bereave.

IV.

Come then, my Muse, and raise a bolder song:
Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,
Dragging the lazy, languid line along,
Fond to begin, but still to finish loath,
Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth.
Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame
Who, with the sons of softness nobly wroth,
To sweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

V.

In Fairy-land there lived a knight of old,
Of feature stern, Selvaggio well yclep'd,
A rough, unpolish'd man, robust and bold,
But wondrous poor: he neither sow'd nor reap'd,
Ne stores in summer for cold winter heap'd;
In hunting all his days away he wore;
Now scorch'd by June, now in November steep'd,
Now pinch'd by biting January sore,
He still in woods pursued the libbard and the boar.

VI.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
Prick'd through the forest to dislodge his prey,
Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,
With wood wild-fringed, he mark'd a taper's ray,
That from the beating rain and wintry fray
Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy.
There, up to earn the needments of the day,
He found dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy:
Her he compress'd, and fill'd her with a lusty boy.

VII.

Amid the greenwood shade this boy was bred,
And grew at last a knight of muchel fame,
Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,
"The Knight of Arts and Industry" by name.
Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame;
He knew no beverage but the flowing stream;
His tasteful well-earn'd food the sylvan game,
Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem:
The same to him glad Summer, or the Winter breme.

VIII.

So pass'd his youthly morning, void of care,
Wild as the colts that through the commons run:
For him no tender parents troubled were;
He of the forest seem'd to be the son;
And certes had been utterly undone,
But that Minerva pity of him took,
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
That teach to tame the soil and rule the crook;
Ne did the sacred Nine disdain a gentle look.

IX.

Of fertile genius, him they nurtured well
In every science and in every art
By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,
That can or use, or joy, or grace impart,
Discloaing all the powers of head and heart:
Ne were the goodly exercises spared
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
And mix elastic force with firmness hard:
Was never knight on ground mote be with him compared.

X.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
The hunter-steed, exulting o'er the dale,
And drew the roseate breath of orient day:
Sometimes, retiring to the secret vale,
Yclad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail,
He strain'd the bow, or toss'd the sounding spear,
Or, darting on the goal, outstripp'd the gale,
Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid career,
Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough compeer.

XI.

At other times he pried through Nature's store,
Whate'er she in the' ethereal round contains,
Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,
The vegetable and the mineral reigns;
Or else he scann'd the globe,—those small domains,
Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,—
Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains:
But more he search'd the mind, and roused from sleep
Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

XII.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits
Of heavenly Truth, and practise what she taught.
Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits!
Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he caught,
Forth calling all with which boon earth is fraught;
Sometimes he plied the strong mechanic tool,
Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught;
And oft he put himself to Neptune's school,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vex'd ocean-pool.

XIII.

To solace then these rougher toils, he tried
To touch the kindling canvass into life;
With Nature his creating pencil vied,
With Nature joyous at the mimic strife:
Or to such shapes as graced Pygmalion's wife
He hew'd the marble; or, with varied fire,
He roused the trumpet and the martial fife,
Or bade the lute sweet tenderness inspire,
Or verses framed that well might wake Apollo's lyre.

XIV.

Accomplish'd thus, he from the woods issued,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise;
The work, which long he in his breast had brew'd,
Now to perform he ardent did devise;
To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
Earth was till then a boundless forest wild;
Nought to be seen but savage wood, and skies:
No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smiled,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

XV.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes, was Man;
On his own wretched kind he ruthless prey'd:
The strongest still the weakest over-ran;
In every country mighty robbers sway'd,
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe:
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
To swear, he would the rascal rout o'erthrow;
For, by the Powers Divine, it should no more be so!

XVI.

It would exceed the purport of my song,
To say how this *best sun* from orient climes
Came, beaming life and beauty all along,
Before him chasing indolence and crimes.
Still, as he pass'd, the nations he sublimes,
And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray:
Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome their golden times
Successive had; but now in ruins grey
They lie, to slavish Sloth and Tyranny a prey.

XVII.

To crown his toils, Sir Industry then spread
The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast.
A sylvan life till then the natives led,
In the brown shades and greenwood forest lost,
All careless rambling where it liked them most:
Their wealth, the wild deer bouncing through the glade;
They lodged at large, and lived at Nature's cost;
Save spear and bow, withouten other aid;
Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dismay'd.

XVIII.

He liked the soil, he liked the clement skies,
He liked the verdant hills and flowery plains.
"Be this my great, my chosen isle," he cries:
"This, whilst my labours Liberty sustains,
This queen of ocean all assault disdains."
Nor liked he less the genius of the land,
To freedom apt and persevering pains,
Mild to obey, and generous to command,
Temper'd by forming Heaven with kindest, firmest hand.

XIX.

Here by degrees his master-work arose,
Whatever arts and industry can frame;
Whatever finish'd Agriculture knows,
Fair queen of arts! from heaven itself who came,
When Eden flourish'd in unspotted fame:
And still with her sweet Innocence we find,
And tender Peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind;
Nature and art at once, *delight* and use, combined.

XX.

Then towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
And bade the fervent city glow with toil;
Bade social Commerce raise renowned marts,
Join land to land, and marry soil to soil,
Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil
Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous stores;
Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,
Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores,
While o'er the' encircling deep Britannia's thunder roars.

XXI.

The drooping Muses then he westward call'd,
From the famed city* by Propontic sea,
What time the Turk the' enfeebled Grecian thrall'd;
Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them free,
And brought them to another Castalie,
Where Isis many a famous noursling breeds;
Or where old Cam soft paces o'er the lea
In pensive mood, and tunes his Doric reeds,
The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd feeds.

XXII.

Yet the fine arts were what he finish'd least,
For why? They are the quintessence of all,
The growth of labouring time, and slow increased;
Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall,
That mighty patrons the coy sisters call
Up to the sunshine of uncumber'd ease,
Where no rude care the mounting thought may thrall,
And where they nothing have to do but please:
Ah, gracious God! thou know'st they ask no other fees.

XXIII.

But now, alas! we live too late in time:
Our patrons now even grudge that little claim,
Except to such as sleek the soothing rhyme;
And yet, forsooth, they wear Mæcenas' name,—
Poor sons of puff'd-up Vanity, not Fame.
Unbroken spirits, cheer! Still, still remains
The' eternal patron, Liberty; whose flame,
While she protects, inspires the noblest strains.
The best, and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.

* Constantinople.

XXIV.

Whenas the knight had framed, in Britain-land,
A matchless form of glorious government,
In which the sovereign laws alone command,
Laws stablish'd by the public free consent,
Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent;
When this great plan, with each dependent art,
Was settled firm and to his heart's content,
Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,
And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet through the heart.

XXV.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,
Where his long alleys peep'd upon the main.
In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale;
Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the swain.
The happy monarch of his sylvan train,
Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,
He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest domain.
His days, the days of unstain'd nature, roll'd,
Replete with peace and joy, like patriarch's of old.

XXVI.

Witness, ye lowing herds, who gave him milk;
Witness, ye flocks, whose woolly vestments far
Exceed soft India's cotton, or her silk;
Witness, with Autumn charged, the nodding car,
That homeward came beneath sweet Evening's star,
Or of September-moons the radiance mild.
O, hide thy head, abominable War,
Of crimes and ruffian idleness the child!
From heaven this life ysprung, from hell thy glories vild!

XXVII.

Nor from his deep retirement banish'd was
The' amusing care of rural industry.
Still, as with grateful change the seasons pass,
New scenes arise, new landscapes strike the eye,
And all the' enliven'd country beautify:
Gay plains extend where marshes slept before;
O'er recent meads the' exulting streamlets fly;
Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' store;
And woods imbrown the steep, or wave along the shore.

XXXII.

"I will," he cried, "so help me God! destroy
That villain archimage." His page then straight
He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy,
Benempt Dispatch: "My steed be at the gate;
My bard attend; quick, bring the net of fate."
This net was twisted by the Sisters Three;
Which when once cast o'er harden'd wretch, too late
Repentance comes: replevy cannot be
From the strong iron grasp of vengeful Destiny.

XXXIII.

He came, the bard, a little Druid wight,
Of wither'd aspect; but his eye was keen,
With sweetness mix'd. In russet brown bedight,
As is his sister of the copses green,*
He crept along, unpromising of mien.
Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,
Bright as the children of yon azure sheen.
True comeliness, which nothing can impair,
Dwells in the mind: all else is vanity and glare.

XXXIV.

"Come," quoth the knight, "a voice has reach'd mine ear:
The demon Indolence threats overthrow
To all that to mankind is good and dear.
Come, Philomelus; let us instant go,
O'erturn his bowers, and lay his castle low.
Those men, those wretched men, who *will* be slaves,
Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe:
But some there be, thy song, as from their graves,
Shall raise. Thrice happy he who without rigour saves!"

XXXV.

Issuing forth, the knight bestrode his steed
Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star
Shone blazing bright: sprung from the generous breed
That whirl of active Day the rapid car,
He pranced along, disdaining gate or bar.
Meantime, the bard on milk-white palfrey rode;
An honest sober beast, that did not mar
His meditations, but full softly trode:
And much they moralized as thus yfere they yode.

* The *nightingale*.

XXXVI.

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliss:
What else so fit for man to settle well?
And still their long researches met in this,
This *truth of truths*, which nothing can refel:
"From Virtue's fount the purest joys out-well,
Sweet rills of thought that cheer the conscious soul;
While Vice pours forth the troubled streams of hell,
The which, howe'er disguised, at last with dole
Will through the tortured breast their fiery torrent roll."

XXXVII.

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their summits rear.
On the cool height awhile our palmers stay,
And spite even of themselves their senses cheer;
Then to the vizard's wonne their steps they steer.
Like a green isle, it broad beneath them spred,
With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,
And tufted groves to shade the meadow-bed,
Sweet airs and song; and without hurry all seem'd glad.

XXXVIII.

"As God shall judge me, knight, we must forgive,"
The half-enraptured Philomelus cried,
"The frail good man, deluded here to live,
And in these groves his musing fancy hide.
Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be denied,
That Virtue still some tincture has of Vice,
And Vice of Virtue. What should then betide,
But that our charity be not too nice?
Come, let us those we can, to real bliss entice."

XXXIX.

"Ay, sicker," quoth the knight, "all flesh is frail,
To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent;
But let not brutish Vice of this avail,
And think to scape deserved punishment.
Justice were cruel, weakly to relent;
From Mercy's self she got her sacred glaive:
Grace be to those who can and will repent;
But penance long and dreary to the slave,
Who must in floods of fire his gross, foul spirit lave."

XL.

Thus, holding high discourse, they came to where
The cursed carle was at his wonted trade;
Still tempting heedless men into his snare,
In witching wise, as I before have said.
But when he saw, in goodly geer array'd,
The grave majestic knight approaching nigh,
And by his side the bard so sage and staid,
His countenance fell; yet oft his anxious eye
Mark'd them, like wily fox who roosted cock doth spy.

XLI.

Nathless, with feign'd respect, he bade give back
The rabble-rout, and welcomed them full kind.
Struck with the noble twain, they were not slack
His orders to obey, and fall behind.
Then he resumed his song; and unconfined
Pour'd all his music, ran through all his strings:
With magic dust their eyne he tries to blind,
And Virtue's tender airs o'er Weakness flings.
What pity, base his song who so divinely sings!

XLII.

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
They listen'd so intent with fix'd delight:
But they, instead, as if transmew'd to stone,
Marvell'd he could with such sweet art unite
The lights and shades of manners, wrong and right.
Meantime, the silly crowd the charm devour,
Wide-pressing to the gate. Swift, on the knight
He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
Who backening shunn'd his touch; for well he knew its power.

XLIII.

As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,
The wary Retiarius* trapp'd his foe;
Even so the knight, returning on him bold,
At once involved him in the net of woe,
Whereof I mention made not long ago.
Enraged, at first, he scorn'd so weak a jail,
And leap'd, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
But when he found that nothing could avail,
He sat him felly down, and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

* A gladiator, who made use of a net, which he threw over his adversary.

XLIV.

Alarm'd, the' inferior demons of the place
Raised rueful shrieks and hideous yells around;
Black stormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,
And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,
As of infernal sprights in cavern bound.
A solemn sadness every creature strook;
And lightnings flash'd, and horror rock'd the ground:
Huge crowds on crowds out-pour'd, with blemish'd look,
As if on time's last verge this frame of things had shook.

XLV.

Soon as the short-lived tempest was yspent,
Steam'd from the jaws of vex'd Avernus' hole,
And hush'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
Sir Industry the first calm moment stole.
"There must," he cried, "amid so vast a shoal,
Be some who are not tainted at the heart,
Not poison'd quite by this same villain's bowl.
Come, then, my bard, thy heavenly fire impart;
Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent spirit start."

XLVI.

The bard obey'd; and, taking from his side,
Where it in seemly sort depending hung,
His British harp, its speaking strings he tried;
The which with skilful touch he deftly strung,
Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung.
Then, as he felt the Muses come along,
Light o'er the chords his raptured hand he flung,
And play'd a prelude to his rising song;
The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands round him throng.

XLVII.

Thus ardent burst his strain: "Ye hapless race,
Dire-labouring here to smother reason's ray,
That lights our Maker's image in our face,
And gives us wide o'er earth unquestion'd sway;
What is the' adored Supreme Perfection! say!
What, but eternal never-resting Soul,
Almighty Power, and all-directing Day;
By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll;
Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole!

XLVIII.

"Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold!
Draw from its fountain life! 'T is thence alone
We can excel. Up from unfeeling mould,
To seraphs burning round the' Almighty's throne,
Life rising still on life, in higher tone,
Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.
In universal nature this clear shown
Not needeth proof: to prove it, were, I wis,
To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyss.

XLIX.

"Is not the field, with lively culture green,
A sight more joyous than the dead morass?
Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
And fann'd by sprightly zephyrs, far surpass
The foul November fogs, and slumbrous mass,
With which sad Nature veils her drooping face?
Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as glass,
Gay dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?
The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

L.

"It was not by vile loitering in ease,
That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art;
That soft, yet ardent, Athens learn'd to please,
To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
In all supreme, complete in every part!
It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart:
For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
Renown is not the child of indolent Repose.

LI.

"Had unambitious mortals minded nought
But in loose joy their time to wear away;
Had they alone the lap of Dalliance sought,
Pleased on her pillow their dull heads to lay;
Rude nature's state had been our state to-day;
No cities e'er their towery fronts had raised,
No arts had made us opulent and gay;
With brother-brutes the human race had grazed;
None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honour'd been, none praised.

[redacted]

LVI.

"Good Lord! how keen are his sensations all!
His bread is sweeter than the glutton's cates:
The wines of France upon the palate pall,
Compared with what his simple soul elates;
The native cup, whose flavour thirst creates.
At one deep draught of sleep he takes the night:
And for that heartfelt joy which nothing mates,
Of the pure nuptial bed the chaste delight,
The losel is to him a miserable wight.

LVII.

"Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be given!
Health is the vital principle of bliss;
And exercise, of health. In proof of this,
Behold the wretch, who slugs his life away,
Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss;
While he whom toil has braced, or manly play,
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

LVIII.

"O, who can speak the vigorous joys of health?
Unclogg'd the body, unobscured the mind:
The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth;
The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
See how the younglings frisk along the meads,
As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind;
Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds:
Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasaunce breeds?

LIX.

"But here, instead, is foster'd every ill
Which or distemper'd minds or bodies know.
Come, then, my kindred spirits! do not spill
Your talents here. This place is but a show,
Whose charms delude you to the den of woe.
Come, follow me: I will direct you right,
Where pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow,
Sincere as sweet. Come, follow this good knight:
And you will bless the day that brought him to your sight.

LX.

"Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps;
To senates some, and public sage debates,
Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight-lamps,
The world is poised, and managed mighty states;
To high discovery some, that new creates
The face of earth; some to the thriving mart;
Some to the rural reign, and softer fates;
To the sweet Muses some, who raise the heart:
All glory shall be yours, all nature, and all art.

LXI.

"There are, I see, who listen to my lay;
Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair.
'All may be done,' methinks I hear them say,
'Even death despised by generous actions fair;
All but for those who to these bowers repair!
Their every power dissolved in luxury,
To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,
And from the powerful arms of Sloth get free,
'T is rising from the dead: alas! it cannot be!'

LXII.

"Would you, then, learn to dissipate the band
Of these huge threatening difficulties dire,
That in the weak man's way like lions stand,
His soul appal, and damp his rising fire?
Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.
Exert that noblest privilege alone
Here to mankind indulged: Control desire:
Let godlike Reason, from her sovereign throne,
Speak the commanding word, 'I will!' and it is done.

LXIII.

"Heavens! can you, then, thus waste in shameful wise
Your few important days of trial here?
Heirs of eternity, yborn to rise
Through endless states of being, still more near
To bliss approaching, and perfection clear!
Can you renounce a fortune so sublime,
Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to steer,
And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud and slime?
No, no! your heaven-touch'd hearts disdain the sordid crime!"

LXIV.

"Enough! enough!" they cried: straight from the crowd
The better sort on wings of transport fly:
As when, amid the lifeless summits proud
Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid sky
Snows piled on snows in wintry torpor lie,
The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;
The' awaken'd heaps, in streamlets from on high,
Roused into action, lively leap away,
Glad-warbling through the vales, in their new being gay.

LXV.

Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,
That lighted up these new-created men,
Than that which wings the' exulting spirit clean,
When, just deliver'd from this fleshly den,
It soaring seeks its native skies agen.
How light its essence! how unclogg'd its powers,
Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen!
Even so we glad forsook these sinful bowers;
Even such enraptured life, such energy was ours.

LXVI.

But far the greater part, with rage inflamed,
Dire mutter'd curses, and blasphemed high Jove.
"Ye sons of hate!" they bitterly exclaim'd,
"What brought you to this seat of peace and love?
While with kind Nature, here amid the grove,
We pass'd the harmless sabbath of our time,
What to disturb it could, fell men, emove
Your barbarous hearts? Is happiness a crime?
Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon heaven sublime."

LXVII.

"Ye impious wretches," quoth the knight in wrath,
"Your happiness behold!"—Then straight a wand
He waved, an anti-magic power that hath
Truth from illusive falsehood to command.
Sudden the landscape sinks on every hand;
The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found;
On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd stand;
And, o'er the weedy, foul, abhorred ground,
Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature crawls around.

LXVIII.

And here and there, on trees by lightning scathed,
Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung;
Or, in fresh gore and recent murder bathed,
They weltering lay; or else, infuriate flung
Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung
The funeral dirge, they down the torrent roll'd:
These, by distemper'd blood to madness stung,
Had doom'd themselves; whence oft, when Night controll'd
The world, returning hither their sad spirits howl'd.

LXIX.

Meantime a moving scene was open laid:
That lazar-house, I whilom in my lay
Depeinted have, its horrors deep display'd,
And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.
Soon as of sacred light the' unwonted smile
Pour'd on these living catacombs its ray,
Through the drear caverns, stretching many a mile,
The sick up-raised their heads, and dropp'd their woes awhile.

LXX.

"O Heaven!" they cried, "and do we once more see
Yon blessed sun, and this green earth so fair?
Are we from noisome damps of pest-house free?
And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air?
O thou, or knight, or God, who holdest there
That fiend, O, keep him in eternal chains!
But what for us, the children of despair,
Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains?
Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains."

LXXI.

The gentle knight, who saw their rueful case,
Let fall adown his silver beard some tears.
"Certes," quoth he, "it is not even in Grace,
To' undo the past, and eke your broken years:
Nathless, to nobler worlds Repentance rears,
With humble hope, her eye; to her is given
A power the truly contrite heart that cheers;
She quells the brand by which the rocks are riven;
She more than merely softens—she rejoices—Heaven.

LXXII.

"Then patient bear the sufferings you have earn'd,
And by these sufferings purify the mind;
Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd:
Or pious die, with penitence resign'd;
And to a life more happy and refined,
Doubt not, you shall new creatures yet arise.
Till then, you may expect in me to find
One who will wipe your sorrow from your eyes,
One who will soothe your pangs, and wing you to the skies."

LXXIII.

They silent heard, and pour'd their thanks in tears.
"For you," resumed the knight with sterner tone,
"Whose hard dry hearts the' obdurate demon sears;
That villain's gifts will cost you many a groan.
In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan
His fatal charms, and weep your stains away;
Till, soft and pure as infant goodness grown,
You feel a perfect change: then, who can say
What grace may yet shine forth in Heaven's eternal day?"

LXXIV.

This said, his powerful wand he waved anew:
Instant, a glorious angel-train descends,—
The Charities, to wit, of rosy hue;
Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
And with seraphic flame compassion blends.
At once, delighted, to their charge they fly:
When, lo! a goodly hospital ascends;
In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,
That could the sick-bed smooth of that sad company.

LXXV.

It was a worthy, edifying sight,
And gives to human-kind peculiar grace,
To see kind hands attending day and night,
With tender ministry, from place to place.
Some prop the head; some from the pallid face
Wipe off the faint cold dews weak Nature sheds;
Some reach the healing draught: the whilst, to chase
The fear supreme, around their soften'd beds,
Some holy man by prayer all opening heaven dispreds.

LXXVI.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
Of those he rescued had from gaping hell,
Then turn'd the knight; and, to his hall again
Soft-pacing, sought of Peace the mossy cell.
Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
To see the helpless wretches that remain'd,
There left through delves and deserts dire to yell:
Amazed, their looks with pale dismay were stain'd,
And, spreading wide their hands, they meek repentance feign'd.

LXXVII.

But, ah! their scorned day of grace was past:
For, (horrible to tell!) a desert wild
Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and vast;
With gibbets, bones, and carcasses defiled.
There nor trim field nor lively culture smiled;
Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair:
But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely piled,
Through which they floundering toil'd with painful care,
Whilst Phœbus smote them sore, and fired the cloudless air.

LXXVIII.

Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,
The sadden'd country a grey waste appear'd,
Where nought but putrid streams and noisome fogs
For ever hung on drizzly Auster's beard;
Or else the ground, by piercing Caurus sear'd,
Was jagg'd with frost, or heap'd with glazed snow.
Through these extremes a ceaseless round they steer'd,
By cruel fiends still hurried to and fro,
Gaunt Beggary, and Scorn, with many hell-hounds moe.

LXXIX.

The first was with base dunghill rags yclad,
Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light;
Of morbid hue his features, sunk, and sad;
His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light;
And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
His black rough beard was matted rank and vile;
Direful to see! a heart-appalling sight!
Meantime foul scurf and blotches him defile;
And dogs, where'er he went, still barked all the while.

LXXX.

The other was a fell despiteful fiend :
Hell holds none worse in baleful bower below :
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour, keen'd ;
Of man, alike if good or bad, the foe.
With nose up-turn'd, he always made a show
As if he smelt some nauseous scent : his eye
Was cold and keen, like blast from Boreal snow ;
And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.
Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

LXXXI.

Even so through Brentford town, a town of mud,
A herd of bristly swine is prick'd along :
The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,
Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous song,
And oft they plunge themselves the mire among ;
But aye the ruthless driver goads them on,
And aye of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan ;
Ne ever find they rest from their unresting fone.

END OF THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

THE PERSONS DESCRIBED IN THE FIRST CANTO.

STANZAS LVII.—LIX.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark, &c.

These three stanzas are generally supposed to describe William Paterson, who was Thomson's deputy, and afterwards his successor, in the office of Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands.

TRAGEDIES.

SOPHONISBA.

AGAMEMNON.

EDWARD AND ELEONORA.

TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA.

THE PLAYS OF JAMES THOMSON

SOPHONISBA:

A TRAGEDY.

TO THE QUEEN.

MADAM,

THE notice your Majesty has condescended to take of the following Tragedy, emboldens me to lay it, in the humblest manner, at your Majesty's feet. And to whom can this illustrious Carthaginian so properly fly for protection, as to a queen who commands the hearts of a people more powerful at sea than Carthage, more flourishing in commerce than those first merchants, more secure against conquest, and under a monarchy more free than a commonwealth itself?.

I dare not, nor indeed need I, here attempt a character where both the great and the amiable qualities shine forth in full perfection. All words are faint to speak what is universally felt and acknowledged by a happy people. Permit me therefore only to subscribe myself, with the truest zeal and veneration,

Madam,

Your Majesty's most humble, most dutiful, and most devoted servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

PREFACE.

It is not my intention, in this preface, to defend any faults that may be found in the following piece. I am afraid there are too many; but those who are best able to discover, will be most ready to pardon, them. They alone know how difficult an undertaking the writing of a tragedy is: and this is a first attempt.

I beg leave only to mention the reason that determined me to make choice of this subject. What pleased me particularly (though perhaps it will not be least liable to objection with ordinary readers) was the great simplicity of the story. It is one, regular, and uniform; not charged with a multiplicity of incidents, and yet affording several revolutions of fortune, by which the passions may be excited, varied, and driven to their full tumult of emotion.

This unity of design was always sought after and admired by the ancients: and the most eminent among the moderns who understood their writings, have chosen to imitate them in this, from an entire conviction that the reason of it must hold good in all ages. And here allow me to translate a passage from the celebrated Monsieur Racine, which contains all that I have to say on this head:—

"We must not fancy that this rule has no other foundation but the caprice of those who made it. Nothing can touch us in tragedy, but what is probable. And what probability is there that in one day should happen a multitude of things which could scarce happen in several weeks? There are some who think that this simplicity is a mark of barrenness of invention. But they do not consider that, on the contrary, invention consists of making something out of nothing; and that this huddle of incidents has always been the refuge of poets who did not find in their genius either richness or force enough to engage their spectators, for five acts together, by a simple action, supported by the violence of passions, the beauty of sentiments, and the nobleness of expression." I would not be understood to mean that all these things are to be found in my perform-

ance: I only show the reader what I aimed at, and how I would have pleased him, had it been in my power.

As to the character of Sophonisba: in drawing it, I have confined myself to the truth of history. It were an affront to the age, to suppose such a character out of nature; especially in a country which has produced so many great examples of public spirit and heroic virtues, even in the softer sex: and I had destroyed her character entirely, had I not marked it with that strong love to her country, disdain of servitude, and inborn aversion to the Romans, by which all historians have distinguished her. Nor ought her marrying Masinissa, while her former husband was still alive, to be reckoned a blemish in her character. For, by the laws both of Rome and Carthage, the captivity of the husband dissolved the marriage of course, as among us impotence or adultery; not to mention the reasons of a moral and public nature, which I have put into her own mouth in the scene betwixt her and Syphax.

This is all I have to say of the play itself. But I cannot conclude without owning my obligations to those concerned in the representation. They have indeed done me more than justice. Whatever was designed as amiable and engaging in Masinissa shines out in Mr. Wilks's action. Mrs. Oldfield, in the character of Sophonisba, has excelled what, even in the fondness of an author, I could either wish or imagine. The grace, dignity, and happy variety of her action have been universally applauded, and are truly admirable.

PROLOGUE,

BY A FRIEND.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILLIAMS.

When Learning, after the long Gothic night,
Fair o'er the western world renew'd its light,
With arts arising Sophonisba rose:
The Tragic Muse, returning, wept her woes.
With her the' Italian scene first learn'd to glow,
And the first tears for her were taught to flow.
Her charms the Gallic Muses next inspired:
Corneille himself saw, wonder'd, and was fired.
What foreign theatres with pride have shown,
Britain, by juster title, makes her own.
When freedom is the cause, 't is hers to fight;
And hers, when freedom is the theme, to write.
For this a British author bids again
The heroine rise, to grace the British scene.
Here, as in life, she breathes her genuine flame:
She asks, "What bosom has not felt the same?"
Asks of the British youth.—Is silence there?
She dares to ask it of the British fair.
To-night, our homespun author would be true
At once to nature, history, and you.
Well-pleased to give our neighbours due applause,
He owns their learning, but disdains their laws.
Not to his patient touch or happy flame,
'T is to his British heart he trusts for fame.
If France excel him in one free-born thought,
The man, as well as poet, is in fault.
Nature, informer of the poet's art,
Whose force alone can raise or melt the heart!
Thou art his guide: each passion, every line,
Whate'er he draws to please, must all be thine.
Be thou his judge: in every candid breast
Thy silent whisper is the sacred test.

SOPHONISBA:

A TRAGEDY.

THE PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MASINISSA, king of Massylia	Mr. Wilks.
SYPHAX, king of Massæylia	Mr. Mills.
NARVA, friend to Masinissa	Mr. Roberts.
SCIPIO, the Roman general	Mr. Williams.
LÆLIUS, his lieutenant	Mr. Bridgwater.
SOPHONISBA	Mrs. Oldfield.
PHŒNISSA, her friend	Mrs. Roberts.

Messenger, Slave, Guards, and Attendants.

Scene, the Palace of Cirtha.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

SOPHONISBA, PHŒNISSA.

Soph. THIS hour, Phœnissa, this important hour
r fixes me a queen, or from a throne
hrows Sophonisba into Roman chains.
etested thought! For now, his utmost force
ollected, desperate, distress'd, and sore
rom battles lost, with all the rage of war
l-fated Syphax his last effort makes.
But say, thou partner of my hopes and fears,
hœnissa, say: while from the lofty tower
ur straining eyes the field of battle sought,
h! thought you not that our Numidian troops
ave up the bloody field, and scattering fled,
'ild o'er the hills, from the rapacious sons
f still-triumphant Rome?

Phœ. Perhaps they wheel'd,

As is their custom, to return more fierce.
Distrust not Fortune, while you yet may hope;
And think not, madam, Syphax can resign,
But with his ebbing life, in this last field,
At once a kingdom, and a queen he loves
Beyond ambition's brightest wish; for whom,
Nor moved by threats, nor bound by plighted faith,
He scorn'd the Roman friendship, (that fair name
For slavery,) and from the' engagements broke
Of Scipio, famed for every winning art,
The towering genius of recover'd Rome.

Soph. O, name him not! These Romans stir my blood
To too much rage. I cannot bear the fortune
Of that proud people.—Said you not, Phœnissa,
That Syphax loved me; which would fire his soul,
And urge him on to death or conquest? True,
He loves me with the madness of desire:
His every passion is a slave to love;
Nor heeds he danger where I bid him go,
Nor leagues, nor interest. Hence these endless wars,
These ravaged countries, these successless fights,
Sustain'd for Carthage; whose defence alone,
Not love, engaged my marriage-vows with his.
But know you not, that in the Roman camp
I have a lover too; a gallant, brave,
And disappointed lover, full of wrath,
Returning to a kingdom whence the sword
Of Syphax drove him?

Phœ. Masinissa?

Soph. He:
Young Masinissa, the Massylian king,
The first addresser of my youth; for whom
My bosom felt a fond beginning wish,
Extinguish'd soon when once, by Scipio's arts
Won over, he became the slave of Rome.
E'er since, my heart has held him in contempt,
And thrown out each idea of his worth
That there began to grow. Nay, had it been
As much enthrall'd and soft as hers who sits
In secret shades or by the falling stream,
And wastes her being in unutter'd pangs,
I would have broke, or cured it of its fondness.

Phœ. Heroic Sophonisba!

Soph. No, Phœnissa;
It is not for the daughter of great Asdrubal,
Descended from a long illustrious line
Of Carthaginian heroes, who have oft
Fill'd Italy with terror and dismay,
And shook the walls of Rome, to pine in love,
Like a deluded maid; to give her life,
And heart high-beating in her country's cause,
To mean domestic cares and idle joys;
Much less to one who stoops his neck to Rome,
An enemy to Carthage, Masinissa.

Phœ. Think not I mean to check that glorious flame,
That just ambition, which exalts your soul,
Glows on your cheek, and lightens in your eye.
Yet would he had been yours, this rising prince!
For, trust me, Fame is fond of Masinissa.
His courage, conduct, deep-experienced youth,
And vast unbroken spirit in distress,
Still rising stronger from the last defeat,
Are all the talk, and terror too, of Afric.
Who has not heard the story of his woes?
How hard he came to his paternal realm:
Whence soon by Syphax' unrelenting hate
And jealous Carthage driven, he with a few
Fled to the mountains. Then, I think, it was,
Hemm'd in a circle of impending rocks,
That all his followers fell, save fifty horse;
Who, thence escaped through secret paths abrupt,
Gain'd the Clupean plain. There overtook,
And urged by fierce surrounding foes, he burst,
With four alone, sore wounded, through their ranks,
And all amidst a deep-swoln torrent plunged.
Seized by the whirling gulf, two sunk; and two,
With him obliquely hurried down the stream,
Swam to the farther shore. The' astonish'd foes
Stood check'd and shivering on the gloomy brink,
And deem'd him lost in the devouring flood.
Meantime the dauntless, undespairing youth
Lay in a cave concealed, curing his wounds
With mountain-herbs, and on his horses fed:
Nor here, even at the lowest ebb of life,
Stoop'd his aspiring mind. What need I say
once again restored, and *once* again

Expell'd, among the Garamantian hills
He since has wander'd, till the Roman arm
Revived his cause! And who shall reign alone,
Syphax or he, this day decides.
Soph. Enough:
Thou need'st not blazon thus his fame, Phœnissa.
Were he as glorious as the pride of woman
Could wish, in all her wantonness of thought;
The joy of human-kind; wise, valiant, good;
With every praise, with every laurel crown'd;
The warrior's wonder, and the virgin's sigh:
Yet this would cloud him o'er, this blemish all,—
His mean submission to the Roman yoke;
That, false to Carthage, Afric, and himself,
With proffer'd hand and knee, he hither led
These ravagers of earth.—But while we talk,
The work of fate goes on; even now perhaps
My dying country bleeds in every vein,
And the proud victor thunders at our gate.

SCENE II.

SOPHONISBA, PHŒNISSA, *and to them a Messenger from the battle.*

Soph. Ah! whence art thou? speak, though thy bleeding wounds
Might well excuse thy tongue.
Mes. Madam, escaped
From yon dire field, alas! I come——
Soph. No more:
At once thy meaning flashes o'er my soul.
O all my vanish'd hopes! O fatal chance
Of undiscerning war! And is all lost?
An universal ruin?
Mes. Madam, all:
Of all our numerous host scarce one is saved.
The king—
Soph. Ah! what of him?
Mes. His fiery steed,
By Masinissa, the Massylian prince,
Pierced, threw him headlong to his clustering foes;
And now he comes in chains.
Soph. O worst of ills!

Absolute gods! all Afric is in chains!
The weeping world in chains!—O, is there not
A time, a righteous time, reserved in fate,
When these oppressors of mankind shall feel
The miseries they give, and blindly fight
For their own fetters too?—The conquering troops,
How points their motion?

Mes. At my heels they came,
Loud-shouting, dreadful, in a cloud of dust,
By Masinissa headed.

Soph. Hark! arrived.
The murmuring crowd rolls frighted to the palace.
Thou bleed'st to death, poor faithful wretch: away,
And dress thy wounds, if life be worth thy care;
Though Rome, methinks, will lose a slave in thee.
Would Sophonisba were as near the verge
Of boundless and immortal liberty!

SCENE III.

SOPHONISBA, PHŒNISSA.

(After a pause.)

Soph. And wherefore not? When liberty is lost,
Let abject cowards live; but in the brave
It were a treachery to themselves, enough
To merit chains. And is it fit for me,
Who in my veins, from Asdrubal derived,
Hold Carthaginian enmity to Rome;
Who sold my joyless youth to Syphax' arms,
For her destruction;—is it fit for me
To sit in feeble grief, and trembling wait
The' approaching victor's rage? reserved in chains
To grace his triumph, and become the scorn
Of every Roman dame—Gods! how my soul
Disdains the thought! This, this shall set it free.

(Offers to stab herself.)

Phœ. Hold, Sophonisba, hold! my friend, my queen,
For whom alone I live! Hold your rash hand,
Nor through your guardian bosom stab your country.
That is our last resort, and always sure:
The gracious gods are liberal of death,
To that last blessing lend a thousand ways.
I 'd have you live to drag a chain,

And walk the triumph of insulting Rome.
No, by these tears of loyalty and love,
Ere I beheld so vile a sight, this hand
Should urge the faithful poniard to your heart,
And glory in the deed. But, while hope lives,
Let not the generous die. 'T is late before
The brave despair.

Soph. Thou copy of my soul,
And now my friend indeed! show me but hope,
One glimpse of hope, and I'll renew my toils;
Call patience, labour, fortitude again,
The vex'd unjoyous day, and sleepless night;
Nor shrink at danger, any shape of death:
Show me the smallest hope. Alas, Phœnissa,
Too fondly confident! Hope lives not here,
Fled with her sister Liberty beyond
The Garamantian hills, to some steep wild,
Some undiscover'd country, where the foot
Of Roman cannot come.

Phœ. Yes, there she lived
With Masinissa wounded and forlorn,
Amidst the serpent's hiss and tiger's yell.

Soph. Why namest thou him?

Phœ. Madam, in this forgive
My forward zeal: from him proceeds our hope.
He loved you once; nor is your form impair'd;
Time has matured it into stronger charms.
Ask his protection from the Roman power:
You must prevail; for Sophonisba, sure,
From Masinissa cannot ask in vain.

Soph. Now, by the prompting Genius of my country,
I thank thee for the thought. True, there is pain
Even in descending thus to beg protection
From that degenerate youth. But, O, for thee,
My sinking country, and again to gall
This hated Rome, what would I not endure?
It shall be done, Phœnissa; though disgust
Hold back my struggling heart, it shall be done.
But hark: they come! In this disorder'd tumult
It fits not Sophonisba to be seen:
I'll wait a calmer hour. Let us retire.

SCENE IV.

MASINISSA, SYPHAX *in chains*, NARVA, *Guards, &c.*

Sy. Is there no dungeon in this city, dark
As is my troubled soul, that thus I'm brought
To my own palace, to those rooms of state,
Wont in another manner to receive me,
With other signs of royalty than these?
(Looking on his chains.)

Mas. I will not wound thee, nor insult thee, Syphax,
With a recital of thy tyrant crimes.
A captive here I see thee, fallen below
My most revengeful wish; and all the rage,
The noble fury that this morn inflamed me,
Is sunk to soft compassion. In the field,
The perilous front of war, there is the scene
Of brave revenge; and I have sought thee there,
Keen as the wounded lion seeks his foe.
But when a broken enemy disarm'd
And helpless lies, a falling sword, an eye
With pity flowing, and an arm as weak
As infant softness, then become the brave.
Believe it, Syphax, my relenting soul
Melts at thy fate.

Sy. This, this is all I dread,
All I detest, this insolence refined,
This affectation of superior goodness.
Pitied by thee!—Is there a form of death,
Of torture, and of infamy like that?
Ye partial gods, to what have you debased me!
I feel your worst; why should I fear you more?
Hear me, vain youth! Take notice: I abhor
Thy mercy, loathe it. Use me like a slave;
As I would thee, (delicious thought!) wert thou
Here crouching in my power.

Mas. Outrageous man!
Thou canst not drive me, by thy bitterest rage,
To an unmanly deed; not all thy wrongs
Can force my patient soul to stain its virtue.

Sy. I cannot wrong thee. When we drive the spear
Into the monster's heart, or crush the serpent,
Can that be call'd a wrong? *'T is self*-defence.

Mas. I'm loath to hurt thee more. The tyrant worl
Too fierce already in thy rankled breast.
But since thou seem'st to rank me with thyself,
With great destroyers, with perfidious kings,
I must reply to thy licentious tongue;
Bid thee remember whose accursed sword
Began this work of death; who broke the ties,
The holy ties, attested by the gods,
Which bind the nations in the bond of peace;
Who meanly took advantage of my youth,
Unskill'd in arms, unsettled on my throne,
And drove me to the desert, there to dwell
With kinder monsters; who my cities sack'd,
My country pillaged, and my subjects murder'd;
Who still pursued me with inveterate hate,
When open force proved vain, with ruffian arts,
The villain's dagger, base assassination.
And for no reason all: brute violence
Alone thy plea. What the least provocation,
Say, canst thou but pretend!

Sy. I needed none.
Nature has in my being sown the seeds
Of enmity to thine. Nay, mark me this:
Couldst thou restore me to my former state,
Strike off these chains, give me my crown again;
Yet must I still, implacable to thee,
Seek eagerly thy death, or die myself.
Life cannot hold us both.—Unequal gods,
Who love to disappoint mankind, and take
All vengeance to yourselves! why to the point
Of my long-flatter'd wishes did ye lift me,
Then sink me down so low? Just as I aim'd
The glorious stroke that was to make me happy,
Why did you blast my strong extended arm,
But that to mock us is your cruel sport!
What else is human life?

Mas. Thus always join'd
With an inhuman heart, and brutal manners,
Is irreligion to the ruling gods;
Whose schemes our peevish ignorance arraigns,
Our thoughtless pride. Thy lost condition, Syphax,
Is nothing to the tumult of thy breast:
There lies the sting of evil, there the drop

That poisons nature. Ye mysterious Powers,
Whose ways are ever gracious, ever just!
As ye think wisest, best, dispose of me:
But, whether through your gloomy depths I wander,
Or on your mountains walk, give me the calm,
The steady, smiling soul, where wisdom sheds
Eternal sunshine and eternal peace.
Then, if misfortune comes, she brings along
The bravest virtues. And so many great
Illustrious spirits have conversed with Woe,
Have in her school been taught, as are enough
To consecrate distress, and make Ambition
Even wish the frown beyond the smile of Fortune.

Sy. Torture and racks! This is the common trick
Of insolent success, unsuffering pride,—
This prate of patience, and I know not what.
'T is all a lie, impracticable rant;
And only tends to make me scorn thee more.
But why this talk? In mercy send me hence;
Yet, ere I go, O, save me from distraction!
I know, hot youth, thou burnest for my queen;
But by the majesty of ruin'd kings,
And that commanding glory which surrounds her,
I charge thee, touch her not!

Mas. No, Syphax, no!
Thou need'st not charge me: that were mean indeed,
A triumph that to thee. But could I stoop
Again to love her, thou, what right hast thou,
A captive, to her bed? Thy bonds divorce
And free her from thy power. All laws in this,
Roman and Carthaginian, all agree.

Sy. Here, here, begins the bitterness of ruin;
Here my chains grind me first!

Mas. Poor Sophonisba!
She too becomes the prize of conquering Rome;
What most her heart abhors. Alas! how hard
Will slavery sit on her exalted soul!
She never will endure it; she will die.
For not a Roman burns with nobler ardour,
A higher sense of liberty, than she;
And though she married thee,—her only stain,—
False to my youth, and faithless to her vows;

Yet, I must own it, from a worthy cause,
From public spirit, did her fault proceed.
Sy. Must I then hear her praise from thee? Confusion!
O for a lonely dungeon, where I rather
Would talk with my own groans, and breathe revenge,
Than in the mansions of the bless'd with thee!
Hell! whither must I go?
Mas. Unhappy man!
And is thy breast determined against peace,
On comfort shut?
Sy. On all, but death from thee.
Mas. Narva, be Syphax thy peculiar care;
And use him well, with tenderness and honour.
This evening Lælius, and to-morrow Scipio,
To Cirtha comes. Then let the Romans take
Their prisoner.
Sy. There shines a gleam of hope
Across the gloom. From thee deliver'd! Ease
Breathes in that thought.—Lead on: my heart grows lighter!

SCENE V.

MASINISSA.

What dreadful havoc in the human breast
The passions make, when, unconfined and mad,
They burst unguided by the mental eye,
The light of reason, which in various ways
Points them to good, or turns them back from ill!
O save me from the tumult of the soul,
From the wild beasts within! For circling sands,
When the swift whirlwind whelms them o'er the lands;
The roaring deeps that to the clouds arise,
While through the storm the darting lightning flies;
The monster-brood to which this land gives birth;
The blazing city, and the gaping earth;
All deaths, all tortures, in one pang combined,
Are gentle to the tempest of the mind.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

MASINISSA, NARVA.

Mas. THOU good old man, by whom my youth was form'd,
The firm companion of my various life!
I own, 't is true, that Sophonisba's image
Lives in my bosom still; and at each glance
I take in secret of the bright idea,
A strange disorder seizes on my soul,
Which burns with stronger glory. Need I say,
How once she had my vows? Till Scipio came,—
Resistless man!—like a descending god,
And snatch'd me from the Carthaginian side
To nobler Rome; beneath whose laurell'd brow
And favouring eye the nations grow polite,
Humane, and happy. Then thou may'st remember,
Such is this woman's high impetuous spirit,
That all-controlling love she bears her country,
Her Carthage, that for this she sacrificed
To Syphax, unbeloved, her blooming years,
And won him off from Rome.

Nar. My generous prince!
Applauding Afric of thy choice approves:
Fame claps her wings, and Virtue smiles on thee,
Of peace thou softener, and thou soul of war!
But, O, beware of that fair foe to glory,
Woman! and most of Carthaginian woman!
Who has not heard of fatal Punic guile?
Of their stolen conquests, their insidious leagues,
Their Asdrubals, their Hannibals, with all
Their wily heroes? And, if such their men,
What must their women be?

Mas. You make me smile.
I thank thy honest zeal: but never dread
The firmness of my heart, the strong attachment
I hold to Rome, to Scipio, and to glory.
Indeed, I cannot, would not quite forget
The grace of Sophonisba; how she look'd,
And talk'd, and moved, a Pallas, or a Juno!
Accomplish'd even in trifles, when she stoop'd

[illegible] thoughts, and with a silent eye
[illegible] pitch, [illegible] gazer lie.
[illegible] and wife,
[illegible] song, and the flower swam
Through all the mazes of harmony. Believe me,
[illegible] we my painting and
[illegible] to the life pursuit
[illegible] and be my people's happiness,
[illegible] and though now
[illegible] by most necessity to see her,
[illegible] you will I still
[illegible] her.

Nor. I'll not doubt thy fortitude,
By Mahomet, thy exalted purpose
Not to be lost in love; but, ah! we know not
Oft, till Repentance sighs it to the soul,
The boundless wickedness of unmarking woman,
And our own slippery hearts. From Scipio learn
The temperance of heroes. I'll recount
The instructive story, what these eyes beheld.
Perhaps you've heard it; but 'tis pleasing still,
Though told a thousand times.

Maz. I burn to hear it.
Lost by my late misfortunes in the desert,
I lived a stranger to the voice of Fame,
To Scipio's last exploits. Indulge me now.
Great actions, even recounted, raise the mind;
But when a friend has done them, then, my Narva,
They doubly charm us; then with more than wonder,
Even with a sort of vanity, we listen.

Nor. When to his glorious first essay in war
New Carthage fell, there all the flower of Spain
Were kept in hostage; a full field presenting
For Scipio's generosity to shine.
And then it was, that when the hero heard
How I to thee belong'd, he with large gifts
And friendly words dismiss'd me.

Maz. I remember:
And in his favour that engaged me first.
But to thy story.

Nor. What with admiration
Struck every heart was this:—A noble virgin,
Conspicuous far o'er all the captive dames,

Was mark'd the general's prize. She wept and blush'd,
Young, fresh, and blooming like the morn:—an eye,
As when the blue sky trembles through a cloud
Of purest white: a secret charm combined
Her features, and infused enchantment through them:
Her shape was harmony.—But eloquence
Beneath her beauty fails; which seem'd on purpose
By Nature lavish'd on her, that mankind
Might see the virtue of a hero tried
Almost beyond the stretch of human force.
Soft as she pass'd along, with downcast eyes,
Where gentle sorrow swell'd, and now and then
Dropp'd o'er her modest cheek a trickling tear,
The Roman legions languish'd, and hard War
Felt more than pity. Even their chief himself,
As on his high tribunal raised he sat,
Turn'd from the dangerous sight, and chiding ask'd
His officers, if by this gift they meant
To cloud his glory in its very dawn.

Mas. O gods, my fluttering heart! On, stop not, Narva.

Nar. She, question'd of her birth, in trembling accents,
With tears and blushes broken, told her tale.
But when he found her royally descended,
Of her old captive parents the sole joy;
And that a hapless Celtiberian prince,
Her lover and beloved, forgot his chains,
His lost dominions, and for her alone
Wept out his tender soul; sudden the heart
Of this young, conquering, loving, godlike Roman
Felt all the great divinity of virtue.
His wishing youth stood check'd, his tempting power
Restrain'd, by kind humanity.—At once
He for her parents and her lover call'd.
The various scene imagine: how his troops
Look'd dubious on, and wonder'd what he meant;
While stretch'd below the trembling suppliants lay,
Rack'd by a thousand mingling passions,—fear,
Hope, jealousy, disdain, submission, grief,
Anxiety, and love in every shape.
To these as different sentiments succeeded,
As mix'd emotions, when the man divine
Thus the dread silence to the lover broke:
"We both are young, both charm'd. The right of war

Has put thy beauteous mistress in my power;
With whom I could in the most sacred ties
Live out a happy life: but know that Romans
Their hearts as well as enemies can conquer.
Then take her to thy soul; and with her take
Thy liberty and kingdom. In return
I ask but this:—When you behold these eyes,
These charms, with transport, be a friend to Rome."

Mas. There spoke the soul of Scipio. But the lovers?

Nar. Joy and ecstatic wonder held them mute;
While the loud camp, and all the clustering crowd
That hung around, rang with repeated shouts.
Fame took the' alarm, and through resounding Spain
Blew fast the fair report; which, more than arms,
Admiring nations to the Romans gain'd.

Mas. My friend in glory! thy awaken'd prince
Springs at thy noble tale. It fires my soul,
And nerves each thought anew; apt oft, perhaps,
Too much, too much, to slacken into love.
But now the soft oppression flies, and all
My mounting powers expand to deeds like these.
Who, who would live, my Narva, just to breathe
This idle air, and indolently run,
Day after day, the still-returning round
Of life's mean offices and sickly joys?
But, in the service of mankind, to be
A guardian-god below; still to employ
The mind's brave ardour in heroic aims,
Such as may raise us o'er the grovelling herd,
And make us shine for ever; that is life.
Bleed every vein about me, every nerve
With anguish tremble, every sinew ache;
The third time may I lose my crown; again
Wander the false, inhospitable Syrts;
If, to reward my toils, the gods will grant me
To share the wreath of fame on Scipio's brow!
But see, she comes, the beauteous Sophonisba!
Behold, my friend, mark her majestic port!

SCENE II.

MASINISSA, SOPHONISBA, NARVA, PHŒNISSA.

Soph. Behold, victorious prince, the scene reversed,
And Sophonisba kneeling here a captive,

O'er whom the gods, thy fortune, and thy virtue
Give thee unquestion'd power of life and death.
If such an one may raise her suppliant voice,
Once music to thy ear; if she may touch
Thy knee, thy purple, and thy victor-hand;
O, listen, Masinissa,—let thy soul
Intensely listen,—while I fervent pray,
And strong adjure thee by that regal state
In which with equal pomp we lately shone;
By the Numidian name, our common boast;
And by those household gods; who may, I wish,
With better omens take thee to this palace,
Than Syphax hence they sent! As is thy pleasure,
In all beside, determine of my fate.
This, this alone I beg:—Never, O, never
Into the cruel, proud, and hated power
Of Romans let me fall. Since angry Heaven
Will have it so, that I must be a slave,
And that a galling chain must bind these hands,
It were some little softening in my doom,
To call a kindred son of the same clime,
A native of Numidia, my lord.
But if thou canst not save me from the Romans,
If this sad favour be beyond thy power,
At least to give me death is what thou canst.
Here, strike; my naked bosom courts thy sword;
And my last breath shall bless thee, Masinissa!

Mas. Rise, Sophonisba, rise. To see thee thus,
Is a revenge I scorn; and all the man
Within me, though much injured by thy pride
And spirit too tempestuous for thy sex,
Yet blushes to behold thus at my feet,
Thus prostrate low, her for whom kings have kneel'd,
The fairest, but the falsest, of her sex.

Soph. Spare thy reproach: 't is cruel thus to lose,
In rankling discord and ungenerous strife,
The few remaining moments that divide me
From the most loathed of evils,—Roman bondage.
Yes, shut thy heart against me; shut thy heart
Against compassion, every human thought,
Even recollected love: yet know, rash youth,
That when thou seest me swell their lofty triumph,
Thou seest thyself in me. This is my day;

To-morrow will be thine. But here, be sure,
Here will I lie on this vile earth, forlorn,
Of hope abandon'd, since despised by thee;
These locks all loose and sordid in the dust;
This sullied bosom growing to the ground;
Till the remorseless soldier comes, more fierce
From recent blood, and in thy very eye
Lays, raging, his rude, sanguinary grasp
On these weak limbs, and tortures them with chains.
Then if no friendly steel, no nectar'd draught
Of deadly poison, can enlarge my soul,
It will indignant burst from a slave's body,
And, join'd to mighty Dido, scorn ye all.

Mas. O Sophonisba! 't is not safe to hear thee;
And I mistook my heart, to trust it thus.
Hence let me fly.

Soph. You shall not, Masinissa!
Here will I hold you, tremble here for ever;
Here unremitting grow, till you consent.
And canst thou think, O, canst thou think to leave me,
Exposed, defenceless, wretched, here alone,
A prey to Romans flush'd with blood and conquest,
The subject of their scorn or baser love?
Sure, Masinissa cannot; and, though changed,
Though cold as that averted look he wears,
Sure love can ne'er in generous breasts be lost
To that degree as not from shame and outrage
To save what once they loved.

Mas. Enchantment! Madness!
What would'st thou, Sophonisba? O my heart,
My treacherous heart!

Soph. What would I, Masinissa?
My mean request sits blushing on my cheek:
To be thy slave, young prince, is what I beg.
Here Sophonisba kneels to be thy slave;
Yet kneels in vain. But thou 'rt a slave thyself,
And canst not from the Romans save one woman;
Her who was once the triumph of thy soul,
Ere they seduced it by their lying glory.
Immortal gods! and am I fallen so low?
Scorn'd by a lover! by the man whom once
My heart, alas! too much inclined to love,
Before he sunk into the slave of Rome!

remendous Powers that rule mankind,
en and earth and hell, by love and glory,
ians shall not hurt you. Romans *cannot;*
.e is generous as the gods themselves,
ours, not insults, a generous foe:
'e you dread them, take this royal hand,
ge of surety, by which kings are bound;
a I hold you mine, and vow to treat you
the softness of remember'd love,
can soothe thy fate and make thee happy.
I thank thee, Masinissa! now the same,
e bright youth, exalted, full of soul,
.om in happier days I used to pass
ler hour; while, dawning fair in love,
and sweetness, life set joyous out;
black tempest of ambition rose,
ve us different ways. Thus dress'd in war,
ng plumes, o'ercast with sullen thought,
rposed vengeance dark, I knew thee not;
breaks out the beauteous sun anew,
Numidian shines, who warm'd me once,
ove was glory.—Vain ideas, hence!
.ce, my heart, to nobler passions known,
: acquaintance scorn'd.
O! while you talk,
ing fair one, my deluded thought

Retire, and from the troubles of the day
Repose thy weary soul, worn out with care
And rough, unhappy thought.
Soph. May Masinissa
Ne'er want the goodness he has shown to me!

SCENE III.

MASINISSA, NARVA.

Mas. The danger's o'er; I've heard the siren's song,
Yet still to virtue hold my steady course.
I mark'd thy kind concern, thy friendly fears,
And own them just; for she has beauty, Narva,
So full, so perfect, with so great a soul
Inform'd, so raised with animating spirit,
As strikes like lightning from the hand of Jove,
And raises love to glory.
Nar. Ah, my prince!
Too true, it is too true: her fatal charms
Are powerful, and to Masinissa's heart
Know but too well the way. And art thou sure
That the soft poison, which within thy veins
Lay unextinguish'd, is not roused anew?
Is not this moment working through thy soul?
Dost thou not love? Confess.
Mas. What said my friend
Of poison? love? of loving Sophonisba?
Yes; I admire her, wonder at her beauty;
And he who does not is as dull as earth,
The cold unanimated form of man,
Ere lighted up with the celestial fire.
Where'er she goes, still Admiration gazes,
And listens while she talks. Even thou thyself,
Who saw'st her with the malice of a friend,
Even thou thyself admirest her; dost thou not?
Say, speak sincerely.
Nar. She has charms indeed;
But has she charms like Virtue? Though majestic,
Does she command us with a force like Glory?
Mas. All glory's in her eye! Perfection thence
Looks from its throne; and on her ample brow
Sits Majesty. Her features glow with life,
Warm with heroic soul. Her mien! she walks

n a towering goddess treads this earth.
en her language flows; when such a mind
ls to soothe, to sigh, to weep, to grasp
tering knee; O, Narva, Narva, O!
ion here is dumb.
Alas, my lord!
.he talk of sober admiration?
se the sallies of a heart at ease,
io's friend? Is this thy steady virtue?
I tell thee once again, too cautious man,
ıen a woman begs, a matchless woman,
ın once beloved, a fallen queen,
onisba; when she twines her charms
our soul, and all her power of looks,
, of sighs, of softness, plays upon us;
ore or less than man who can resist her.
, my steadfast soul approves—nay, more,
in—the protection it has promised:
ıught, though plighted honour did not bind me,
shake the virtuous purpose of my heart;
, by the' avenging gods who heard my vow,
ar me now again!
And was it then
ı you conquer'd?
Yes, and triumph in it.
ıs my fondest wish; the very point,
:me of glory, the delicious prize
ling years. I must have been a brute,
er monster than Numidia breeds,
ır to myself, if on the ground,
ely from me, I the' illustrious fair
t to bondage, bitterness, and death.
there aught in war worth what I feel;
p and hollow state, like the sweet sense
lt bliss which the reflection gives me
ıg thus such excellence and beauty
'hat her generous soul abhors the most.
My friend, my royal lord, alas! you slide,
ık from virtue. On the giddy brink
you stand: one step, and all is lost!
No more, no more! If this is being lost,
shing down the precipice of fate,
own I go, far, far beyond the reach

Of scrupulous, dull precaution. Leave me, Narva:
I want to be alone; to find some shade,
Some solitary gloom; there to shake off
These harsh, tumultuous cares that vex my life,
This sick ambition on itself recoiling;
And there to listen to the gentle voice,
The sigh of peace, something, I know not what,
That whispers transport to my heart. Farewell.

SCENE IV.

NARVA *alone.*

Struck, and he knows it not. So, when the field,
Elate in heart, the warrior scorns to yield,
The streaming blood can scarce convince his eyes,
Nor will he feel the wound by which he dies.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

MASINISSA *alone.*

IN vain I wander through the shade for Peace:
'T is with the calm alone, the pure of heart,
That there the goddess talks: but in my breast
Some busy thought, some secret eating pang,
Still restless throbs, on Sophonisba still
Earnest, intent, devoted all to her.
What may this mean? 'T is Love, almighty Love,
Returning on me with a stronger tide.
Come to my breast, thou rosy-smiling god!
Come, unconfined! Bring all thy joys along,
All thy soft cares, and mix them copious here.
Quick, let me fly to her; and there forget
This tedious absence, war, ambition, noise,
Friendship itself, the vanity of fame,
And all but love; for love is more than all!

SCENE II.

MASINISSA, NARVA.

Mas. Welcome again, my friend. Come nearer, Narva;
Lend me thine arm, and I will tell thee all,
Unfold my secret heart, whose every pulse
With Sophonisba beats.—Nay, hear me out.—
Swift, as I mused, the conflagration spread;
At once too strong, too general, to be quench'd.
I love, and I approve it, doat upon her,
Even think these minutes lost I talk with thee.
Heavens! what emotions have possess'd my soul,
Snatch'd by a moment into years of passion!
Nar. Ah, Masinissa!—
Mas. Argue not against me.
Talk down the circling winds that lift the desert;
And when by lightning fired the forests blaze,
Talk down the flame, but not my stronger love.
I have for love a thousand thousand reasons,
Dear to the heart, and potent o'er the soul.
My every thought, reflection, memory, all
Are a perpetual spring of tenderness.
O Sophonisba! I am wholly thine!*
Nar. Is this deceitful day, then, come to nought!
This day that set thee on a double throne;
That gave thee Syphax chain'd, thy deadly foe;
With perfect conquest crown'd thee, perfect glory;—
Is it so soon eclipsed? And does yon sun,
Yon setting sun, who this fair morning saw thee
Ride through the ranks of long-extended war,
As radiant as himself; and, when the storm
Began, beheld thee tread the rising surge
Of battle high, and drive it on the foe;—
Does he now, blushing, see thee sunk so weak,
Caught in a smile, the captive of a look?
I cannot name it without tears.
Mas. Away!
I 'm sick of war, of the destroying trade,
Smooth'd o'er and gilded with the name of glory.
In vain you spread the martial field to me:

* In the first and second editions this line was, "O Sophonisba! Sophonisba O!"

My happier eyes are turn'd another way,
Behold it not; or, if they do, behold it
Shrunk up, far off, a visionary scene;
As to the waking man appears the dream.

Nar. Or, rather, as realities appear,
The virtue, pomp, and dignities of life,
In sick, disorder'd dreams.

Mas. Think not I scorn
The task of heroes, when oppression rages,
And lawless violence confounds the world.
Who would not bleed with transport for his country,
Tear every tender passion from his heart,
And greatly die to make a people happy;
Ought not to taste of happiness himself,
And is low-soul'd indeed. But sure, my friend,
There is a time for love; or life were vile,
A tedious circle of unjoyous days
With senseless hurry fill'd, distasteful, wretched,
Till Love comes smiling in, and brings his sweets,
His healing sweets, soft cares, transporting joys,
That make the poor account of life complete,
And justify the gods.

Nar. Mistaken prince,
I blame not Love: but—

Mas. Slander not my passion:
I've suffer'd thee too far. Take heed, old man;
I will not bear an accusation, Narva.

Nar. I'll speak the truth, when Truth and Friendship call,
[illegible] thy frown unkind. Thou hast no right
[illegible]sba; she belongs to Rome.

Mas. Ah! she belongs to Rome.—'T is true. My thoughts,
[illegible] you wander'd, not to think of this?
[illegible] I promised, ere I loved? Confusion!
[illegible] what to say. I should have loved,
[illegible] in muttering thunder had forbid it.
[illegible] will not refuse so small a boon,
[illegible] are kingdoms: Rome must grant it, sure,
[illegible] to my wish, one poor request;
[illegible] them, but, O, so dear to me!
[illegible] heart confides.

Delusive Love!
[illegible] wild projects is the frantic mind
[illegible] And think'st thou that the Romans,
[illegible] these gods [illegible],

Wise, steady to the right, severely just,
All uncorrupt, and, like eternal Fate,
Not to be moved, will listen to the sigh
Of idle Love? They who, when Virtue calls,
Will not the voice itself of Nature hear,
But bid their children bleed before their eyes;
Will they regard the light fantastic pangs
Of a fond heart, and with thy kingdom give thee
Their most inveterate foe, from their firm side,
Like Syphax, to delude thee, and the point
Of their own bounty on themselves to turn?
Thou canst not hope it, sure: impossible!

Mas. What shall I do? Be now the friend exerted.
For love and honour press me: love and honour,
All that is dear and excellent in life,
All that or soothes the man, or lifts the hero,
Engage my soul.

Nar. Rash was your vow, my lord:
I know not what to counsel. When you vow'd,
You vow'd what was not in your power to grant;
And therefore 't is not binding.

Mas. Never! never!
O, never will I falsify that vow!
Ere then destruction seize me! Yes, ye Romans;
If it be so, there, take your kingdoms back,
Your friendship, your esteem, all, all but her.
Hold,—let me think awhile:—it shall be so,
By all the' inspiring gods that prompt my thought!
This very night shall solemnize our vows;
And the next joyous sun, that visits Afric,
See Sophonisba seated on my throne.
Then must they spare my queen: they will not, surely,
They will not dare to force my consort from me.

Nar. And is it possible, ye gods that rule us?
Can Masinissa, in his pride of youth,
In his meridian glory shining wide,
The light of Afric,—can the friend of Scipio
Take a false woman to his nuptial bed,
Who scorn'd him for a tyrant old and cruel,
His rancorous foe, and gave her untouch'd bloom,
Her spring of charms, to Syphax?

Mas. Cursed remembrance!
This, this has thrown a serpent to my heart,

While it o'erflow'd with tenderness, with joy,
With all the sweetness of exulting love.
Now nought but gall is there, and burning poison.
Yes, it was so. Curse on her vain ambition!
What had her moddling sex to do with states!
Forsook for him, just gods! for hateful Syphax!
My tender, faithful love, for his gross passion!
The thought is hell!—O, I had treasured up
A world of indignation, years of scorn;
But her sad, suppliant witchcraft soothed it down.
Where is she now! that it may burst upon her.
Haste, bring her to me; though my plighted faith
Shall save her from the Romans, yet I 'll tell her
That I will never, never see her more.
Ah! there she comes, pernicious fair one! Leave me.

SCENE III.

SOPHONISBA, MASINISSA.

Soph. Forgive this quick return: the rage, confusion,
And mingled passions of this luckless day,
Made me forget another warm request
I had to beg of generous Masinissa;
For, O, to whom, save to the generous, can
The miserable fly! But much disturb'd
You look, and scowl upon me a denial.
Repentance frowns on your contracted brow:
Already, weary of my sinking fate,
You seem to droop; and for unhappy Syphax
I shall implore in vain.

Mas. For Syphax! Vengeance!
And canst thou mention him? O, grant me breath!

Soph. I know, young prince, how deep he has provoke thee;
How keen he sought thy youth; through what a fire
Of great distress, from which you come the brighter.
On mere indifferent objects common bounty
Will shower relief; but when our bitterest foe
Lies sunk, disarm'd, and desolate, then, then
To feel the mercies of a pitying God,
To raise him from the dust, and that best way
To triumph o'er him, is heroic goodness.
O, let unhappy Syphax touch thy heart,
Victorious Masinissa!

Mas. Monstrous this!
Still dost thou blast me with that cursed name,
The very name thy conscious guilt should shun?
Had he but driven me from my native throne,
From regal pomp and luxury, to dwell
Among the forest beasts; to bear the beam
Of red Numidian suns, and the dank dew
Of cold, unshelter'd nights; to mix with wolves,
To hunt with hungry tigers for my prey,
And thirst with dipsads on the burning sand;
I could have thank'd him for his angry lesson;
The fair occasion that his rage afforded
Of learning patience, fortitude, and hope,
Still rising stronger on incumbent Fate.
But there is one unpardonable outrage,
That scorches up the tear in Pity's eye,
And even sweet Mercy's self converts to gall:
I cannot, will not name it. Down my heart,
My swelling heart!
Soph. Ah! whence this sudden storm
That hurries all thy soul?
Mas. And dost thou ask?
Ask thy own faithless heart, snatch'd from my vows,
From the warm wishes of my springing youth,
And given to that old hated monster, Syphax.
Perfidious Sophonisba!
Soph. Nay, no more.
With too much truth I can return thy charge.
Why didst thou drive me to that cruel choice?
Why leave me, with my country, to destruction?
Why break thy love, thy faith, and join the Romans?
Mas. By heavens! the Romans were my better genius,
Saved me from shame, and form'd my youth to glory:
But for the Romans I had been a savage,
A wretch like Syphax, a forgotten thing,
The tool of Carthage.
Soph. Meddle not with Carthage,
Impatient youth! for that I will not bear;
Though I am here thy slave, I will not bear it.
Not one base word of Carthage, on thy soul!
Mas. How vain thy frenzy! Go, command thy slaves,
Thy fools, thy Syphaxes: but I will speak,
Speak loud, of Carthage; call it false, ungenerous.

The Romans are the light, the glory—
Soph. Romans!
Perdition on the Romans! on their friends,—
On all but thee! The Romans are the scourge
Of the wo'l world, destroyers of mankind,
And all beneath the smooth dissembling mask
Of justice and compassion, as if there
Was but another name for civilized:
Against her tyrant power each generous sword
Of every nation should be drawn;—while Carthage
Unblemish'd rises on the base of commerce,
Rounds her fair empire on that common good,
And asks of Heaven nought but the winds and tides,
To carry plenty, letters, science, wealth,
Civility, and grandeur, round the world.
Mas. No more compare them; for the gods themselves
Declare for Rome.
Soph. It was not always so.
The gods declared for Hannibal when Italy
Blazed all around him, all her streams ran blood;
And when, at Trebia, Thrasymene, and Cannæ,
The Carthaginian sword with Roman blood
Was drunk. O that he then, on that dread day,
While lifeless consternation blacken'd Rome,
Had razed the accursed city to the ground,
And saved the world! When will it come again,
A day so glorious, and so big with vengeance
On those my soul abhors!
Mas. Avert it, Heaven!
The Romans not enslave, but save the world
From Carthaginian rage!
Soph. I'll bear no more:
Nor tenderness, nor life, nor liberty,
Nothing shall make me bear it. Rather, rather,
Detested as ye are, ye Romans, take me,
O, pitying take me, to your nobler chains,
And save me from this abject youth, your slave!
How canst thou kill me thus!
Mas. I meant it not.
I only meant to tell thee, haughty fair one,
How this alone might bind me to the Romans,—
That, in a frail and sliding hour, they snatch'd me
From the perdition of thy love, which felt,

Like baleful lightning, where I most could wish,
And proved destruction to my mortal foe.
O pleasing! fortunate!
Soph. I thank them too;
By heavens! for once I love them; since they turn'd
My better thoughts from thee. Thou—But I will not
Give thee the name thy mean servility
From my just scorn deserves.
Mas. O, freely call me
By every name thy fury can inspire;
Delight me with thy hate: I love no more;
It will not hurt me, Sophonisba. Love,—
Long since I gave it to the passing winds,
And would not be a lover for the world.
A lover is the very fool of nature,
Made sick by his own wantonness of thought,
His fever'd fancy; while, to your own charms
Imputing all, you swell with boundless pride.
Shame on the wretch! he should be driven from men,
To live with Asian slaves, in one soft herd,
All worthless, all ridiculous together.
For me, this moment here I mean to bid
Farewell, a glad farewell, to love and thee.
Soph. With all my soul, farewell! Yet, ere you go,
Know that my spirit burns as high as thine,—
As high to glory, and as low to love.
Thy promises are void; and I absolve thee,
Here in the presence of the listening gods:
Take thy repented vows. To proud Cornelia
I'd rather be a slave, to Scipio's mother,
Than queen of all Numidia by the favour
Of him who dares insult the helpless thus. *(Pausing.)*
Still dost thou stay? Behold me, then, again,
Hopeless and wild, a lost, abandon'd slave:
And now thy brutal purpose must be gain'd.
Away, thou cruel and ungenerous, go!
Mas. No, not for worlds would I resume my vow.
Dishonour blast me then, all kind of ills
Fill up my cup of bitterness and shame,
When I resign thee to triumphant Rome!
O, lean not thus dejected to the ground!
The sight is misery. What roots me here?
Alas! I've urged my *foolish* heart too far, *(Aside.)*

And love depress'd recoils with greater force.
O Sophonisba!
Soph. By thy pride she dies,
Inhuman prince!
Mas. Thine is the triumph, Love!
By heaven and earth, I cannot hold it more!
Wretch that I was, to crush the' unhappy thus;
The fairest, too, the dearest of her sex;
For whom my soul could die!—Turn, quickly turn,
O Sophonisba, my beloved, my glory!
Turn, and forgive the violence of love,
Of love that knows no bounds!
Soph. And can it be?
Can that soft passion prove so fierce of heart,
As on the tears of misery, the sighs
Of death, to feast? to torture what it loves?
Mas. Yes, it can be, thou goddess of my soul,
Whose each emotion is but varied love,
All over love,—its powers, its passions, all:
Its anger, indignation, fury, love;
Its pride, disdain, even detestation, love:
And when it, wild, resolves to love no more,
Then is the triumph of excessive love.
Didst thou not mark me? mark the dubious rage
That tore my heart with anguish while I talk'd?
Thou didst, and must forgive so kind a fault.
What would thy trembling lips?
Soph. O, let me die!
For such another storm, so much contempt
Thrown out on Carthage, so much praise on Rome,
Were worse than death. Why should I longer tire
My weary Fate? The most relentless Roman,
What could he more?
Mas. O Sophonisba, hear!
See me thy suppliant now. Talk not of death:
I have no life but thee. Alas! alas!
Wilt thou a little tenderness for me,
The smallest part of what I feel, thou wouldst—
What wouldst thou not forgive? But how, indeed,
How can I hope it? Yet I from this moment
Will so devote my being to thy pleasure,
So live alone to gain thee, that thou must,
If there is human nature in thy breast,

Feel some relenting warmth.
Soph. Well, well, 't is past.
To be inexorable suits not slaves.
Mas. Spare, spare that word; it stabs me to the soul:
My crown, my life and liberty are thine.
O, give my passion way! My heart is full,
Oppress'd by love; and I could number tears
With all the dews that sprinkle o'er the morn.
O, thou hast melted down my stubborn soul
To female tenderness!—Enough, enough
Have we been cheated by the trick of state,
For Rome and Carthage suffer'd much too long,
And, led by gaudy phantoms, wander'd far,
Far from our bliss. But now, since met again,
Since here I hold thee, circle all perfection,
In these blest arms; since fate, too, presses hard;
Since Rome and slavery drive thee to the brink;
Let this immediate night exchange our vows,
Secure my bliss, our future fortunes blend,
Set thee, the queen of beauty, on my throne,
And on these lovely brows, for empire form'd,
Place Afric's noblest crown,—a wretched gift
To what my love would give!
Soph. What! marry thee?
This night?
Mas. Thou dear one, yes! This very night
Let injured Hymen have his rights restored,
And bind our broken vows. Think, serious think
On what I plead. A thousand reasons urge:—
Captivity dissolves thy former marriage;
And if the meanest vulgar thus are freed,
Can Sophonisba to a slave, to Syphax,
The most exalted of her sex, be bound?
Besides, it is the best, perhaps sole, way
To save thee from the Romans, and must, sure,
Bar their pretensions: or, if ruin comes,
To perish with thee is to perish happy.
Soph. Yet must I still insist—
Mas. It shall be so:
I know thy purpose; it would plead for Syphax.
He shall have all, thou dearest! shall have all,
Crowns, trifles, kingdoms, all again, but thee,—
But thee, thou more than all!

Soph. *(Aside.)* Bear witness, Heaven!
This is alone for Carthage.
(To him.) Gain'd by goodness,
I may be thine. Expect no love, no sighing:
Perhaps, hereafter I may learn again
To hold thee dear. If on these terms thou canst,
Here take me, take me, to thy wishes.
Mas. Yes,
Yes, Sophonisba; as a wretch takes life
From off the rack:—all wild with frantic joy,
Thus hold thee, press thee, to my bounding heart,
And bless the bounteous gods. Can Heaven give more?
O happy! happy! happy!—Come, my fair;
This ready minute sees thy will perform'd,
From Syphax knocks his chains; and I myself
Even in *his* favour will request the Romans.
O, thou hast smiled my passions into peace!
So, while conflicting winds embroil'd the seas,
In perfect bloom, warm with immortal blood,
Young Venus rear'd her o'er the raging flood.
She smiled around; like thine her beauties glow'd;
When, smooth, in gentle swells the surges flow'd,
Sunk by degrees into a liquid plain;
And one bright calm sat trembling on the main.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

SOPHONISBA, PHŒNISSA.

Phœ. HAIL, queen of Massæsylia once again
And fair Massylia join'd! This rising day
Saw Sophonisba from the height of life
Thrown to the very brink of slavery;
State, honours, armies vanish'd; nothing left
But her own great, unconquerable mind.
And yet, ere evening comes, to larger power
Restored I see my royal friend, and kneel
In grateful homage to the gods and her.
Ye powers, what awful changes often mark
The fortunes of the great!

Soph. Phœnissa, true;
'T is awful all, the wondrous work of Fate.
But, ah! this sudden marriage damps my soul.
I like it not, that wild precipitance
Of youth, that ardour, that impetuous stream
In which his love return'd. At first, my friend,
He vainly raged with disappointed love;
And, as the hasty storm subsided, then
To softness varied, to returning fondness,
To sighs, to tears, to supplicating vows:
But all his vows were idle, till at last
He shook my heart by Rome. To be his queen
Could only save me from their horrid power.
And there is madness in that thought,—enough
In that strong thought alone to make me run
From nature.
Phœ. Was it not auspicious, madam?
Just as we hoped, just as our wishes plann'd?
Nor let your spirit sink. Your serious hours,
When you behold the Roman ravage check'd,
From their enchantment Masinissa freed,
And Carthage mistress of the world again,
This marriage will approve: then will it rise
In all its glory, virtuous, wise, and great,
While happy nations, then deliver'd, join
Their loud acclaim. And, had the bless'd occasion
Neglected flown, where now had been your hopes,
Your liberty, your country? where your all?
Think well of this: you cannot but exult
In what is done.
Soph. So may my hopes succeed,
As love alone to Carthage, to the public,
Led me a marriage-victim to the temple,
And justifies my vows!—Ah! Syphax here!
What would his rage with me? Phœnissa, stay.
But this one trial more.—Heroic Truth,
Support me now!

SCENE II.

SYPHAX, SOPHONISBA, PHŒNISSA.

Sy. You seem to fly me, madam,
To shun my gratulations. Here I come,

To join the general joy; and I, sure I,
Who have to dotage, have to ruin, loved you,
Must take a tender part in your success,
In your recover'd state.

Soph. 'T is very well:
I thank you, sir.

Sy. And gentle Masinissa,
Say, will he prove a very coming fool,
All pliant, all devoted to your will,
A duteous wretch, like Syphax?—Ah! not moved!
Speak, thou perfidious! Canst thou hear it thus,
With such a steady countenance? Canst thou
Here see the man thou hast so grossly wrong'd,
And yet not sink in shame? and yet not shake
In every guilty nerve?

Soph. What have I done,
That I should tremble, that I should not dare
To bear thy presence? Was my heart to blame,
I'd tremble at myself, and not at thee,
Proud man! Nor would I live to be ashamed;
For, of all evils, to the generous, shame
Is the most deadly pang. But you behold
My late engagement with a jealous, false,
And selfish eye.

Sy. Avenging Juno, hear!
And canst thou think to justify thyself?
I blush to hear thee, traitress!

Soph. O my soul!
Canst thou hear this, this base opprobrious language,
And yet be tamely calm? Well, for this once
It shall be so, in pity to thy madness.
Impatient spirit, down!—Yes, Syphax, yes;
Yes, I will greatly justify myself;
Even by the consort of the thundering Jove,
Who binds the holy marriage-vow, be judged:
And every generous heart, not meanly lost
In little low pursuits, will sure absolve me.
But in the tempest of the soul, when rage,
Loud indignation, unattentive pride,
And jealousy confound it, how can then
The nobler, *public* sentiments be heard?
Yet let me tell thee—

Sy. Thou canst tell me nought,—

r! away!—nought but illusion, falsehood—
pa. My heart will burst, in justice to myself.
re I speak not. Though thy rage, I know,
never be convinced, yet shall it be
ounded. What! must I renounce my freedom,
o the power of doing general good,
l myself up the slave, the barbarous triumph,
solent, enraged, inveterate Rome?
all for nothing but to grace thy fall?
singly perish to retain the name,
empty title, of a captive's wife?
r thee, the Romans may be mild to thee;
, a Carthaginian; I, whose blood
s unrelenting enmity to theirs;
have myself much hurt them, and who live
to work them woe;—what, what can I
from their vengeance, but the very dregs
e worst fate, the bitterness of bondage?
thou, kind man, thou, in thy generous love,
ldst have me suffer that; be bound to thee,
that dire end alone, beyond the stretch
ature and of law.

r. Confusion!—Law!
ow the laws permit thee,—the gross laws
t rule the vulgar. I'm a captive, true;
therefore may'st thou plead a shameful right
eave me to my chains. But say, thou base one!
rateful! say, for whom am I a captive?
whom has battle after battle bled?
whom my crown, my kingdom, and my all,
n vilely cast away? For one, ye gods!
o leaves me for the victor, for the foe
ld in utter, endless detestation.
e! fury! hell! O, I am richly paid!
this it is to love a woman,—woman,
source of all disaster, all perdition!
n in himself is social, would be happy,
happy; but the gods, to keep him wretched,
sed him with woman,—fond, enchanting, smooth,
d harmless-seeming woman; but at heart
poison, serpents, tigers, furies, all
it is destructive, in one breast combined,
l gilded o'er with beauty!

Soph. Hapless man!
I pity thee: this madness only stirs
My bosom to compassion, not to rage.
Think as you list of our unhappy sex,
Too much subjected to your tyrant force;
Yet know, that all, we were not all, at least,
Form'd for your trifles, for your wanton hours.
Our passions too can sometimes soar above
The household task assign'd us, can extend
Beyond the narrow sphere of families,
And take great states into the' expanded heart,
As well as yours, ye partial to yourselves!
And this is my support, my joy, my glory:
On these great principles, and these alone,
I still direct my conduct.

Sy. False as hell!
I loathe your sex, when it pretends to virtue.
You talk of honour, conscience, patriotism:
A female patriot! vanity! absurd!
Even doting, dull Credulity would laugh
To hear you prate. Did ever woman yet
Form any better purpose in her thought,
Than how to please her pride or wanton will?
Those are the principles on which you act;
Yes, those alone.

Soph. Must I then, must I, Syphax,
Give thee a bitter proof of what I say?
I would not seem to heighten thy distress,
Not in the least insult thee. Thou art fallen,—
So Fate severe has will'd it,—fallen by me;
I therefore have been patient: from another
Such language, such indignity, had fired
My soul to madness. But since driven so far,
I must remind thy blind, injurious rage
Of our unhappy marriage.

Sy. Darest thou name it,
After such perfidy!

Soph. Allow me, Syphax;
Hear me but once. If what I here declare
Shines not with reason and the clearest truth,
May I be base, despised, and dumb for ever!
I pray thee, think, when unpropitious Hymen
Our hands united, how I stood engaged.

Was I not blooming in the pride of youth
And youthful hopes; sunk in a passion, too,
Which few resign? Yet then I married thee,
Because to Carthage deem'd a stronger friend;
For that alone. On these conditions, say,
Didst thou not take me, court me to thy throne?
Have I deceived thee since? Have I dissembled?
To gain one purpose, e'er pretended what
I never felt? Thou canst not say I have.
And if that principle, which then inspired
My marrying thee, was right, it cannot now
Be wrong. Nay, since my native city wants
Assistance more, and, sinking, calls for aid,
'T is still more right—

Sy. This reasoning is insult!

Soph. I 'm sorry that thou dost oblige me to it:
Then in a word take my full-open'd soul.
All love, but that of Carthage, I despise.
I formerly to Masinissa thee
Preferr'd not, nor to thee now Masinissa;
But Carthage to you both. And if preferring
Thousands to one,—a whole collected people,
All nature's tenderness, whate'er is sacred,
The liberty, the welfare of a state,
To one man's frantic happiness,—be shame;
Here, Syphax, I invoke it on my head!
This set aside, I, careless of myself,
And scorning prosperous state, had still been thine,—
In all the depth of misery proudly thine.
But since the public good, the law supreme,
Forbids it, I will leave thee with a kingdom,
The same I found thee, or not reign myself.
Alas! I see thee hurt. Why camest thou here,
Thus to inflame thee more?

Sy. Why, sorceress? why?
Thou complication of all deadly mischief!
Thou lying, soothing, specious, charming fury!
I 'll tell thee why:—To breathe my great revenge;
To throw this load of burning madness from me;
To stab thee!—

Soph. Ah!—

Sy. —And, springing from thy heart,
To quench me with thy blood!

(Phœnissa interposes.)

Syph. Off, give me way,
Phœnissa! Tempt not thou his brutal rage.
No, no he dares not murder: if he dares,
Here let his fury strike; for I dare die.
What holds thy trembling hand?

Phœ. Guards!

Syph. Seize the king.
But look you treat him well, with all the state
His dignity demands.

Sy. That care from thee
Is worse than death.—The Roman trumpets! Ah!
Now I bethink me, Rome will do me justice.
Yes, I shall see thee walk the slave of Rome,
Forgot my wrongs, and glut me with the sight.
Be that my best revenge.

Syph. Inhuman! that,
If there is death in Afric, shall not be.

SCENE III.

LELIUS, SYPHAX.

Lel. Syphax! Alas! how fallen, how changed, from what
I have beheld thee once in pomp and splendour,
At that illustrious interview, when Rome
And Carthage met beneath this very roof,
Their two great generals, Asdrubal and Scipio,
To court thy friendship. Of the same repast
Both gracefully partook, and both reclined
On the same couch: for personal distaste
And hatred seldom burn between the brave.
Then the superior virtues of the Roman
Won'd all thy heart. Even Asdrubal himself,
With admiration struck and just despair,
Own'd him so powerful at the social feast
As in the battle. This thou may'st remember,
And how thy faith was given before the gods
And sworn and seal'd to Scipio: yet how false
Thou since hast proved, I need not now recount;
But let thy sufferings for thy guilt atone,
Thy captive for the king. A Roman tongue
Scorns to pursue the triumph of the sword
With mean upbraidings.

Lælius, 't is too true.
ı the cause!
But where is Masinissa?
ve young victor, the Numidian Roman!
s he? that my joy, my glad applause,
ıvy pure, may hail his happy state.
ıt contémptuous smile?
Too credulous Roman!
to think how this brave Masinissa,
me-devoted hero, must still more
thy praises by a late exploit,
' thing successful.
What is this,—
ublic shouts? A strange, unusual joy
the captive city blazes wide.
anton riot reigns to-night in Cirtha,
these conquer'd walls?
This, Lælius, is
, of triumph o'er my conqueror,
sinissa.
Masinissa! how?
Vhy, he to-night is married to my queen.
Impossible!
Yes; she, the fury! she
ıt the nuptial torch into my hand,
t my throne, my palace, and my kingdom
, blaze; she now has seized on him,
rn him soon from Rome. I know her power:
s distil unconquerable poison.
ıus thought! her arts, her fatal love
ısh him deep beneath the mighty ruins
ıg Carthage.
Can it be? Amazement!
Vay, learn it from himself. He comes.—Away!
ies, snatch me from his sight! for hell,
ıres all are gentle to the presence
umphant rival.
What is man?

SCENE IV.

MASINISSA, LÆLIUS.

Thou more than partner of this glorious day,
has from Carthage *torn her* chief support,

And tottering left her! I rejoice to see thee.
To Cirtha welcome, Lælius. Thy brave legions
Now taste the sweet repose by valour purchased:
This city pours refreshment on their toils.
I order'd Narva—

Læ. Thanks to Masinissa,
All that is well. But I observed the king
More loosely guarded than befits the state
Of such a captive. True, indeed, from him
There is not much to fear. The dangerous spirit
Is his imperious queen, his Sophonisba:
The pride, the rage of Carthage live in her.
How? where is she?

Mas. She, Lælius? In my care.
Think not of her: I 'll answer for her conduct.

Læ. Yes, if in chains. Till then, believe me, prince,
It were as safe to answer for the winds,
That their loosed fury will not rouse the waves,
Or that the darted lightning will be harmless,
As promise peace from her. But why so dark?
You shift your place, your countenance grows warm:
It is not usual this in Masinissa.
Pray, what offence can asking for the queen,
The Roman captive, give?

Mas. Lælius, no more:
You know my marriage: Syphax has been busy.
It is unkind to dally with my passion.

Læ. Ah, Masinissa! was it then for this,
Thy hurry hither from the recent battle?
Is the first instance of the Roman bounty
Thus, thus abused? They give thee back thy kingdom,
And in return are of their captive robb'd,
Of all they valued,—Sophonisba.

Mas. Robb'd!
How, Lælius? Robb'd!

Læ. Yes, Masinissa; robb'd.
What is it else? But I, this very night,
Will here assert the majesty of Rome,
And, mark me, tear her from the nuptial bed.

Mas. O gods! O patience! As soon, fiery Roman,
As soon thy rage might from her azure sphere
Tear yonder moon. The man who seizes her
Shall set his foot first on my bleeding heart:

Of that be sure.—And is it thus you treat
Your firm allies? thus kings in friendship with you?
Of human passions strip them? Slaves indeed,
If thus denied the common privilege
Of nature, what the weakest creatures claim,—
A right to what they love!

Lœ. Out, out! for shame.
This passion makes thee blind. Here is a war
Which desolates the nations, has almost
Laid waste the world. How many widows, orphans,
And tender virgins weep its rage in Rome!
Even her great senate droops; her nobles fail:
Nature herself, by frequent prodigies,
Seems at this havoc of her works to sicken;
And our Ausonian plains are now become
A horror to the sight. At each sad step,
Remembrance weeps. Yet her, the greatest prize
It hitherto has yielded; her, whose charms
Are only turn'd to whet its cruel point;
Thou to thy wedded breast hast wildly taken,
Hast purchased thee her beauties by the blood
Of thy protecting friends, and on a throne
Set her, this day recover'd by their arms.
Canst thou do this, and call thyself a king
Allied to Rome? Rash youth, the Roman people
To kings who dare offend them thus vouchsafe not
The honour of their friendship. Thou hast thrown
That glory from thee, and must now be taught
To dread their wrath.

Mas. Be not so haughty, Lælius:
It scarce becomes the gentle Scipio's friend;
Suits not thy character, the tender manners
I still have mark'd in thee. I honour Rome,
But honour, too, myself, my vows, my queen;
Nor will, nor can, I tamely hear thee threaten
To seize her like a slave.

Lœ. I will be calm.
This thy rash deed, this unexpected shock,
Such a peculiar injury to me,
My friend and fellow-soldier, has perhaps
Stretch'd me too far. For, hast thou not dishonour'd,
this last action, a successful war,
common charge, trusted to us by Scipio?

Mas. Our charge from Scipio was to conquer Syphax,
Not by a barbarous triumph to insult
His beauteous queen. Was Sophonisba made
To follow weeping a proud victor's chariot;
She, the first mistress of my heart, who still
Reigns in my soul, and there will reign for ever?
At such a sight, the warrior's eye might wet
His burning cheek; and all the Roman matrons
Who lined the laurell'd way, ashamed and sad,
Turn from a captive brighter than themselves.
But Scipio will be milder.

Læ. I disdain
This thy surmise, and give it up to Scipio.
These passions are not comely.—Here to-morrow
Comes the proconsul. Meantime, Masinissa,
Ah! harden not thyself in flattering hope.
Scipio is mild, but steady.—Ah, the queen!
I think she hates a Roman, and will leave thee.

SCENE V.

SOPHONISBA, MASINISSA.

Soph. Was not that Roman Lælius, as I enter'd,
Who parted gloomy hence?

Mas. Madam, the same.

Soph. Unhappy Afric, since these haughty Romans
Have in this lordly manner trod thy courts!
I read his fresh reproaches in thy face,
The lesson'd pupil in thy fallen look,
In that forced smile which sickens on thy cheek.

Mas. O, say not so, thou rapture of my soul!
For, while I fondly gaze upon thy charms,
I smile as joyous as the sun in May;
Nor can my heart, by thee possess'd, retain
One painful thought.

Soph. Nay, tell me, Masinissa,
How feels their tyranny, when 't is brought home,
When, lawless grown, it touches what is dear!
Pomp for a while may dazzle thoughtless man,
False glory blind him; but there is a time
When even the slave in heart will spurn his chains,
Nor know submission more. What said thy tyrant!

His disappointment for a moment only
ı vain passion, and—
. You stood abash'd;
re his threats, and tamely silent heard him,—
:he fierce Roman mark me for his triumph.
ıness!
Banish that unkind suspicion.
ıught inflamed my soul: I vow'd my life,
Massylian, to the sword, ere he
touch thy freedom with the least dishonour.
.t from Scipio—
. Scipio?
That from him—
. I tell thee, Masinissa, If from him
in my freedom, from myself conceal it.
disdain such freedom.
Sophonisba!
l my heart holds precious! doubt no more.
me, nor Scipio, nor a world combined
ar thee from me, till outstretch'd I lie,
:less corpse.
. If thy protection fails,
at least be sure, be very sure,
me timely death.
Cease thus to talk,
ı, of Romans, of unkind ambition.
er thoughts those rugged themes refuse,
'n alone to love. All, all but thee,
ıre is a passing dream to me.
ı my view, thou dost for ever shine,
m forth-beaming from the soul divine.
, thine which mortals might adore;
ıg love, and thence creating more.
.e high passions, I the tender prove:
ırt was form'd for glory, mine for love.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

MASINISSA, NARVA.

Mas. HAIL to the joyous day! With purple clouds
The whole horizon glows. The breezy Spring
Stands loosely floating on the mountain-top,
And deals her sweets around. The sun, too, seems,
As conscious of my joy, with brighter beams
To gild the happy world; and all things smile
Like Sophonisba. Love and Friendship, sure,
Have mark'd this day with all their choicest blessings.
O, Sophonisba's mine, and Scipio comes!
Nar. My lord, the trumpets speak his near approach.
Mas. I want his secret audience: leave us, Narva.

SCENE II.

SCIPIO, MASINISSA.

Mas. Scipio! more welcome than my tongue can speak!
O greatly, dearly welcome!
Sci. Masinissa!
My heart beats back thy joy. A happy friend,
Raised by his prudence, fortitude, and valour,
O'er all his foes; and on his native throne,
Amidst his rescued shouting subjects, set:—
Say, can the gods in lavish bounty give
A sight more pleasing?
Mas. My great friend and patron,
It was thy timely, thy restoring aid
That brought me from the fearful desert-life
To live again in state and purple splendour.
Thy friendship arm'd me with the strength of Rome;
And now I wield the sceptre of my fathers,
See my dear people from the tyrant's scourge,
From Syphax, freed; I hear their glad applauses;
And, to complete my happiness, have gain'd
A friend worth all. O gratitude, esteem,
And love like mine, with what divine delight
Ye fill the heart!

Sci. Heroic youth! thy virtue
Has earn'd whate'er thy fortune can bestow.
It was thy Patience, Masinissa, Patience,
A champion clad in steel, that in the waste
Attended still thy step, and saved my friend
For better days. What cannot Patience do?
A great design is seldom snatch'd at once;
'T is Patience heaves it on. From savage nature
'T is Patience that has built up human life,—
The nurse of arts! and Rome exalts her head
An everlasting monument of Patience.

Mas. If I have that or any virtue, Scipio,
'T is copied all from thee.

Sci. No, Masinissa;
'T is all unborrow'd, the spontaneous growth
Of nature in thy breast. Friendship for once
Must, though thou blushest, wear a liberal tongue;
Must tell thee, noble youth, that long experience
In councils, battles, many a hard event,
Has found thee still so constant, so sincere,
So wise, so brave, so generous, so humane,
So well attemper'd, and so fitly turn'd
For what is either great or good in life,
As casts distinguish'd honour on thy country,
And cannot but endear thee to the Romans.
For me, I think my labours all repaid,
My wars in Afric: Masinissa's friendship
Rewards them all. Be that my dearest triumph,
To have assisted thy forlorn estate,
And lent a happy hand in raising thee
To thy paternal throne, usurp'd by Syphax.
The greatest service could be done my country,
Distracted Afric, and mankind in general,
Was thus to aid thy worth. To put the power
Of sovereign rule into the good man's hand,
Is giving peace and happiness to millions.
But has my friend, since late we parted armies,
Since he with Lælius acted such a brave,
Auspicious part against the common foe;—
Has he been blameless quite? Has he consider'd
How Pleasure often on the youthful heart,
Beneath the rosy, soft disguise of Love,
[illegible], smiles, and *seeming* innocence,)

Steals unperceived, and lays the victor low!
I would not, cannot, put thee to the pain—
It pains me deeper—of the least reproach.
Let thy too faithful memory supply
The rest. *(Pausing.)* Thy silence, that dejected look,
That honest colour flushing o'er thy cheek,
Impart thy better soul.

Mas. O my good lord!
O Scipio! Love has seized me, tyrant Love
Enthrals my soul; I am undone by Love!

Sci. And art thou then to ruin reconciled,
Tamed to destruction! Wilt thou be undone!
Resign the towering thought, the vast design,
With future glories big, the warrior's wreath,
The praise of senates, an applauding world,
All for a sigh, all for a soft embrace,
For a gay, transient fancy, Masinissa!
For shame, my friend! For Honour's sake, for Virtue's,
Sit not with folded arms, despairing, weak,
Like a sick virgin sighing to the gale,
Till sure destruction comes. Alas! how changed
From him, the man I loved!

Mas. How changed indeed!
The time has been when, fired from Scipio's tongue,
My soul had mounted in a flame with his.
Where is Ambition flown! Hopeless attempt!
Can love like mine be quell'd! Can I forget
What still possesses, charms my thoughts for ever;
Throw scornful from me what I hold most dear;
Not feel the force of excellence; to joy
Be dead, and undelighted with delight!
Hold, let me think a moment:—no, no, no!
I am unequal to thy virtue, Scipio!

Sci. Fie, Masinissa, fie! By heavens, I blush
At thy dejection, this degenerate language.
What! perish for a woman! ruin all,
All the fair deeds which an admiring world
Hopes from thy riper years, only to soothe
A stubborn fancy, a luxurious will!
How must it, think you, sound in future story!—
"Young Masinissa was a virtuous prince,
And Afric smiled beneath his early ray;
But that a Carthaginian captive came,

By whom untimely in the common fate
Of love he fell." The wise will scorn the page,
And all thy praise be some fond maid exclaiming,
"Where are those lovers now?" O, rather, rather
Had I ne'er seen the vital light of heaven,
Than like the vulgar live, and like them die!
Ambition sickens at the very thought:—
To puff and bustle here from day to day,
Lost in the passions of inglorious life,
Joys which the careless brutes possess above us:
And when some years, each duller than another,
Are thus elapsed, in nauseous pangs to die;
And pass away, like those forgotten things
That soon become as they had never been.

Mas. And am I dead to this?

Sci. The gods, my friend,
Who train up heroes in Misfortune's school,
Have shook thee with adversity, with each
Illustrious evil that can raise, expand,
And fortify the mind. Thy rooted worth
Has stood these wintry blasts, grown stronger by them.
Shall then, in prosperous times, while all is mild,
All vernal, fair, and glory blows around thee;—
Shall then the dead serene of pleasure come,
And lay thy faded honours in the dust?

Mas. O gentle Scipio, spare me, spare my weakness.

Sci. Remember Hannibal,—a signal proof,
A fresh example of destructive pleasure.
He was the dread of nations, once of Rome;
When, from Bellona's bosom, nursed in camps,
And hard with toil, he down the rugged Alps
Rush'd like a torrent over Italy;
Unconquer'd, till the loose delights of Capua
Sunk his victorious arm, his genius broke,
Perfumed and made a lover of the hero.
Lo! now he droops in Bruttium, fear'd no more;
Sinks on our borders like a scatter'd storm.
Remember him: and yet resume thy spirit,
Ere it be quite dissolved.

Mas. Shall Scipio stoop,
Thus to regard, to teach me wisdom thus;
And yet a stupid anguish at my heart
Repel whate'er he says! But why, my friend,

Why should we kill the best of passions, love?
It aids the hero, bids Ambition rise
To nobler heights, inspires immortal deeds,
Even softens brutes, and adds a grace to virtue.
Sci. There is a holy tenderness indeed,
A virtuous, social, sympathetic love,
That binds, supports, and sweetens human life.
But is thy passion such? List, Masinissa,
While I the hardest office of a friend
Discharge, and with a necessary hand,
A hand, though harsh at present, truly tender,
I paint this passion: and if then thou still
Art bent to soothe it, I must sighing leave thee
To what the gods think fit.
Mas. O never, Scipio,
O never leave me to myself! Speak on:
I dread, and yet desire, thy friendly hand.
Sci. I hope that Masinissa needs not now
Be told, how much his happiness is mine;
With what a warm benevolence I'd spring
To raise, confirm it, to prevent his wishes
In every right pursuit! But while he rages,
Burns in a fever, shall I let him quaff
Delicious poison for a cooling draught,
In foolish pity to his thirst? Shall I
Let a swift flame consume him as he sleeps,
Because his dreams are gay? Shall I indulge
A frenzy flash'd from an infectious eye,
A sudden impulse unapproved by reason,
Nay, by thy cool, deliberate thought condemn'd,
Resolved against?—a passion for a woman,
Who has abused thee basely; left thy youth,
Thy love, as sweet, as tender as the spring,
The blooming hero for the hoary tyrant;
And now who makes thy sheltering arms alone
Her last retreat, to save her from the vengeance
Which even her very perfidy to thee
Has brought upon her head; nor is this all,—
A woman who will ply her deepest arts,
(Ah! too prevailing, as appears already,)
Will never rest till Syphax' fate is thine;
Till Friendship weeping flies, we join no more
In glorious deeds, and thou fall off from Rome.

I could add, too, that there is something cruel,
Inhuman, in thy passion. Does not Syphax,
While thou rejoicest, die? The generous heart
Should scorn a pleasure which gives others pain.
If this, my friend, all this, consider'd deep,
Alarm thee not, nor rouse thy resolution,
And call the hero from his wanton slumber,
Then Masinissa 's lost.

Mas. O, I am pierced,
In every thought am pierced! 'T is all too true.
I would, but can't, deny it. Whither, whither,
Through what enchanted wilds, have I been wandering?
They seem'd Elysium, the delightful plains,
The happy groves of heroes and of lovers:
But the divinity that breathes in thee
Has broke the charm, and I am in a desert,
Far from the land of peace. It was but lately
That a pure, joyous calm o'erspread my soul,
And Reason tuned my passions into bliss;
When Love came hurrying in, and with rash hand
Mix'd them delirious, till they now ferment
To misery.—There is no reasoning down
This deep, deep anguish, this continual pang!
A thousand things, whene'er my raptured thought
Runs back a little.—But I will not think.
And yet I must. O, gods, that I could lose
What a few hours have on my memory graved
In adamant!

Sci. But one strong effort more,
And the fair field is thine,—a conquest far
Excelling that o'er Syphax. What remains,
Since now thy madness to thyself appears,
But an immediate manly resolution
To shake off this effeminate disease,
These soft ideas which seduce thy soul,
Make it all idle, weak, inglorious, wild,
A scene of dreams; to give them to the winds;
And be my former friend, thyself again?
I joy to find thee touch'd by generous motives;
And that I need not bid thee recollect,
Whose awful property thou hast usurp'd;
Need not assure thee, that the Roman people,
The senators of Rome, will never suffer

A dangerous woman, their devoted foe,—
A woman whose irrefragable spirit
Has in great part sustain'd this bloody war,
Whose charms corrupted Syphax from their side,—
To ruin thee too, taint thy faithful breast,
And kindle future war. No; Fate itself
Is not more steady to the right than they:
And, where the public good but seems concern'd,
No motive their impenetrable hearts—
Nor fear nor tenderness—can touch. Such is
The spirit that has raised imperial Rome.

Mas. Ah, killing truth! But I have promised, Scipio;
Have sworn to save her from the Roman power.
My plighted faith is pass'd, my hand is given;
And, by the conscious gods who mark'd my vows,
The whole united world shall never have her.
For I will die a thousand thousand deaths,
With all Massylia in one field expire,
Ere to the lowest wretch, much less to her
I love, to Sophonisba, to my queen,
I violate my word.

Sci. My heart approves
Thy resolution, thy determined honour:
For ever sacred be thy word and oath.
But, thus divided, how to keep thy faith
At once to Rome and Sophonisba; how
To save her from our chains, and yet thyself
From greater bondage;—this thy secret thought
Can best inform thee.

Mas. Agony! distraction!
These wilful tears! O, look not on me, Scipio;
For I'm a child again!

Sci. Thy tears are no reproach:
They [illegible] look graceful on the manly cheek:
[illegible] cannot weep. Lo! Friendship's eye
[illegible] the drop it would refuse itself.
W[illegible] hard, wounds every bleeding nerve
Ha[illegible] heart, thus to tear off thy passion:
A wo[illegible] that very reason, Masinissa,
(Ah! [illegible] from thee. The harder, thence results
Will nev[illegible]. Why should we pretend
Till Frien[illegible] and to rule mankind,
In glorious [illegible], peace, and power,

While slaves at heart; while by fantastic turns
Our frantic passions reign? This very thought
Should turn our pomp to shame, disgrace our triumphs,
And, when the shouts of millions rend our ears,
Whisper reproach. O ye celestial powers!
What is it, in a torrent of success
To overflow the world, if by the stream
Our own enfeebled minds are borne away
From reason and from virtue? Real glory
Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves;
And without that the conqueror is nought
But the first slave. Then rouse thee, Masinissa,
Nor in one weakness all thy virtues lose;
And O, beware of long, of vain repentance!

Mas. Well, well; no more. It is but dying too!

SCENE III.

SCIPIO *alone.*

I wish I have not urged the truth to rigour.
There is a time when virtue grows severe,
Too much for nature, and almost even cruel.

SCENE IV.

SCIPIO, LÆLIUS.

Sci. Poor Masinissa, Lælius, is undone,
Betwixt his passion and his reason toss'd
In miserable conflict.

Læ. Entering, Scipio,
He shot athwart me, nor vouchsafed one look.
Hung on his clouded brow I mark'd despair,
And his eye glaring with some dire resolve.
Past o'er his cheek, too, ran the hasty tear.
[illegible] were great pity that he should be lost.

Sci. By heavens! to lose him were a shock as if
[illegible] thee, Lælius, lost my dearest brother.
[illegible] up in friendship from our infant years,
[illegible] and lovely qualities endear him,
[illegible] so warm of heart.
What shall be done?
[illegible] let it rest, till time abates his passion.
[illegible] sure, Lælius, let the wise

Say what they please. But now perhaps he dies.
Haste! haste! and give him hope: I have not time
To tell thee what: thy prudence will direct,
Whatever is consistent with my honour,
My duty to the public, and my friendship
To him himself, say, promise, shall be done.
I hope returning reason will prevent
Our farther care.

Læ. I fly with joy.

Sci. His life
Not only save, but Sophonisba's too:
For both, I fear, are in this passion mix'd.

Læ. It shall be done.

SCENE V.

SCIPIO *alone.*

If Friendship suffers thus;
When Love pours-in his added violence,
What are the pangs which Masinissa feels!

SCENE VI.

SOPHONISBA, PHŒNISSA.

Soph. Yes, Masinissa loves me,—heavens! how fond!
But yet I know not what hangs on my spirit,
A dismal boding: for, this fatal Scipio,—
I dread his virtues,—this prevailing Roman
Even now, perhaps, deludes the generous king,
Fires his ambition with mistaken glory,
Demands me from him; for full well he knows
That, while I live, I must intend their ruin.

Phœ. Madam, these fears—

Soph. And yet it cannot be.
Can Scipio, whom even hostile Fame proclaims
Of perfect honour, and of polish'd manners,
Smooth, artful, winning, moderate, and wise,
Make such a wild demand! Or, if he could,
Can Masinissa grant it! give his queen,
Whom love and honour bind him to protect,
Yield her a captive to triumphant Rome!
'T is baseness to suspect it; 't is inhuman.
What then remains? Suppose they should resolve

By right of war to seize me for their prize :—
Ay, there it kills! What can his single arm
Against the Roman power,—that very power
By which he stands restored? Distracting thought!
Still o'er my head the rod of bondage hangs.
Shame on my weakness! This poor catching hope,
This transient taste of joy, will only more
Embitter death.

Phœ. A moment will decide.
Madam, till then—

Soph. Would I had died before!
And am I dreaming here, here from the Romans
Beseeching I may live to swell their triumph,
When my free spirit should ere now have join'd
That great assembly, those devoted shades,
Who scorn'd to live till liberty was lost,
But, ere their country fell, abhorr'd the light?
Whence this pale slave? He trembles with his message.

SCENE VII.

SOPHONISBA, PHŒNISSA; *and to them a* SLAVE, *with a letter and poison from* MASINISSA.

Slave. (Kneeling.) This, madam, from the king, and this.

Soph. Ah! stay.
(Reads the letter.)
Rejoice, Phœnissa; give me joy, my friend;
For here is liberty! My fears are vain:
The hand of Rome can never touch me more!
Hail, perfect freedom, hail!

Phœ. How? what, my queen?
Ah! what is this! *(Pointing to the poison.)*

Soph. The first of blessings, death.

Phœ. Alas! alas! can I rejoice in that?

Soph. Shift not thy colour at the sound of death;
For death appears not in a dreary light,
Seems not a blank, to me, a loss of all
Those fond sensations, those enchanting dreams,
Which cheat a toiling world from day to day,
And form the whole of happiness they know.
It is to me perfection, glory, triumph.
Nay, fondly would I choose it, though persuaded
It were a long dark night *without* a morning;

To bondage far prefer it; since it is
Deliverance from a world where Romans rule,
Where violence prevails.—And timely too,—
Before my country falls; before I feel
As many stripes, as many chains and deaths,
As there are lives in Carthage. Glorious charter,
By which I hold immortal life and freedom!
Come, let me read thee once again, and then
Obey the mandate. *(Reads the letter aloud.)*

"Masinissa to his Queen.

"The gods know with what pleasure I would have kept my faith to Sophonisba in another manner. But since this fatal bowl alone can deliver thee from the Romans, call to mind thy father, thy country, that thou hast been the wife of two kings; and act up to the dictates of thy own heart. I will not long survive thee."

O, 't is wondrous well!
Ye gods of death, who rule the Stygian gloom,
Ye who have greatly died, I come, I come!
I die contented, since I die a queen,
By Rome untouch'd, unsullied by their power,
So much their terror that I must not live.
And thou, go, tell the king, if this is all
The nuptial present he can send his bride,
I thank him for it; but that death had worn
An easier face, before I trusted him.
Add,—hither had he come, I could have taught
Him how to die. I linger not, remember,
I stand not shivering on the brink of life;
And, but these votive drops which grateful thus
(Taking them from the poison.)
To Jove the high Deliverer I shed,
Assure him that I drank it, drank it all,
With an unalter'd smile. Away. *(Drinks.)*

SCENE VIII.

SOPHONISBA, PHŒNISSA.

Soph. My friend!
In tears, my friend? Dishonour not my death
With womanish complaints. Weep not for me:
Weep for thyself, Phœnissa, for thy country,

; for me. There is a certain hour
one would wish all undisturb'd and bright,
:, no sorrow, no dejected passions;
ıt is when we die, when hence we go,
› be seen again: then let us spread
exalted wing, and the last voice
r be that of wonder and applause.
Who with such virtue wishes not to die?
. And is the sacred moment, then, so near,—
ment when yon sun, those heavens, this earth,
to me, polluted by the Romans,
the busy, slavish race of men,
nk at once; and straight another state,
:nes, new joys, new faculties, new wonders,
a sudden round? But this the gods
ls and horror wrap, or none would live.
there! My breast begins to burn;
ted heart grows sick. Ah me, Phœnissa!
ıny virgins, infants, tender wretches,
:l these pangs, ere Carthage is no more!
ead me to my couch. My shivering limbs,
last office, and then rest for ever.
hee, weep not, pierce me not with groans.
g too here? Nay, then, my death is full!

SCENE IX.

ONISBA, PHŒNISSA, MASINISSA, LÆLIUS, NARVA.

Has Sophonisba drunk this cursed bowl?
·, horror! what a sight is here!
Had I not drunk it, Masinissa, then
served it.
Exquisite distress!
, bitter fate! And this last hope
es my woe.
When will these ears be deaf
ry's complaint, these eyes be blind
hief wrought by Rome?
Too soon, too soon!
y so hasty? But a little while
ıou delay'd this horrid draught, I then
n as happy as I now am wretched.
What means this *talk of hope*, of coward waiting?

Mas. What have I done? O heavens! I cannot think
On my rash deed! But, while I talk, she dies!
And how? what? where am I then? Say, canst thou
Forgive me, Sophonisba?
Soph. Yes; and more,
More than forgive thee,—thank thee, Masinissa.
Hadst thou been weak, and dallied with my freedom,
Till by proud Rome enslaved, that injury
I never had forgiven.
Mas. I came with life!
Lælius and I from Scipio hasted hither;
But death was here before us,—this vile poison!
Soph. With life? There was some merit in the poison;
But this destroys it all. And couldst thou think
Me mean enough to take it?—O, Phœnissa!
This mortal toil is almost at an end:
Receive my parting soul.
Phœ. Alas, my queen!
Mas. Dies! dies! and scorns me! Mercy, Sophonisba!
Grant one forgiving look, while yet thou canst;
Or death itself, the grave, cannot relieve me;
But, with the Furies join'd, my frantic ghost
Will howl for ever. Quivering and pale!
Have I done this?
Soph. Come nearer.*—But for Rome
We might have been most happy.—I conjure thee,
Be mild to Syphax; for my sake regard him,
And let thy rage against him die with me.
Farewell! 'T is done! O, never, never, Carthage,
Shall I behold thee more! *(Dies.)*
Mas. Dead! dead! O, dead!
Is there no death for me?
(Snatches Lælius's sword to stab himself.)
Læ. Hold, Masinissa!
Mas. And wouldst thou make a coward of me, Lælius!
Have me survive that murder'd excellence!
Did she not stir? Ah! who has shock'd my brain!
It whirls, it blazes. Was it thou, old man!
Nar. Alas! alas! good Masinissa, softly!
Let me conduct thee to thy couch.
Mas. The grave

* These two words occur in the early editions of this tragedy; but were omitted in those superintended by Murdoch.—EDIT.

Shall be my couch: ye cannot make me live!
Ye strive in vain! Off! crowd not thus around me;
For I will hear, see, think no more! Thou Sun,
Withhold thy hated beams! And all I want
Of thee, kind Earth, is an immediate grave!
Ay, there she lies! Why to that pallid sweetness
Cannot I, Nature, lay my lips, and die?
(Throws himself beside her.)

Læ. See there the ruins of the noble mind,
When from calm Reason Passion tears the sway.
What pity she should perish! Cruel War
'T is not the least misfortune in thy train,
That oft by thee the brave destroy the brave.
She had a Roman soul; for every one
Who loves like her his country, is a Roman.
Whether on Afric's sandy plains he glows,
Or lives untamed among Riphæan snows,
If generous liberty the breast inflame,
The gloomy Libyan then deserves that name;
And, warm with freedom under frozen skies,
In farthest Britain Romans yet may rise.

EPILOGUE,

BY A FRIEND.

SPOKEN BY MRS. CLIBBER.

Now, I'm afraid, the modest muse in vogue
Demands a strong, high-seasoned epilogue:
She might some silly soul take pity's part,
And silken virtue sink into the heart.
Our squeamish author scruples this proceeding;
He says it turns social morals and good breeding;
Nor Sophonisba would he have produce,
A glaring model, of no private use.
Ladies, (he bid me say,) behold your Cato.
What, though no Stoic she, nor read in Plato!
Yet, sure, she offer'd, for her country's sake,
A sacrifice which Cato could not make:—
Already, now, these wicked men are sneering,
Some wondering what one says, and others leering.
I see they have not force for—public spirit:
That, ladies, must be your superior merit.
"Hence forbid we should lay down our lives,
Like those old Punic, barbarous, heathen wives!
Spare Christian blood." But, sure, the devil's in her
Who for her country would not lose a planet.
"Lord!" how could such a creature show her face?"
Show! Just as you do there,—through Brussels lace.
The Roman fair, the public in distress,
Gave up the dearest ornaments of dress.
How much more cheaply might you gain applause!
—One yard of riband and two ells of gauze.
And gauze each deep-read critic must adore:
Your Roman ladies dress'd in gauze all o'er.
Should you, fair patrons, come to dress so thin,
How clear might all your—sentiments be seen!
To foreign looms no longer owe your charms;
Nor make their trade more fatal than their arms.
Each British dame who courts her country's praise,
By quitting these outlandish modes, might raise

Not from yon powder'd band, so thin, so spruce)
Ten able-bodied men for—public use.
But now a serious word about the play:
Auspicious smile on this his first essay.
Ye generous Britons, your own sons inspire;
Let your applauses fan their native fire.
Then other Shakspeares yet may rouse the stage,
And other Otways melt another age.

A NUPTIAL SONG,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN INSERTED IN THE FOURTH ACT.

Come, gentle Venus, and assuage
A warring world, a bleeding age.
For Nature lives beneath thy ray;
The wintry tempests haste away:
A lucid calm invests the sea,
Thy native deep is full of thee.
The flowering earth, where'er you fly,
Is all o'er spring; all sun, the sky.
A genial spirit warms the breeze;
Unseen, among the blooming trees,
The feather'd lovers tune their throat;
The desert growls a soften'd note;
Glad o'er the meads the cattle bound;
And love and harmony go round.
But chief into the human heart
You strike the dear, delicious dart.
You teach us pleasing pangs to know,
To languish in luxurious woe;
To feel the generous passions rise,
Grow good by gazing, mild by sighs;
Each happy moment to improve,
And fill the perfect year with love.
Come, thou delight of heaven and earth,
To whom all creatures owe their birth!
O, come, sweet-smiling; tender, come;
And yet prevent our final doom!
For long the furious god of war
Has crush'd us with his iron car,

Has raged along our ruin'd plains,
Has soil'd them with his cruel stains,
Has sunk our youth in endless sleep,
And made the widow'd virgin weep.
Now let him feel thy wonted charms;
O, take him to thy twining arms!
And, while thy bosom heaves on his,
While deep he prints the humid kiss,
Ah! then his stormy heart control,
And sigh thyself into his soul.
  Thy son, too, Cupid, we implore
To leave the green Idalian shore.
Be he, sweet god! our only foe:
Long let him draw the twanging bow,
Transfix us with his golden darts,
Pour all his quiver on our hearts,
With gentler anguish make us sigh,
And teach us sweeter deaths to die.*

* These last eight lines appear in the edition of 1738; but are omitted in subsequent editions, for no very apparent reason.—Edit.

AGAMEMNON:

A TRAGEDY.

TO HER

)YAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

)AM,

HUMBLY beg leave to put this Tragedy under the pro-
ion of Your Royal Highness; and hope you will conde-
d to accept of it, as a testimony of the most unfeigned
zealous respect, due no less to your amiable virtues
ı to your high rank, from,

Madam,

Your Royal Highness's most dutiful, and most
obedient, humble servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

PROLOGUE,

BY THE AUTHOR OF EURYDICE.

SPOKEN BY MR. QUIN.

When this decisive night at length appears,—
The night of every author's hopes and fears,—
What shifts, to bribe applause, poor poets try!
In all the forms of wit they court and lie:
These meanly beg it, as an alms; and those
By boastful bluster dazzle and impose.
Nor poorly fearful, nor securely vain,
Ours would by honest ways that grace obtain;
Would, as a free-born wit, be fairly tried;
And then—let truth and candour fair decide.
He courts no friend, who blindly comes to praise;
He dreads no foe—but whom his faults may raise.
Indulge a generous pride, that bids him own
He aims to please by noble means alone;
By what may win the judgment, wake the heart,
Inspiring nature, and directing art;
By scenes so wrought, so raised, as may command
Applause more from the head than from the hand.
Important is the moral we would teach:
(O, may this island practise what we preach!)—
Vice in its first approach with care to shun:
The wretch who once engages, is undone.
Crimes lead to greater crimes, and link so straight,
What first was accident, at last is fate:
Guilt's hapless servant sinks into a slave;
And Virtue's last sad strugglings cannot save.
"As such our fair attempt, we hope to see
Our judges—here at least—from influence free;
One place—unbiass'd yet by party-rage—
Where only Honour votes,—the British stage.
We ask for justice, for indulgence sue:
Our last best licence must proceed from you."

AGAMEMNON:

A TRAGEDY.

THE PERSONS REPRESENTED.

AGAMEMNON	Mr. Quin.
ÆGISTHUS	Mr. Milward.
MELISANDER	Mr. Cibber.
ARCAS	Mr. Wright.
ORESTES	Mr. Green.
TALTHYBIUS, herald	Mr. Havard.
CLYTEMNESTRA	Mrs. Porter.
CASSANDRA	Mrs. Cibber.
ELECTRA	Miss Brett.
ATTENDANT of Clytemnestra	Mrs. Furnival.

Officers, Trojan Captives, &c.

Scene, the Palace of Agamemnon in Mycenæ.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

CLYTEMNESTRA *sitting in a disconsolate posture, and her* ATTENDANT.

Att. O CLYTEMNESTRA! O my royal mistress!
n, then, no comfort soothe your woes awhile?
er since that flaming signal of sack'd Troy,
at signal fix'd and promised by the king,
as seen some nights ago, nor food has pass'd
our loathing lips, nor sleep has bless'd your eyes.
· if perhaps a transient slumber hush'd
our sighs a moment, and restrain'd your tears;
idden you, starting wildly, would exclaim
' guilt, Ægisthus, Troy, and Agamemnon.

Sure, 't is too much, my queen.
Cly. Away, away!
Since my lost state admits of no relief,
To that sad comfort of the wretched leave me,
To yield me to my sorrows.
Att. Hear me, madam,
Once the dear burden of these aged arms!
My tender care from life's first opening bud!
My joy, my glory! hear your faithful servant,
And, let me add, your friend. In Reason's eye,
That never judges on a partial view,
Far less than your misfortune is your guilt.
Your *guilt?* Forgive me; 't is too harsh a word
For what deserves compassion more than blame.
I know the treacherous ways by which you sank,
From pleasing peace, to these unhappy fears,
This anxious tumult.
Cly. Hide me from the view!
All comfort is in vain. Away!
Att. Allow me
To plead your injured cause against yourself.
When Agamemnon led the Greeks to Troy,
And left you, madam, for the pomp of war;
Left you the pride of Greece in full-blown beauty,
The kindest mother and the fondest wife;
If Fame says true, for Trojan captives left you;—
But that apart,—how did he leave you? say.
Afflicted, outraged, as a queen and mother;
Betray'd to Aulis with your first-born hope,
The blooming Iphigenia, under feint
Of her immediate marriage to Achilles;
And there no sooner at the wind-bound fleet
Arrived, but you beheld her spotless blood
Stream on the sullied altar of Diana,
The price of winds, of a dear-purchased gale,
To bear them on to Troy. Thus pierced with grief,
Then fired by turns to rage, almost to vengeance,
At an ambitious, cruel, haughty husband;
While all your passions were together mix'd,
And ready for a change; was you not left
In a submissive, soothing lover's power,
Ordain'd your partner in the sovereign rule
O'er Argos and Mycenæ, but to you

As pliant still as Agamemnon stately?

Cly. (Rising.) Alas! too true! You touch the source of woe.

Why did you leave me, barbarous Agamemnon?
Why leave me weeping o'er a murder'd daughter?
Why helpless leave me to a troubled mind?
Ah! why yourself betray me to a lover?
What arts Ægisthus used, too well I know;
All that can softly steal, or gaily charm,
The heart of woman. Hence, dear sad ideas!
Destroyers, hence! And dare you tempt me still,
Perfidious sirens, in that very moment
When your false charms have wreck'd my peace for ever?
O Nature! wherefore, Nature, are we form'd
One contradiction, the continual sport
Of fighting powers? O, wherefore hast thou sown
Such war within us, such unequal conflict,
Between slow Reason and impetuous Passion?
Passion resistless hurries us away,
Ere lingering Reason to our aid can come;
And to upbraid us then it only serves.
Tormentor, cease!

Att. You wrong yourself too much.
Think, madam, how for years you baffled love:
Nor could Ægisthus, though he touch'd your heart,
Though many a midnight tear and secret sigh
To me, and me alone, disclosed the pangs
That dimm'd your fading cheek,—yet could he not,
With all his arts, his love, submission, charms,
O'ercome the struggling purpose of your soul,
Till Melisander to a desert isle
He banish'd from your ear.

Cly. Ah, Melisander,
Given to the beasts a prey, or wilder Famine!
Ah, perish'd friend! serene directing light,
By Agamemnon left to guide my counsels;
Whom every science, every Muse adorn'd,
While the good honest heart enrich'd them all!
O, hadst thou still remain'd, then I this day
Had been as glorious as I now am wretched!
There breathes a felt divinity in Virtue,
[illegible]id, unassuming, generous Virtue,
[illegible] silence speaks, and which inspires,

Without proud, formal lessons, a disdain
Of mean, injurious Vice. But, lost with him,
With Melisander, reason, honour, pride,
Truth, sound advice, my better genius fled;
I, friendless, flatter'd, importuned, and charm'd,
Was left alone with all-seducing Love;
Love to the future blind, each sober thought,
Each consequence despising, scorning all
But what its own enchanting dreams suggest.
What could I do? Away, self-flattering Guilt!
I should have thought, when honour once is sullied,
Not weeping Mercy's tears can wash it clean;
And that one blot on mine diffused a stain
O'er the proud honour of a wedded king,
And o'er my children's,—my poor blameless children's,
Whose cheeks will kindle at their mother's name!
I should have thought—Would I could think no more!
To think is torture.

Att. What avails it, madam,—

Cly. O Melisander! If the dead could hear,
I would invoke thy friendly influence now,
Would wish thee present in this hour of trouble.
Perhaps there is in Wisdom, gentle Wisdom,
That knows our frailties, therefore can forgive,
Some healing comfort for a guilty mind,
Some power to charm it into peace again,
And bid it smile anew with right affections.
No; fruitless wish! it cannot, cannot be.
Ægisthus, who may henceforth give me laws,
Dread of discovery, that worst tyrant, Shame,
And my own conscious blotted heart, forbid it,—
Forbid retreat.

Att. Madam, behold the man
Who, then upon the watch, observed the signal
Of conquer'd Troy, and now attends your orders
To give a full account of what he saw.

SCENE II.

CLYTEMNESTRA, *her* ATTENDANTS, *and the* MAN *who observed the signal.*

Cly. Are you, then, sure that you beheld this signal?
Or was it not some vision of the brain,

That painted, while you slept, your waking wish;
Or else, perhaps, some meteor of the night?
Man. Madam, Troy doubtless lies one heap of ruins:
I saw the signal of its fate distinctly.
The night was dark and still; a heavier gloom
Ne'er cover'd earth: in louring clouds the stars
Were muffled deep; and not one ray below
O'er all Mycenæ glimmer'd, or around it:
When straight, at farthest east, a ruddy light
Sprang up, and, wide-increasing, roll'd along,
By turns diminish'd, and by turns renew'd,
A wave of fire. At last, it flamed, confess'd,
From isle to isle, and beachy point to point;
Till the last blaze at Nauplia ended plain:—
A glorious sight, and, as a Greek, rejoiced me!
Cly. How sits the wind?
Man. It blows from Troy direct,
A bold and steady gale.
Cly. 'T is well. Retire:
Your care and faithful pains shall be rewarded.

SCENE III.

CLYTEMNESTRA, *her* ATTENDANT.

Cly. He comes, he comes! the hapless victor comes!
Even now his trophied vessel streaks the main,
And ploughs the billows with triumphant prow;
Or, by glad crowds received, perhaps, he hails
His native shore, and presses on to shame.
Even now, with glory charged, with conquest gay,
Crown'd with the laurels of ten famous years,
He dreams to join them to the peaceful olive,
And, after rugged toils and perilous war,
Soft to repose him on the myrtle-bed
Of calm domestic bliss. How vain the hopes,
How short the prospect, of believing man!
I dare not look before me, dare not paint
The rising storm.
Att. Behold Ægisthus, madam.
Cly. Leave me.

SCENE IV.

CLYTEMNESTRA, ÆGISTHUS.

Æg. *(After some silence.)* And is it thus, O Clytemnestra,
Thus, that in hours of danger lovers meet? *(Pausing.)*
Still coldly silent, still the look averted,
Where not one softness glows; while anger, fear,
Disgust, and sick repentance, shifting, cloud
Your varied cheek? 'T is plain you never loved.
Cly. O that I never had!
Æg. You never did:
The very power to wish it, proves you did not.
Cly. He ne'er deserved my love who dares suspect it.
Æg. Not to suspect it, weakness were and folly.
Cly. Nor only doubt; believe your doubts.
Æg. I do.
Cly. You do?
Æg. Nay, more, am of their truth assured.
Cly. 'T is base, ungrateful, an ungenerous insult,
To tell me this. Urge not too far, Ægisthus,
Urge not too far my guilt-dejected spirit.
Though you have trampled on my haughty virtue,
That noble pride of soul which knows no fear
And bears no insult, yet to you, at least,
To you of all mankind, I will be bold,
As I had never err'd; will be a queen,
The blood of Jove; be Clytemnestra still.
Æg. Be temperate, madam: I have told you nothing,
But that I am not worthy of your love.
Cly. Curse on that pride which with affected brow
Humility conceals! And am I then so vile,
So lost to reason, honour, common honour,
As without love, that all-compelling Fury,
Without debasing, thoughtless, blind, blind love,
To bow me from the height of happy life
To this low fearful state of coward shame?
Mistake me not: I would not waste one word,
One passing word, affronted thus, to save you
From jealousy's worst rage, did not, alas!
A kind of mournful justice to myself
Tear from my swelling heart, the mean confession.

How art thou fallen, to what dishonour fallen,
Unhappy Clytemnestra!

Æg. Harsh construction!
And yet these frowns delight, that anger charms, me.
O more than lovely,—O majestic fair one!
Since you, then, know the jealous force of love,
Forgive its tender fears, its fond offence:
Offence I could not mean.

Cly. Ill-fated she
Who must forgive!

Æg. Nay, rather cast me from you,
Than thus upbraid me with so forced a pardon.
O Clytemnestra! where are now those looks,
Those looks of smiling heaven, of radiant sweetness,
That waked our morn of love; within whose sphere
No evil durst approach, no sadness dwell;
While the charm'd gazer knew nor fear nor danger?
And set they, then, at last in gloomy quarrels?
Let us not quarrel. Why should lovers quarrel?
Life is for that too short, too precious time;
These moments chiefly, these impetuous moments,
That to the brink of ruin seem to roll
Our mingled fate. Even now—

Cly. 'T is true! 't is true!
Alas! methinks, in every hollow blast
That shakes this palace, Agamemnon comes.
Yes, yes, Ægisthus; still a proof remains,
A matchless proof of love, I mean to give you.
Glad will I throw this regal pomp aside,
And instant with you seek some distant country,
Some gloomy Thracian dale, where piny Hæmus
May wrap us in impenetrable shade:
There, there, the coarsest life, fed by hard toil,
Will be luxurious ease to what I feel,
To this big pang that labours at my heart,
And fires my mingling passions into anguish.
Quick! let us fly, Ægisthus, fly this moment!
The next may seize us, bind us down to shame,
Detested shame!

Æg. What, Clytemnestra! fly?
That is indeed the road direct to shame,
To infamy for ever. He who flies,
In war or peace, who his great purpose yields,

He is the only villain of this world:
But he who labours firm, and gains his point,
Be what it will, which crowns him with success,—
He is the son of fortune and of fame,
By those admired, those specious villains, most
That else had bellow'd out reproach against him.
Besides, your husband, your vain-glorious husband,
Proud Agamemnon, who ten years has warr'd
At Troy, to scourge your sister Helen's rape,—
Dream you that he would not pursue our flight,
Though we took shelter in Cimmerian shades,
And drag us back, the scorn of hissing Greece,
To then deserved, to true, unpitied shame?

Cly. Excuse my weaker heart: but how, Ægisthus,
How shall I bear an injured husband's eye?
The fiercest foe wears not a look so dreadful
As does the man we wrong.

Æg. Madam, your fears
Cast a false glare upon your troubled reason,
That blinds it quite. An injured husband *he?*
He wrong'd? No, Clytemnestra never, never,
Can never wrong her tyrant Agamemnon,
Tyrant of common Greece; can never wrong
The man who leaves her ten regardless years,
For the vain honours of a foolish war;
Nay, who consumed those years, if Fame speaks true,
In nothing less than war,—instead of war,
In shameful squabbles with his nobler friends
About their captive females, training out
An amorous revel rather than a war,
Far from his country, family, and queen.
And can you wrong this false one? Think of Aulis;
How basely to that port you was betray'd,
And what dire nuptials waited there your daughter.
Think with what price he bought his cruel trophies.
Behold the first-born blossom of your youth,
Your Iphigenia, her mild eyes dejected,
Her cheek o'ercast with fear, her bosom bare,
A helpless, harmless, uncomplaining victim,
Stabb'd by the murderous Calchas; whilst her father,
Her unrelenting father, to protect
The sacrifice, stands by. Behold, she bleeds,
Pours the rich stream she drew from that fair bosom,

Falls like a drooping flower untimely cut!
And all to purchase for her sire's impatience,
From some fell demon that belied Diana,
A rising gale. The gale begins to blow,
The pendants flutter, when away he goes,
Gaily he goes, and leaves a wretched mother
To weep her murder'd child.—If yet one spark
Of wonted spirit burns in Clytemnestra,
If she still lives to justice and to nature,
These, these are wrongs that call aloud for vengeance;
And there are hands that boldly—start not, madam—
That will with pride avenge you.

Cly. Ha! what hands?
What vengeance? say. Touch not so wild a string;
It wakes new discord in my jarring soul.
To the just gods, not us, pertaineth vengeance.
I cannot, will not, e'er consent to—Gods!
Where roves my tongue?—You did not mention that?
You did not mean it, sure? O, spare, Ægisthus,
In pity spare my last remains of virtue!
O, make me not beyond recovery vile,
A horror to myself! How wretched they
Who feel, yet cannot save, their dying virtue!

(A shout heard.)

What means this transpòrt of the maddening people?
O my presaging heart!—Save me!—Again!
Ah! little think they how their joy distracts me!

Æg. Some move this way: resume your temper, madam.

SCENE V.

To Clytemnestra *an* Officer *belonging to the court.*

Off. Madam, the king is near, from Nauplia comes;
But such rejoicing crowds around him throng
As make his journey slow. Just now arrived,
Talthybius brings the news, and craves admittance.

Cly. Conduct him hither.

SCENE VI.

Clytemnestra, *alone.*

Cly. O too faithful signal!
Now must I take another step in vice.

Down, stubborn heart, and learn dissimulation:
Yes, learn to smile, though sorrow wrap thee round;
Learn to be friends with baseness.—See how gay
This herald strides along! mistaken man!

SCENE VII.

CLYTEMNESTRA, TALTHYBIUS, *with some Grecian soldiers that attend him.*

Cly. Welcome, Talthybius; welcome, ye brave Greeks.
How fares the king?
Tal. Madam, the king is well;
Health, happiness, and glory join to crown him.
His heart, impatient to confer with yours,
Sends me before him with its warmest wishes,
Its warmest gratulations. "Tell," he said,
"Go tell my Clytemnestra, that the thoughts
Of meeting her awake a dearer joy
Than conquest ever gave: even tedious seems
My people's love, that loses me a moment."
This crown, which circled once the royal brows
Of Hecuba, of Priam's lofty queen,
He prays you to accept.
Cly. There set it down.
I own, Talthybius, the soft moisture fills
My womanish eyes, while on the sudden turns
Of fate I think, on fortune's sad reverses.
Oft, when blind mortals think themselves secure
In height of bliss, they touch the brink of ruin.
But, sure, your voyage has been wondrous quick,—
Not three full days. Is all the fleet return'd?
Tal. No, madam; none, except this single ship,
Which bore the king: the rest are scatter'd wide.
When to the joyous breeze we spread our sails,
And left that bay where Simois and Scamander
Mix with the rapid Hellespont; while Troy,
Or what was Troy, yet wreathing smoke to heaven,
And Ida's woody top, receding, sank
Beneath the trembling main; the sky was fair;
And, wing'd our course with slender airs, we sail'd
Till night in goodly company along.
But straight, as evening fell, the fluttering gale,
Increasing gradual from the red north-east,

Blew stiff and fierce. At last the tempest howl'd.
Next morning, nought but angry seas and skies
Appear'd, conflicting, round. Meantime, right on
Our strong-ribb'd vessel drove before the blast
That, falling somewhat off its fury, gave us
A quick auspicious voyage. Safe we pass'd
The Cyclade isles, that o'er the troubled deep
Seem'd then to float amidst the mingling storm.
Only at one, with much ado, we touch'd,
Nor without risk.

Cly. And why?

Tal. Madam, compell'd
By sacred Pity. On the foaming beach
A miserable figure beckoning stood,
Horrid and wild, with famine worn away.
His plaintive voice, half by the murmuring surge
Absorb'd, just reach'd our ears. In Greek he call'd,
And strong adjured us by the gentle gods
That make the wretched their peculiar care,
To bear him thence, from savage solitude,
Into the cheerful haunts of men again.

Cly. What? Of condition look'd he?

Tal. So he seem'd,
Though dimm'd by helpless solitary life.
The king regards him much.—Forgive me, madam;
I see the rueful image but disturbs
Your generous soul.

Cly. I thank you, good Talthybius,
And from the king himself will learn the rest.
This ring, on which a Victory is carved
With curious art, befits the news you bring.
I am your debtor still, and, soldiers, yours.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

CLYTEMNESTRA, ATTENDANT.

Cly. ARRIVED so soon! I am not half prepared:
My features all are sunk with conscious shame;
My eyes are yet too tender to dissemble.

Att. Madam, be firm. Wipe off these gloomy tears,
In which too plain is read your troubled soul.
Just now the trumpet spoke the king's approach.
Cly. 'T is come at last, the trying hour is come!
O that my heart were hard, and features false!—
Again these trumpets swell.
Att. A moment, madam,
A moment will betray you.
Cly. Open, earth,
And swallow up my shame! What can I do?
Where look? what say? Confusion! torture!
Att. Madam,—
Cly. Ah, coward that I am! Was there no dagger,
To save this tenfold death?
Att. Hark! loud and near
The triumph comes.
Cly. Well; give me breath—
(Endeavouring to compose her agitation.)
(Agamemnon, behind the scenes. A moment
Leave me, my friends.)
Cly. Ah! heard you not his voice!
Yes, yes, 't is he! Go, bring my children hither:
They may relieve me.
Att. O, remember!
Cly. Heavens!

SCENE II.

AGAMEMNON, CLYTEMNESTRA.

Aga. Where is my life, my love, my Clytemnestra!
O, let me press thee to my fluttering soul,
That is on wing to mix itself with thine!
O thou for whom I live, for whom I conquer,
Than glory brighter! O my Clytemnestra!
Now, in this dear embrace, I lose the toils
Of ten years' war; absence, with all its pains,
Is by this charming moment wiped away.
All-bounteous gods! sure, never was a heart
So full, so blest as mine.— *(Discovering her disorder.)*
But whence, my fairest,—
What mean these tears?—not tears of happy love,
Such as I shed. What means that clouded look,
Whose downcast sweetness will not shine upon me!

Why this cold meeting? Why unkindly damp'd
My ardour thus? O, speak, my Clytemnestra!
Cly. Forgive me, Agamemnon; but I cannot,
Alas! I cannot see your face again
Without reflecting where I saw you last.
Aulis is present to my eyes anew,—
The ships, the chiefs, the guards, the bloody Calchas,
All the dire pomp of sacrifice around;
Anew my daughter bleeds, basely deceived!
And when I see that awful brow that doom'd her,
Can Agamemnon wonder at my tears?
Aga. Why will my Clytemnestra add new stings
To what here rankles but too deep already?
Ah! why impute to me the work of Fate?
'T is not indulging private inclination,
The selfish passions, that sustains the world,
And lends its rulers grace; no, 't is not thence
That glory springs, and high immortal deeds.
The public good, the good of others, still
Must bear fond Nature down in him who dares
Aspire to worthy rule; imperious Honour
Still o'er the most distinguish'd lords it most.
Was it for me—let even your passions judge—
For Agamemnon was it, when ordain'd
By common voice the general of the Greeks;
While twenty kings beneath my banner march'd;
And while around me full-assembled Greece,
Indignant, kindled at your sister's rape,
On her old native foe demanding vengeance,
On faithless Asia;—was it then for me
To quench this glorious flame, and to refuse
One life to thousands, to those generous thousands
That for my honour, for the dearer honour
Of Clytemnestra's family, stood all
Prepared to die? If to the mingled voice
Of honour, duty, glory, public good,
Of the commanding gods, I had been deaf,
And in the feeble father poorly sunk
The Greek, the chief, the patriot, and the king,—
Greater than king, the general of the Greeks;
Then you yourself, my Clytemnestra's self,
Must (let her heart avow the truth) have scorn'd me.
Nor think it was an easy resignation.

O Clytemnestra, had you seen within,
What here within my tortured bosom pass'd!
To that my battles since were only sport.
No, not the kindest mother, bathed in tears,
As o'er her agonizing babe she hangs,
Feels what I suffer'd then. You may remember—
Again the father melts me at the thought—
You may remember how I hid my face;
Ashamed to let the Greeks around behold
The tears that misbecame their general's cheek.
Then cease to blame what rather merits pity,—
I might add, praise. He who the father's heart
More tender has than mine, too tender has it.
I love my children as a father should;
Besides, I love them from a softer cause,—
I love my Clytemnestra.

Cly. Had, alas!
Had Agamemnon loved me, would he—nay,
Could he—have left me in the rage of grief,
My daughter yet fresh bleeding in my sight?
Left me so long? Love surely must have found,
In the wide round of ten revolving years,
Some way to see me, to prevent these sorrows.
Why was I thus abandon'd, Agamemnon?

Aga. Let me kiss off these tears. O beauteous tears,
If shed by doubting Love, if shed for absence!
Instead of these reproaches, ask me rather,
How I that absence bore: and here all words,
All eloquence is dumb, to speak the pangs
That lurk'd beneath the rugged brow of War.
When glaring day was closed, and hush'd the camp,
O, then, amid ten thousand other cares,
Those stung the keenest that remember'd thee,
That on my long-left Clytemnestra thought,
On what wild seas and mountains lay between us.

Cly. Unhappy man!

Aga. What says my Clytemnestra?

Cly. Unhappy mortals! by vain words deceived;
To their own pride, to joyless honour, slaves.

Aga. He, he alone can claim a right to bliss
Who has fulfill'd the painful task of honour.

Cly. But what avails a right to vanish'd bliss?

Aga. Let me once more adjure thee, Clytemnestra,

By every tender name of love adjure thee,
To lose in kind oblivion these our past—
I would not call them quarrels. Ah! there was,
There was a time—I will indulge the thought—
When everlasting transport tuned our souls:
When, join'd to vernal life, the spring of love
Around us gaily blow'd, and heaven and earth,
All smiling Nature, look'd delighted on.
Yet, would my Clytemnestra lend her aid,
I know a passion still more deeply charming
Than fever'd youth e'er felt; and that is love,
By long experience mellow'd into friendship.
How far beyond that froward child of Fancy,
With beauty pleased a while, anon disgusted,
Seeking some other toy! how far more noble
Is this bright offspring of unchanging Reason,
That fonder grows with age, and charms for ever!
It is not often, Clytemnestra, thus
That I submit to double my entreaties;
But, O, destroy not the collected hopes
Of life and love! O, make not conquest hateful!
I shall abhor it, if it cost me thee,
Cost me thy love. A daughter was too much,
And ten years' absence from my Clytemnestra.
Add not to these a loss I cannot bear,—
The loss of thee, thou loveliest of thy sex,
And once the kindest!

Cly. O!

Aga. Turn not away;
There is relenting goodness in thy look.

Cly. Alas! untimely fondness!—Agamemnon!
Too generous Agamemnon! you distress me.
Would you were not so kind, so tender, now,
Or ne'er had been so cruel!

Aga. 'T is unjust
To call me cruel. Fate, the gods, our fortune
Were cruel to us both. What could I more
To soothe our parting woes, and ease my absence?
I left you Melisander to advise you,
Left you the wisest, faithfullest, and best—
O whispering Nature! are not these my children?

SCENE III.

AGAMEMNON, CLYTEMNESTRA, ELECTRA, ORESTES.

Aga. My daughter! my Electra!
Elec. O my father!
Aga. Come to my arms, my boy! my dear Orestes!
In whom I live anew, my younger self!
And thou, Electra; in thy opening cheek
I mark thy mother's bloom: even so she look'd,
Such the mild light with which her beauty dawn'd.
O thou soft image of my Clytemnestra!
My other Iphigenia!
Elec. O my father!
My joy, my pride, my glory! whom in dreams
I oft have seen, as if return'd from Troy;
But still unwelcome morning with a tear
Wiped out the dear illusion of the night.
And is it, then, no more a faithless vision!
O, 't is my father! whose departure hence,
And Iphigenia's death, I just remember.
How glorious, Iphigenia, was thy death!
A death I envy, rather than lament.
Who would not die to gain immortal fame,
Deliver Greece, and crown a father's glory!
Aga. Come to my arms again, my generous daughter!
And thou, my son! O that thy tender years
Had suffer'd thee to share our toils at Troy!
'T is war that forms the prince: 't is hardship, toil;
'T is sleepless nights, and never-resting days;
'T is pain, 't is danger, 't is affronted death;
'T is equal fate for all, and changing fortune;
That rear the mind to glory, that inspire
The noblest virtues and the gentlest manners.
Where shall I find, to teach thee these, Orestes,
Another Troy!
Ores. How happy had I been
To have beheld what I must only hear!
But I will hear it often, every day;
Will learn your story, study your example;
Will try to mix your virtues with your blood,
And not disgrace the laurels I inherit.
My bosom flutters with I know not what.

Forgive me, sir; I am too young to say it,—
But something here I feel, which bids me hope
That I shall not betray my father's honour.
Aga. Son of my soul! Look here, my Clytemnestra!
Look here, and weep with tenderness and transport!
What is all tasteless luxury to this,
To these best joys which holy Love bestows?
O Nature! parent Nature! thou alone
Art the true judge of what can make us happy.
(Enter an Officer belonging to the court.)
Off. Ægisthus, sir, attends.
Aga. Go, bid him enter.
Retire, my Clytemnestra, my dear children:
We soon shall meet again; till then, farewell.

SCENE IV.

AGAMEMNON.

Obey me, features, for one supple moment:
You shall not long be tortured. Here, in courts,
We must not wear the soldier's honest face.
He little thinks I have him in the snare
Of Melisander, whom in my return
I from that desert island chanced to save,
To which the ruffian—

SCENE V.

AGAMEMNON, ÆGISTHUS.

Æg. Health to Agamemnon,
And happiness responsive to his glory!
Aga. Cousin, I greet you well.
Æg. Forgive me, sir;
You have surprised us with this quick return:
For by that signal, whose illustrious flame
Rejoiced all Greece, we did not hope your presence
These three days hence. Forgive that, unprepared,
We only with that joy, that loyal transport,
Which swell each Grecian bosom, thus receive you.
And truly such a burst I have not seen
Of that best triumph: city, country, all,
Is in a gay, triumphant tempest toss'd.
[illegible] could press along. The trumpet's voice

Is lost in loud-repeated shouts that raise
Your name to heaven. Ten thousand eyes, below,
Ache to behold the conqueror of Troy.

Aga. The noblest praise that can salute my ear,
The sweetest music, is my people's joy.
But, sure, your tongue has done it ample justice;
Trust me, you blazon a description well.
I have not heard so much obliging speech
These many years.

Æg. Misconstrue not my zeal:
On the full heart obedient language waits.
I feel so deep your glory, Agamemnon,
As mingles with my joy a sort of passion
That almost touches envy. O ye gods!
Has, while I lived, a war, the most renown'd
Which any age e'er saw, or shall again
Be seen; a war whose never-dying fame
Will cover earth, and reach remotest time;—
Has such a war adorn'd my days, and I
Not shared its glory? Pining here, unknown,
In nameless peace, how have I lost my life!

Aga. This ardour is the mode. But know, Ægisthus,
That ruling a free people well in peace,
Without or yielding or usurping power;
Maintaining firm the honour of the laws,
Yet sometimes softening their too rigid doom,
As Mercy may require; steering the state
Through factious storms, or the more dangerous calms
Of peace, by long continuance grown corrupt;
Besides the fair career which Fortune opens
To the mild glories of protected arts,
To bounty, to beneficence, to deeds
That give the gods themselves their brightest beams;—
Yes, know that these are in true glory equal,
If not superior, to deluding conquest:
Nor less demand they conduct, courage, care,
And persevering toil.

Æg. Say, thankless toil,
Harsh and unpleasing; that, instead of praise
And due reward, meets oftener scorn, reproach,
Fierce opposition to the clearest measures,
Injustice, banishment, or death itself:
Such is the nature of malignant man.

Not so the victor's meed: him all approve,
Him all admire.

Aga. Yet though a toilsome task,
Though an ungrateful labour oft to rule;
I not so hardly of mankind, Ægisthus,
Presume to judge. Truth, wisdom, courage, justice,
Beneficence, and for the public good
A constant tenor of well-laid designs,
Must still be awful in the worst of times,
Be amiable, dear; while worth at last
Will light up worth, and virtue kindle virtue.
You was, however, eased of half the toil
By him I left to counsel Clytemnestra,
By Melisander.

Æg. Would to heaven I had!

Aga. You much amaze me. Is not Melisander
Wise, just, and faithful?

Æg. Sir, I must confess
He wore a specious mask—

Aga. Beware, Ægisthus;
I know his steadfast worth, and will not bear
The farthest hint that stains the man I love.

Æg. Then, urged by truth and in my own defence,
I boldly will assert him, Agamemnon,
To be more apt to trouble and embroil,
Than serve, a state. A certain stubborn virtue,
I would say affectation of blunt virtue,
Beneath whose outside froth fermenting lay
Pride, envy, faction, turbulence of soul,
And democratic views, in some sort made him
A secret traitor, equally unfit
Or to obey or rule. But that I check'd
His early treasons, here at your return
You might have found your kingdom a republic.

Aga. O, I shall lose all patience!— *(Aside.)*
You do well
To give your accusation open speech.
Meantime, remember, you must fully prove it;
You must! And he who Melisander proves
The wretch you have described, proves man is vain,
And saps the broad foundations of all trust.
I know he would not patiently look on,
And suffer ill designs to gather strength,

Awaiting gentle seasons; yes, I know,
He had a troublesome, old-fashion'd way
Of shocking courtly ears with horrid truth.
He was no civil ruffian: none of those
Who lie with twisted looks, betray with shrugs,—
I wax too warm:—but he was none of those,
Is none of those dust-licking, reptile, close,
Insinuating, speckled, smooth court-serpents,
That make it so unsafe, chiefly for kings,
To walk this weedy world. Pardon my heat;
I wander from the purpose. You, Ægisthus,
Must prove your charge; to Melisander's face
Must prove it.

Æg. Surely. Since the princely faith
Of your own blood you doubt,—

Aga. Friendship and truth
Are more akin to me than blood.

Æg. You shall,
You shall have proof; but to his face you cannot.

Aga. But to his face I will!—I cannot? why?

Æg. He wanders far from hence, I know not where:
For when I found him an undoubted traitor,
Though he the heaviest punishment deserved,
Yet, in regard to that esteem which once
You deign'd to bear him, banishment alone
Was all I did inflict.

Aga. I thank you, sir:
O, you are wondrous good! But, tell me, how,
How durst you meddle in the sphere assign'd
To Clytemnestra? He was left to her;
To be her counsellor I left my friend,
Left Melisander; left a man whom long,
Whom well I knew; perhaps, to check *you*, left him:
And you pretend, you!—But I will be calm:
These passions in a king to his inferiors,
Who cannot answer equal, are not comely.
Forgive my transport: a more quiet hour
Shall sift this matter to the bottom, shall
Do Melisander or Ægisthus justice.

SCENE VI.

ÆGISTHUS.

go thy way, weak, open-hearted man,
› declare the ruin thou intendest.
: thy Trojan slaves, and elsewhere practise
solence of camps. Tame as I seem,
sive, mild, and patient of thy threats;
: to-morrow's sun beholds Mycenæ,
e-aim'd blow shall pierce thy swelling heart,
ol this tyrant fever in thy veins.
ot our blood, our kindred blood at variance,
erefore burning with immortal hate;
:t thy father Atreus, at a banquet,
lful banquet! from whose sight the sun
back eclipsed, served—monstrous!—up to mine,
own brother, to the pale Thyestes,
.rder'd sons; didst thou not wear a crown
y thy father ravish'd from our line,—
e's crown, which he unjustly seized,
ded to his own, to that of Argos;
ıot stain'd thy bed with Clytemnestra;
ı safety did not urge, and self-defence;
s vile treatment, treatment fit for slaves,—
to thy fury!—this has fix'd thy doom.
›olish scruples that still hung about me,
this friendly tempest blown away.
Clytemnestra comes. How shall I calm
ubled mind? how bring her to my purpose?

SCENE VII.

CLYTEMNESTRA, ÆGISTHUS.

Here let me kneel, Ægisthus, grasp thy knees;
t me grow, till my request be granted.
the very crisis of my fate.
What sight is this I see? Rise, Clytemnestra,
ırest, most majestic of thy sex!
ecomes thee much, this suppliant posture.
e is nothing, nothing, sure, which you
toop to ask! Speak, and command it, madam.

Cly. Then let us henceforth be as if this love
Had never been betwixt us.
Æg. Cease to love thee!
What wild demand! Impossible! Even now,
Endear'd by danger, by distress endear'd,
I for thee feel a fonder pang than e'er
I felt before.
Cly. No; these deluding words
Can charm no longer; their enchantment flies;
And in my breast the guilty passions jar,
Unkind, unjoyous, unharmonious all.
Ah me! from real happiness we stray,
By vice bewildered; vice which always leads,
However fair at first, to wilds of woe.
Æg. Ah, Clytemnestra! didst thou love—
Cly. No more!
Seduce my soul no more! Here will I stop:
Beyond this line 't is misery, 't is madness;
The Furies flash their torches, vultures tear,
The mingled tortures of the damn'd await me.
O, if your passion be not merely selfish,
If the least tenderness for me you feel,
Drive me no farther down the gulf of woe!
To happiness I bid a last farewell;
I ask not happiness: no, that I leave
To innocence and virtue. Peace alone,
Some poor remains of peace, is all I ask;
Not to be greatly wretched, plunged in horrors.
And yet, who knows! The heavenly spark that sleeps
Beneath these embers, yet may spread anew
Its cheerful lustre; all may yet be well:
For Agamemnon was so kind, so gentle,
With such a holy, tender flame he burn'd,
As might have kindled in a barbarous breast
Humanity and virtue.
Æg. All pretence!
I guess his aim; I penetrate his purpose.
On you he lavish'd fondness, while on me
He lour'd destruction. Doubtless, with his ear
Some villain has been busy; and he means
First to divide us, then with greater ease
To ruin both. And can you then be caught,
Caught with the common prostituted speeches

That oft have sicken'd on the glowing lip
Of many a Trojan slave? Chryseis had them;
Briseis, too; and now Cassandra, she
Who, more like a triumphant queen than captive,
Is every hour expected—

Cly. What Cassandra?

Æg. O, it imports you little what Cassandra!
Thus poorly tame, you ne'er will want Cassandras.
What is become of Clytemnestra's spirit,
That she can thus forget her high descent,
Forget her rank, her honour, nay, forget
Her injuries?

Cly. But what Cassandra? say.

Æg. Why, Priam's daughter, the prophetic princess;
The proud, the young, the beautiful Cassandra;
So vain of heart, she dreamt Apollo loved her,
And, on her plighted faith to crown his love,
Bestow'd the gift of prophecy. The gift
In her possession, she deceived the god;
Whence he, provoked, with this condition dash'd it,
Of never gaining credit. So the tale,
The fable, runs. Yet, on my soul, I think,
Did she give out she would be queen of Argos,
She were indeed a prophetess.

Cly. 'T is well:
You mean it for an insult this, you do.
What else could tempt you to deride me, sir,
With such extravagance?

Æg. Mistake me not;
I mean it, madam, for a serious truth,
I mean it for a certainty, if thus
You droop, unnerved with these dejecting fears.

Cly. Cassandra queen of Argos!

Æg. Yes, of Argos;
While Clytemnestra in a prison pines,
Where she may weep, and moralize at leisure

Cly. By heavens! she visits first her father's shade.

Æg. There shone your native self. Let bright revenge—
I should say, justice—dissipate these clouds,
These melancholy whims of ill-judged virtue,
And show you burning with your former lustre.
Madam, our fates are blended: know, we stand
Or fall together. Shame, contempt, and ruin,

Or safety, love, and glory, is our choice.
And can we doubt a moment?
Cly. But, Ægisthus—
Ægi. I know the purpose of thy pleading eye.
Of that hereafter: we shall meet again.
My presence now is wanted in the city.
Fear nothing: thou shalt know before we act,
Thou for whose sake alone I act and live!

ACT III.

SCENE I.

ARCAS, MELISANDER.

Ar. AND have I found my long-lost friend again,
My Melisander? But so changed your look,
So sicklied with a kind of thoughtful sadness,
So sunk each feature, by seven drooping years
Spent in that desert isle, as baffled quite
My wandering recollection.
Mel. True, dear Arcas:
For, what a helpless creature, by himself,
Is the proud lord of this inferior world,
Vain feeble man! The commoners of nature,
Each wing that flits along the spacious sky,
Is less dependent than their boasting master.
Hail, social life! Into thy pleasing bounds
Again I come, to pay the common stock
My share of service; and, in glad return,
To taste thy comforts, thy protected joys.
Ar. O greatly welcome! you deserve them well,
You well deserve the social life you polish.
Still on my thought your strange delivery dwells.
By Agamemnon left to aid the queen
With faithful counsel, while he warr'd at Troy;
And thus by Agamemnon to be saved,
Returning from that conquest! Wondrous chance!
Or rather, wondrous conduct of the Gods,
By mortals, from their blindness, "chance" misnamed!
Meantime, instruct me, while the king reposes;
How was you snatch'd away? and how, so long,

Could you this dreadful solitude support?
I burn to know the whole.

Mel. 'T is thus, my friend:—
While sunk in unsuspecting sleep I lay,
Some midnight ruffians rush'd into my chamber,
Sent by Ægisthus, who my presence deem'd
Obstructive (so I solve it) to his views;
Black views, I fear, as you perhaps may know.
Sudden they seized and, muffled up in darkness,
Straight bore me to the sea, whose instant prey
I did conclude myself, when first, around
The ship unmoor'd, I heard the chiding wave.
But these fell tools of cruel power, it seems,
Had orders in a desert isle to leave me;
There, hopeless, helpless, comfortless, to prove
The utmost gall and bitterness of death.
Thus malice often overshoots itself,
And some unguarded accident betrays
The man of blood. Next night,—a dreary night!—
Cast on the wildest of the Cyclade isles,
Where never human foot had mark'd the shore,
These ruffians left me. Yet, believe me, Arcas,
Such is the rooted love we bear mankind,
All ruffians as they were, I never heard
A sound so dismal as their parting oars.
Then horrid silence follow'd, broke alone
By the low murmurs of the restless deep,
Mix'd with the doubtful breeze, that now and then
Sigh'd through the mournful woods. Beneath a shade
I sat me down, more heavily oppress'd,
More desolate at heart, than e'er I felt
Before: when Philomela, o'er my head,
Began to tune her melancholy strain,
As piteous of my woes; till, by degrees,
Composing sleep on wounded nature shed
A kind, but short, relief. At early morn,
Waked by the chant of birds, I look'd around
For usual objects: objects found I none,
Except, before me stretch'd, the toiling main,
And rocks and woods, in savage view, behind.
Wrapp'd for a moment in amazed confusion,
My thought turn'd giddy round; when all at once
To memory full my dire condition rush'd.

Ar. But, of each comfort, each convenience void,
How could you life sustain? how fence against
Inclement skies?

Mel. A mossy cave, that faced
The southern sea, and in whose deep recess
Boil'd up a crystal fountain, was my home.
Herbs were my food, those blessed stores of health!
Only, when Winter from my daily search
Withdrew my verdant meal, I was obliged
In faithless snares to seize—which truly grieved me—
My sylvan friends, that ne'er till then had known,
And therefore dreaded less, the tyrant man.

But these low hardships scarce deserve regard:
The pangs that sharpest stung, were in my mind.
There desolation reign'd; and there, cut off
From social life, I felt a constant death.
And yet these pangs at last forgot to throb:
What cannot lenient, gentle Time perform?
I ate my lonely meal without a tear,
Nor sigh'd to see the dreadful night descend.
In my own breast, a world within myself;
In streams, in groves, in sunny hill and shade;
In all that blooms with vegetable life,
Or joys with kindred animal sensation;
In the full-peopled round of azure heaven;
Where'er* I studious look'd, I found companions.
But, chief, the Muses lent their softening aid:
At their enchanting voice my sorrows fled,
Or learn'd to please, while through my troubled heart
They breathed the soul of harmony anew.
Thus of the great community of nature
A denizen I lived; and oft in hymns
And rapturous thought even with the gods conversed,
That not disdain sometimes the walks of man.

So pass'd the time, when, lo! within my call,
Arrived the ship which Hope had often promised,—
The ship!—O, it surpass'd my fondest dream,
E'er to imagine the gay ship that came!
As on the deck I Agamemnon saw,
All-glorious with the spoils of conquer'd Troy;
Ye Gods! what transport, what amazement seized me!

* This is the reading of the first edition: in others it is *wherever*.—EDIT.

What adoration of your wondrous ways!
Expression sinks beneath them.

Ar. Sweet reward
Of manly patience, that, to fortune still
Superior, scorns despair!

Mel. This theme, my friend,
Will better suit a leisure hour; but now
The high concerns of life demand our care.
I have already to the king imparted
Suspicions of Ægisthus; and remain
In this disguise, not to alarm his guilt,
Till it more full appear, and proper steps
To punish his misgovernment be taken.
If he has ill designs, you, Arcas, you
Must, while you seem'd regardless, have discern'd them.
Your calm, but keen, inspection, not disturb'd
By the vain flutter of ill-timed discourse,
Must reach the very bottom of his purpose.
In you the king confides; of you demands,
As of his best-loved subject in Mycenæ,
The truth.

Ar. O, I have precious truths in store!
And that best treasure will unlock before him.
Long has my silent observation traced
Ægisthus through the doubling maze of treason;
But now his ill designs are too, too plain,
To all Mycenæ plain: and who, indeed,
Who can have good ones, that corrupts a people?
It was, however, hard, a bitter task,
To wink at public villany, to wipe
Each honest passion from my livid face,
To bind my hands, and seal my quivering lips,
While my heart burn'd with rage, and treasured up
A storm of indignation—

Mel. Give it way!
O, 't is a glorious luxury, oppress'd
For years beneath a load of wicked power,
To heave it off indignant, and assert
The dear, dear freedom of a virtuous mind!
Curse on the coward or perfidious tongue
That dares not, even to kings, avow the truth!
Let traitors wrap them in delusive incense,
flattery flattery heap, on falsehood falsehood:
iving, *liberal breath* of heaven,

That sweeps these fogs away, with all their vermin.
And, on my soul, I think that Agamemnon
Deserves some touch of blame. To put the power,
The power of blessing or oppressing millions,
Of doing or great good or equal mischief,
Even into doubtful hands, is worse than careless.
Ye Gods, avert the miseries that hence
On him and on his family may fall!
But, see, the king.

SCENE II.

AGAMEMNON, MELISANDER, ARCAS.

Aga. Nay, Arcas, to my bosom, *(Arcas kneeling*
Come, let me proudly take a faithful heart!
Ar. Thrice welcome, sir, to Argos and Mycenæ!
To virtue welcome!
Aga. In my own dominions
I am a stranger, Arcas. Ten full years,
Or even one day, is absence for a king,
Without some mighty reason, much too long.
For me a just and memorable war,
Whose actions future times perhaps may sing,
My own, my brother's, and my people's honour,
With that of common Greece, must plead my pardon.
Now shall my cares attend the works of peace;
Calm deeds, that glare not on the vulgar eye:
And yet it equal courage oft demands,
To quell injustice, riot, factious rage,
Dark-working, blind cabal, and bold disorder,
As to confront the rigid face of war.
Then tell me, Arcas,—for, till self-inform'd,
I mean to see with your discerning eyes;
And sure I am, they never will mislead me,—
Have I much subject for this peaceful courage,
This fortitude of state?
Ar. Too much, my lord.
Would to the Gods our virtues here at home
Could answer your heroic deeds abroad!
You, doubtless, from the rugged school of war
Have brought sound manly hearts and generous spirits:
While we, alas! we rot in weedy peace,
In slothful riot, luxury, profusion,
And every meanness to re[illegible]

›ble blood, indignant, mount
.tion to my sovereign's cheek :
rs now press, I were a traitor
aring tongue I spoke the truth.
mortal Gods! have I these ten long years
war at Troy; fill'd every day
incessant, councils, dangers, toils;
villains in licentious ease?
s squander'd vile, on Phrygian plains,
. blood of Greece, to shelter such,
rt *their* honour *who* have none?
an this perfidious, this Ægisthus,
ie, say, by such loose rule propose?
ive bent? or does he push
design by these detested means?
re is no vice a stranger to his heart,
eneath refined dissimulation,—
on that on you yourself
Meantime, sir, his outrageous views
throne of Argos and Mycenæ.
d you, "the throne of Argos and Mycenæ?"
ve I lost my noblest throne,
bb'd me of my people's virtue;
in pomp, a tyrant's toy, the other.
he bear a giddy look so high
hrone? The villain! sure, he dares not.
. more, my lord: he scales the dazzling height,
. grasps with impious hands your sceptre.
touch it is perdition! What? Ægisthus!
:ize my throne?
So means the traitor.
at creature of my power, that insect, raised
m beams of my mistaken bounty!
en my father's vengeance razed his race,
in'd up, with favours, honours heap'd;
l in his hands at last a jewel,
is for the faithless heart of man,—
ss blindness!—half my kingly power!
: breaks out his father's treacherous blood:
e, too late, I find the base Thyestes!
, Atreus, O my royal father!
· trusting thus the seed of him,
rr'd, an execrable brother,

Who even profaned thy bed. But, ere yon orb
Shall from the purpled ocean rise again,
O injured Atreus, by thy sacred shade
I swear to make for this a full atonement!
Is, then, this people, Arcas, grown so vile,
So very vile, that he dares entertain
The smallest hope to rival me in empire?
I like not vaunting; but, ungrateful people!
Can you prefer a nameless thing to me?
Am I not rough with scars on your account,
And, for the careful love I always bore you,
Your "father" named? And yet prefer to me
One who ne'er saw the glorious front of war,
For nothing famous but corrupting peace,
And whose sole merit was my ill-judged favour?
Can you? Away! Dishonour stains the thought.
How should this be?

Ar. Not many, sir, stand fix'd
On the deep principles of reason'd virtue,
Whom Time nor steals, nor Passion bears, away.
Mankind in general float along the stream
Of custom, good or bad; and oft the mind
To *that* familiar grows, by gradual use
And still-encroaching vice, *whose* first regard
Gave horror. Hence ten loosely-govern'd years
Have wrought such strange events, that you no more
Behold your ancient Argos and Mycenæ.
These cities now with slaves and villains swarm.
At first Ægisthus, popular and fair,
All smiles and softness, as if each man's friend,
By hidden ways proceeded, mining virtue.
He pride, he pomp, he luxury diffused;
He taught them wants beyond their private means:
And straight, in Bounty's pleasing chains involved,
They grew his slaves. Who cannot live on little,
Or as his various fortunes shall permit,
Stands in the market ready to be sold.

Aga. O damn'd, detested traffic!—But proceed.

Ar. While the luxurious fever thus increased,
Still, in proportion as it gather'd rage,
He lent it fuel; and, more bold, disclosed
His noon-day treason. Murmurs went about,
And spread at last into the common talk,

That you was proud, severe, beneath the notion
Of holding firm the helm of state, a tyrant;
That in vain wars, which nought imported them,
You spent their treasure, shed their noblest blood;
And that, Troy conquer'd once, to her rich plains
You meant from Argos to transplant your empire.
Meantime, in private all whom wild debauch
Has set adrift from every human tie;
Whom riot, want, and conscious guilt inflame,
Holding the Gods and virtue in contempt,
Amidst their bowls;—such are his bosom-friends.
And, join'd to them, a meaner ruffian-band
Of villains bold in crimes, whose trade is murder,
Hang in black clouds around him; whence, I fear,
A sudden tempest is prepared to burst.
This, sir, from duty and a faithful zeal
I plain unfold: nor on my word alone
Believe these accusations; clear as day,
I for them will produce the strongest proof.

Aga. I thank thee, Arcas. Truth, though sometimes clad
In painful lustre, yet is always welcome,
Dear as the light that shows the lurking rock.
'T is the fair star that, ne'er into the main
Descending, leads us safe through stormy life.
Gods! how it tears me from each calmer thought!
To think this traitor, that this double traitor,
This traitor to myself and to my people,
Should by such sneaking, such unmanly ways,
Thus filch away my crown!—
Why stand I chafing here? One timely deed
Is worth ten thousand words. Come, then, my friends,
Come and behold me seize, amidst his guards,
His coward guards,—Guilt ever was a coward,—
This rival-king, and with him crown my triumph.
Till then, Troy smokes in vain, and Agamemnon
Cannot be said to conquer.

Mel. Sir, beware—

Aga. Of what beware? Where am I, Melisander?
Am I not in Mycenæ, in my palace?
Are not these crowds, that stream along the streets,
My subjects all? Of what should I beware?
Not seize a traitor in my own dominions?
Yes, I will seize him, Melisander,—will!

Mel. What grace to kings such generous ardour gives!
But though brave deeds be warm at first conceived,
Let the best purpose cool, nor miss your blow.
More firm and sure the hand of Courage strikes,
When it obeys the watchful eye of Caution.
You hear from Arcas, sir, what ruffian-bands,
What secret deaths, what daggers lurk around him:
Be cautious, then, for virtue's, glory's sake;
And, when you strike, strike home!

Ago. O for those Greeks
That, this rude day, are tossing on the seas;
Those hardy Greeks whom ten years' war has steel'd,
With toils, with dangers, and with death familiar!
Then should you see what chaff before the wind
Are those weak sons of soft enfeebling Peace;
These wretches, only bold where unresisted.

Mel. But since, my lord, you cannot now exert
This nobler force, let prudence take its place.
Have patience only till you safely can
And surely seize him.

Ago. Well; till then, I will.
And, though not made of patient mould, in this
I will have patience; will, some tedious hours,
Repress my vengeance.— *(Pausing.)*
Yes, I like the thought:
He may be seized this evening at the banquet,
Be there surprised with ease,—and shall!—
For, by the' eternal gods that rule mankind,
The sleep of death alone shall seal these eyes,
While such a wretch holds power in my dominions!
O Clytemnestra! to the public now
Succeeds the private pang. At thought of thee,
New rage, new vengeance shake my inmost soul!
Was my beloved, my queen, my Clytemnestra,
So long abandon'd in a villain's power,
Who knows, it seems, no limits, owns no laws,
Save those one vice imposes on another!
And now the secret cause, I fear, is plain
Of that unusual damp, that strange dejection,
Which clouded her at meeting. Still the more
I pour'd my fondness, still the more distress'd
She seem'd; and, turning from my tender gaze,
The copious shower stole down her troubled cheek;

he pitied those my blind endearments,
ı her breast some horrid secret swell'd.
. it be so,—confusion!—can I stoop
o suppose it? How from slight mistakes
evils spring! But the most fruitful source
ry evil—O that I in thunder
sound it o'er the listening earth to kings—
gating power to wicked hands.
. My lord, let no suspicions of the queen
int your bosom: if I judge aright,—
. No, Melisander, no; I am not jealous:
that passion and contempt were one.
is her situation gives me horror,
eadful situation!—But of this
h.—Then tell me, Arcas, tell me truly:
ere a few? say, do there yet remain
ıful few, to save the sinking state?
ou, ere night, collect an honest band,
d of such as worthy are to rescue
king and country from impending fate?
ittle thought I, that amidst my subjects,
som'd sweet in peace, I, like a tyrant,
l e'er have needed guards.
Yes, sir; I know
d of generous youths, whom native virtue,
ken yet by avarice or profusion,
or our purpose. These I can collect—
. About it quickly, Arcas; lose no time:
ing me to the banquet those brave youths;
for their acquaintance. Till that hour,
tic cares and joys demand my presence:
ther's heart now bears me to my children.
ell! my all depends upon your conduct.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

AGAMEMNON, MELISANDER.

. DOMESTIC pleasures spread their charms in vain.
he hour of vengeance! I, till then,

But stalk about, the shadow of a king.
Heard you from Arcas aught?

Mel. Be patient, sir:
As yet the time permits not his return.
Arcas is zealous, ardent in your service,
And will not fail his duty.

(Enter an Officer belonging to the court.)

Off. Sir, Cassandra
Is just arrived.

Aga. Conduct the princess hither.
This Priam's fairest daughter, Melisander,
Is a young princess of engaging beauty,
Raised by distress, of noble sense and spirit;
But, by poetic visions led astray,
She dreamt Apollo loved her, and the gift
Of prophecy bestow'd, to gain her promise.
The gift once hers, the chastely-faithless maid
Deceived the God; who therefore, in revenge,
Since he could not recall it, made it useless,
For ever doom'd to meet with disregard.
E'er since, the lovely visionary raves
With dignity; foretells the fate of nations;
And, judging of the future from the past,
Has oft been wondrous happy in her guesses.
Some strange, some recent instances of this
Confirm her in her venerable madness.

Mel. Be not too rash in judging, Agamemnon;
For we, blind mortals, but a little know
Of boundless nature. Hark! the princess comes:
I hear her voice, I hear the voice of sorrow.

SCENE II.

AGAMEMNON, MELISANDER, CASSANDRA, *attended by Trojan Captives.*

Cas. (Entering.) O hostile roofs! O Ilium, O my country!

Aga. I cannot blame your grief, unhappy princess;
But, if it can relieve you, here be sure
Of an asylum, safe as Priam's palace.

Cas. O sweet abode! O palace of my fathers!
My bleeding heart melts while I think of thee,
Think of the days of innocence and joy

That shone upon me there. How changed art thou!
Ah! what a scene, when I beheld thee last!
Rage, blood, and flames, and shrieks of murder round me!
The sword of Pyrrhus, and a feeble father!
Where was you, Hector, then? where, all his sons?
O Priam's numerous race! what are you now
Become? Ah me! the desolating Gods
Have laid their hands, their iron hands, upon us.

Aga. From past misfortunes, princess, turn your eye—

Cas. 'T is true, the future may full well suffice.
The' avenging sisters trace my footsteps still;
The hunters still pursue the trembling doe.
Where am I? Gods! black heavy drops of blood
Run down the guilty walls. With the dun shades
Of night ascending, lo! successive troops
Of Trojan ghosts are flocking to the banquet:
Permitted by the' infernal Gods, they come,
To feast them with the horrors of this night,
To snuff the blood of victims. Ah! the car,
The gay triumphal car, is turn'd at once
Into a mournful bier, that nods along,
Solemn and slow.—Yes, Troy shall be avenged:
I shall the vengeance see; and yet not see
Thy light, returning Phœbus.

Aga. Fair Cassandra,
Indulge no more these melancholy views,
These visions form'd by gloomy-minded Grief.
We will each art, each tender art employ,
To soothe your sorrows, to restore your peace.
You come not to the proud, unfeeling race
Of yesterday: we know the turns of fortune;
Have drunk the cup, the wholesome cup of sufferings,
That not inflames, but moderates, the mind.
Then fear not, princess;—let me call you "daughter!"—
Your treatment shall be such as well becomes
The dignity of woe, becomes the great,
The fair unhappy. Nought shall touch your honour.
I know, I feel your beauty: but here dwell
The Gods of hospitality and faith;
The hymeneal powers are honour'd here.
Yes, I will shield thee, equal with Electra,
With my loved daughter, in thy friendship bless'd.

Cas. In spite of swelling tears that choke the way,

Of bitter tears by big remembrance shed,
I own thy goodness, thank thee, Agamemnon.
Meantime, in vain are all thy generous cares
On my account. The Gods of death will soon
Extend o'er me their all-protecting wing.
I shall not long, I shall not want protection:
But who, devoted prince, will give it thee?
Even while we talk, the secret wheels are turning
That lift the vile, and lay the mighty low.
I pity thee, the house of Pelops pity.
Forgive me, Troy! I pity thy destroyers.

(Enter an Officer.)

Off. A messenger from Arcas, sir,—
Aga. 'T is well.
To my apartment lead him: you, meanwhile,

(To Melisander.)

Attend the princess; grace her with such honours
As suits her to receive, and me to give.

SCENE III.

CASSANDRA, CHORUS OF TROJAN CAPTIVES, MELISANDER.

Mel. Fair princess, stop these tears. Exert that best,
That noblest virtue, which can master Fortune,—
An equal mind.
Cas. Not for myself I weep;
But, O my dear companions, how for you
My bosom yearns!
Cho. We have together lived!
Together let us die!
Cas. Together lived!
At this ten thousand images awake,
Ten thousand little tendernesses throb.
Cho. O days of youth! O careless days! untaught
To weep, if Love shed not the pleasing tear.
Cas. O woods! O fountains! O delightful meads,
That lent us flowers, the prime of blooming May,
To deck our tresses!
Cho. O the yellow banks
Of fair Scamander! in whose silver stream
We used to bathe, beneath the secret shade.
Cas. O cheerful Ida's airy summits! where
The Gods delight to dwell.

Cho. O silent Troy,
Whose streets have often echoed with our song!
Cas. O the lost labours of a ruin'd people!
O country! freedom! friends! relations! All
That gives or taste or dignity to life,
All, all is gone, beyond recovery gone!
Cho. Then let us die!
Cas. For me, the hunted hart
More fervent pants not for the cooling stream,
Than I to wrap me in the quiet shades
Of death. But, ah! my helpless friends, for you
I feel its keenest anguish.
Cho. Not for us,
Feel not for us. What comfort have we left,
What hope, what wish, in life? One healing pang,
And then we weep no more.
Cas. Refreshing thought!
And then from bondage, pain, from every ill,
For ever free, we meet our friends again;
Our parents, brothers, sisters, lovers meet.
Cho. Then let us die! and sudden be the blow!
Cas. The Gods assent. Behold the happy shore!
But, ah! there lies a stormy sea betwixt.
Mel. So sings the plaining nightingale her woes,
Cas. Ah! far unlike the nightingale! She sings,
Unceasing, through the balmy nights of May;
She sings from love and joy, while we, alas!—
Mel. Behold the queen! Deep-wrapp'd in thought she seems.
Cas. O direful musings! Lead us from her presence.

SCENE IV.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Sweet Peace of Mind, whence Pleasure borrows taste!
Daughter of Virtue! whither art thou fled!
To what calm cottage, to what blameless shade,
Far from these guilty walls? O walls, O race
To horrors doom'd! Before me gathers fast
A deepening gloom, with unknown terrors big;—
Not quite unknown.—Gods! what a dreadful hint
Flash'd from Ægisthus, when I saw him last!
And to what desperate actions cannot safety,

Ambition, love, and vengeance drive the soul!
Distraction lies that way; yet how escape?
Shame urges on behind, unpitying Shame,
That worst of Furies, whose fell aspect frights
Each tender feeling from the human breast.
Goodness itself even turns in me to gall,
And only serves to heighten my despair.
How kind was Agamemnon, generous, fond!
How more than usual mild! as if on purpose
To give these tortures their severest sting.
Happy, compared to this tormented state,
Where Honour only lives with inward lash
To punish Guilt,—happy the harden'd wretch
Who feels no conscience, and who fears no crime!
O horrid, horrid! O flagitious thought!
How is it with the mind that can endure
A thought so dire? My sole remaining hope
Is death, kind death, that amiable sleep
Which wakes no more,—at least, to mortal care.
But then the dark hereafter that may come.—
There is no anchor that against this storm,
This mighty sea of doubts and fears, can hold.
Hopeless I drive. One thought destroys another.—
This stranger too! Should it be Melisander—
Is there a fear, however idle, wild,
And even almost impossible, which Guilt,
The feeble-hearted Guilt, not entertains?—
I order'd his attendance. See, he comes.

SCENE V.

CLYTEMNESTRA, MELISANDER.

Cly. Stranger, are you not he whom Agamemnon,
By an amazing chance, in his return,
Saved from a desert isle?

Mel. Madam, the same.

Cly. I much admire your fortunate deliverance,
And wish to hear your story,—why there left,
And how sustain'd. Indulge me with it, stranger.

Mel. Madam, I come this moment from the king,
Charged with a matter which requires dispatch:
But, that transacted once, without delay
I will attend your orders.

Then, it seems,
not quite a stranger in Mycenæ.
your country?
Greece.
What part of Greece?
At Athens I was born.
But in Mycenæ,
ou not in Mycenæ been before?
There are not, madam, many parts of Greece
nknown.
Why thus avoid my question?
ou been here before?
Madam, I have.
Here, in this palace? Ah! why stand you silent?
ep your eyes unmoved upon the ground:
ould this mean? Beneath that rough disguise
arks, methinks, a form which somewhere I
en.
The dream of Fancy, that, the more
lulged, perplexes still the more!
here too long; the king's commands
of no delay.
'T is so! 't is so!
tures, manner, voice, this studied haste,
fts of one unpractised in deceit,—
conspire: one image wakes another,
ick they flash upon me.
You grow pale,
mble, madam: that mistake, I find,
ing me turns wilder, and disturbs you.
retire—
A moment—stay—
In vain,
is in vain to wrap me longer
evasions.
Melisander!
Madam!
And can it be? Behold I, then, the man
I so long have number'd with the dead?
ty Gods! behold I Melisander?
! how changed! how darken'd with suspicion!
m deem'd the author of his woes.
Madam, forgive—

Cly. Why else from me conceal
Your wish'd return? I plainly am distrusted,—
By Agamemnon, too. It was unkind,
Unjust, unfriendly! shocks me, Melisander.
Mel. Indeed you wrong me, madam, wrong me much,
To judge me apt or to conceive or spread
Distrust. I would have perish'd by myself,
Unknown, unwept, in helpless solitude,
Rather than here return to this full world
To set my mistress and her lord at variance.
O, think me not a busy peace-destroyer!
Accursed is the wretch, to social life
The most inhuman foe, who in the nice,
The tender scenes of life dares rashly meddle,
And sow division between friends and lovers.
Cly. The generous heart is ever slow to blame:
But, Melisander, not to me were owing,
Not in the least to me, those cruel woes,
This worse than death, which you so long have suffer'd.
Instead of that, your fate, how, whither gone,
If carried off, or secretly destroy'd,
Was all a mournful mystery to me,
Dark as the night on which you disappear'd.
Did you but know, here in my secret soul,
What undissembled pangs your absence roused,
What I have felt for you, and for myself,
In losing such a wise and faithful friend;—
Knew you but these; O, knew you, Melisander,
How your disaster has been truly mine;
You never could suspect me.
Mel. Witness, Heaven!
I never did. Your heart, I know, disdains
A thought that looks like cruelty or fraud.
From the first moment that his ruffians seized me,
I had no doubt, I knew it was Ægisthus.
Some time before I mark'd the rising storm,
And meant to warn you; but it sudden burst,
And bore me far away, far from all means,
Even from all hope, of lending you assistance.
Ay! there I suffer'd most. My fears for you,
At once by guile and violence beset,
Took off the point of my own proper woes.
But when your awful virtues struck my thought,—

Your wisdom, spirit, resolution, truth,
That dread effulgence of the spotless soul
Which smites the hardest villain into shame;
My fears appear'd impertinent and vain.
Yet, doubtless, madam, you have had occasion
For a firm-ruling hand and watchful eye,
For every virtue; and I truly joy,
That Agamemnon finds at his return
Ægisthus by your conduct thus restrain'd.

Cly. By heavens! he tries me. O suspicious Guilt!
(Aside.)
Your words are friendly, but your deeds are doubtful.
No, Melisander; Friendship with Distrust
Can never dwell. And that I am distrusted,
To me is certain,—in a matter, too,
That much concern'd my peace, concern'd my honour.
For, did you even ascribe your woes to me,
You could not manage with more distant caution.

Mel. Whence is it that the noble Clytemnestra,
Who used to shine in a superior sphere
Of fair serenity and candid peace,
Should to these doubts descend, these dark suspicions?
For me, I here attest the Gods! my soul
Ne'er knew a thought that swell'd not with esteem,
With love, and veneration of your virtues.
And for the king, no young enraptured lover,
In all the first effusions of his soul,
New to the mighty charm; no friend, who meets,
After long years of dark and silent absence,
His happy friend again; feels livelier joy
Than Agamemnon feels, while his glad tongue
Runs out in endless praise of Clytemnestra.
But I must wait his orders.

Cly. Do your duty.
I too must go; must to Ægisthus straight *(Aside.)*
Impart this dreadful news.

SCENE VI.

MELISANDER, *alone.*

She went abruptly;
And as we talk'd, methought, strange passions shook
Her inward frame, and darken'd every feature.

Behold, the black, the guilt-concealing night
Fast closes round. Wide through this ample palace
The lamps begin to shine. The tempest falls;
The weary winds sink, breathless. But, who knows
What fiercer tempest yet may shake this night?
Soul-cheering Phœbus, with thy sacred beams,
O, quickly come, and chase these sullen shadows!

ACT V.

SCENE I.

CLYTEMNESTRA, ÆGISTHUS.

Æg. AH, Clytemnestra! what a change is here!
And must I, then, thus steal an interview?
Are we alone?
Cly. You fright me with that question:
You look astonish'd.
Æg. On the brink of ruin
We tottering stand.
Cly. That is no news to me.
Æg. But—
Cly. What!
Æg. We are discover'd.
Cly. Ah! discover'd
Æg. Yes, certainly discover'd. Arcas now,
By Agamemnon's orders, in the city
Collects a band, to seize me at the banquet,
A short hour hence. And my accusers, madam,
You may be well assured, are not your friends.
Cly. 'T is plain! 't is plain! The parting fogs disperse
And now the doubtful scene stands all reveal'd.
Who could have thought they should dissemble thus?
But I can tell you more.
Æg. What, madam! Speak;
For danger presses on us.
Cly. Saw you him,
This seeming stranger, saved by Agamemnon?
Æg. Arcas and he to-day, my friends inform me,
Were busy with the king; and, doubtless, then
It was concerted that I should be seized.

Cly. Ah! did you know, *Ægisthus*, who he is!—
Æg. Who?
Cly. Melisander.
Æg. Gods! and does he live?
For my confusion saved! O gross, gross folly,
To do an action of that kind by halves!
Had he been silent dust,—To please you, madam,
From a false tenderness for you, he lives—
Cly. A mighty merit, glorious boast, indeed!
Hear him, ye gracious, gentle Powers of love!
From tenderness for me, he did not murder
A worthy, blameless man, who never hurt him;
He murder'd not my friend, my faithful friend!
Ah! 't is such tenderness that makes me wretched;
Such tenderness that still in blacker guilt,
In the last depth of misery, will plunge me.
Æg. It is not, madam, now a time for this.
Think of our situation,—close beset
By all those ills which mortals most abhor.
Whom have we to confide in but each other?
And this sad meeting is perhaps our last.
Concord alone and vigorous measures can
Prevent our ruin. But from Melisander
What did you learn? Are you yourself suspected?
Cly. I cannot find I am; and yet I must.
Æg. But, as for me, my ruin is no secret.
Cly. 'T is true, some dark attempt goes on against you.
Æg. Then have I rightly done.
Cly. What have you done?
Æg. What Prudence, Justice, Love, and Vengeance, all
Demand.
Cly. Immortal Powers! you have not—
Æg. No;
But must, and will. What else can you propose?
Cly. O, any thing besides! immediate flight,
Eternal absence, death!
Æg. Let others die!
Let the proud, faithless, false, injurious tyrant;
The hero glorious in his daughter's murder;
The scourge of Greece, who has, from wild ambition,
Shed so much blood;—let Agamemnon die!
Cly. O heavens and earth! you shock me to distraction!
I have, *Ægisthus*, hitherto avoided

This doubtful point, still hoping you might drop
Your horrid resolution: now I tell you,
Before the listening Gods, I plainly tell you,
That Agamemnon shall not fall unwarn'd.
You shall not rise by me into his throne;
I will not be the tool of your ambition;
Will not be wretched, infamous, for ever,
The blank of women, the disgrace of nature,
That you may gain your execrable views,
Hook'd under smooth pretences! I am guilty;
Alas! I am: but think not therefore, tyrant,
To give me law. There are degrees in guilt;
And I have still my reason left; have left
Some resolution, some remains of virtue.
Yes, I dare die; and who dares die, Ægisthus,
Needs not be driven to villanous extremes.
Mark me, doubting man! My certain cure
Of every woe, my cordial draught, is ready;
And if you do not promise me, here swear
To drop your fell designs on Agamemnon,
To quit this palace,—you may still escape,—
And never see me more; I go, I go
This moment, to discover all, and die!

Ægi. What! Clytemnestra!

Clyt. Nothing shall dissuade me
I will not argue more. Say, only say,
Must I betake me to this cruel refuge,
This dire necessity!

Ægi. Permit me, madam;
Hear me but once, and then pursue your purpose.
Suppose us guilty, what you will; yet, madam,
Shall we acknowledge and proclaim that guilt!
Shall we, by patient waiting for our doom,
By pitiful neglect of self-defence,—
Unheard-of meanness!—stamp it into shame!
No; let us wipe it out with bold success.
It is success that colours all in life:
Success makes fools admired, makes villains honest.
All the proud virtue of this vaunting world
Fawns on success and power, howe'er acquired.
If then, supposing guilt, it were a meanness
To stoop to shame, can words express the madness
Of stopping short with infamy and ruin,

When justice, love, and vengeance urge to glory?
Instead of being deem'd a generous queen,
The brave avenger of her sex's honour,
Famed for her spirit, for her just resentment;
Who greatly punish'd a perfidious husband,
A cruel tyrant, one who from his bed,
His throne, proposed, with open shame, to turn her,
And to her place to take his country's foe,
To take a Trojan captive, proud Cassandra:—
Instead of such renown, can Clytemnestra,—
Forgive the doubt,—can she submit to pass,
Through future times, for an abandon'd woman;
A feeble, spiritless, abandon'd woman?—
Nay, madam, hear the truth, what now I tell you
Must in a little scanty hour take place.
In a few moments, you must be the first
Or last of women; be the public scorn
Or admiration of approving Greece;—
You know you must;—be Agamemnon's slave,
Cassandra's slave, or nobly punish both,
And reign with me in happiness and glory.
Consult your heart: can you resolve on shame,
On voluntary shame? that only ill
The generous fear, which kills the soul itself.
Were those fair features, full of lovely grandeur,
Form'd for confusion? that majestic front,
To be bow'd down with infamy and vileness?
Ah! can you bear contempt? the venom'd tongue
Of those whom ruin pleases; the keen sneer,
The lewd reproaches, of the rascal herd,
Who for the self-same actions, if successful,
Would be as grossly lavish in your praise?
To sum up all in one,—Can you support
The scornful glances, the malignant joy,
Or more detested pity of a rival,
Of a triumphant rival? No; you cannot.
That conscious worth which kindles in your eye,
Tells me you cannot.—But, in vain disputes
No more to squander these important moments,
Know that I have not to the frail decision
Of wavering fear and female weakness left
Our freedom, safety, happiness, and honour.
Even in your own despite you shall be saved.

And could you be so lost to reason, wild,
To do what woman never did before,
What shocks humanity,—accuse yourself;
You only court dishonour to no purpose.
For Agamemnon now cannot escape;
I am already master of this palace;
All is prepared; my people all are fix'd,
All properly disposed: and here I swear
By sacred justice, glory, love, and vengeance,
He dies,—dies in the bath, before the banquet!
And with him dies Cassandra; she who dares,
In her presumptuous thought, usurp thy honours.
She weeps!—O my adored, my Clytemnestra!
Forgive this barbarous, necessary truth!
Did I not love thee, love thee more than empire,
Than life and glory, would I thus disclose
These dangerous secrets? Could I not have veil'd,
And, with more certain caution, gain'd, my purpose?
Cly. O that you had, Ægisthus! Then, alas!
I should have fondly thought myself less guilty.
Æg. I lose myself in softness, while the time,
With danger big, demands intrepid deeds.
Wipe off these tears: when next we meet again,
All will be well.

SCENE II.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ah! when we meet again!—
I stand at last convinced, and must dissemble:
Yet how dissemble! Painted in my face
Are the full horrors of this bloody deed.
But who are these approaching? Ah! Cassandra!
How fair she seems, how lovely! Hateful charms!
That well may rival mine, decay'd and sunk
By guilt and sorrow. She possess my bed!
Possess my sceptre!—This restores my spirit.
I am abused, too patient! Perish all,—
Perish myself, Ægisthus, Agamemnon,—
So this proud rival, this Cassandra, perish!

SCENE III.

CASSANDRA, TROJAN CAPTIVES, MELISANDER.

Mel. Daughters of Ilium! by the king's command,
I come to ask your presence at the banquet.
Till then, allow me to partake your woes:
I have a reverence for them. I myself,
Thanks to the gracious Gods! have known misfortune;
I am with grief acquainted; therefore can
For others feel. Sweet source of every virtue,
O sacred Sorrow! he who knows not thee,
Knows not the best emotions of the heart,
Those tender tears that humanize the soul,
The sigh that charms, the pang that gives delight:
He dwells too near to cruelty and pride,
And is a novice in the school of Virtue.

Cas. We thank thee, stranger, for thy generous pity.
Heaven has, it seems, throughout diffused the good.
May the kind Gods, the hospitable powers,
For this befriend thee! Thou must wander still,
Wilt their protection want.—But Agamemnon!
Where is the king?

Mel. He bathes him for the banquet,
The banquet earn'd by ten years' war and toil.

Cas. Short-sighted man! to dream of festal joy,
When his next banquet is, perhaps, with Pluto.
He comes! the God comes rushing on my soul!
O, gently soothe me with the voice of music;
Assuage my pangs with harmony!—Methinks
I hear Apollo's lyre.

Mel. Mysterious Powers!

Cas. 'T is gone; and now harsh discord takes its place!
Dire yellings now affright my trembling ear.
What means this uproar of the howling forest?
The lioness and wolf, together leagued,
Pursue the lion's life. Behold! the snare,
The' infernal snare, is set, spread by the stream
Where, unsuspecting harm, he bathes at noon.
Soon will these guiltless waters blush with blood.

Mel. There is a sort of gloomy light in this
That flashes horror on me.

Cas. A black swarm

Of fell ideas seize my fancy. Hence!
O, snatch me from this palace—shambles, rather!
It smells of carnage; breathes a hideous steam,
As if from gaping sepulchres exhaled.
And, lo! the spotless Loves, the Sports, the Joys,
The weeping *Lares* fly; while, in their place,
The Vices all, the raging Furies come;
And with them Comus, the flush'd God of banquets,
Besmear'd with gore. They sing the funeral hymn.
What do I see? What mean these mangled forms,
These pale, these nightly phantoms; such as rise,
To working Fancy's eye, in troubled dreams?
See! where they sit for ever at the gates,
Demanding vengeance. Vengeance is at hand—
Ha! 't is the murder'd boys, whose limbs were here
Served up to their own sire, to be devour'd!—

Mel. She wakes my dread,—the story of Thyestes!

Cas. With this devoted race involved I fall:
Nor falls the slave alone,—the master falls.
But man shall die for man, for woman woman:
Remember this.

Mel. The slave, the master fall!

Cas. Ah bosom-traitress! ill-persuaded queen!
And canst thou, then, the barbarous secret keep?

Mel. What queen? what secret? Speak more plain
Cassandra!

Cas. From guilt, in vain, to greater guilt you fly,
From crime to crime precipitated.—No!
The wicked find no peace: distraction waits thee!
One effort more—Yes; save thy lord, and die.
That throe belong'd to virtue. Cannot, then,
The gentle Powers prevail? A moment yet,
The doubtful balance yet allows a moment.—
Down, down it goes, for vengeance and for Troy!
But, ah! such vengeance as even foes themselves
Abhor to see.

Mel. She staggers all my reason.
Unveil these dreadful oracles. Perhaps,—

Cas. Yes, in a moment they will be too plain.
The moment comes! The Furies lash it on!
Ah! now!

Mel. Unusual horror creeps—

Cas. Alas!

Keep from the murderous sacrificer's hand,
O, keep the victim bull! Lo! seized, he spurns,
He foams in vain. Behold the lifted blow!
Behold the thirsty steel! They strike him!—Hark!
What dismal echoes run from room to room!

Mel. I heard a distant noise.

(The noise of Agamemnon's assassination heard indistinctly, and at a distance, behind the scenes.)

Cas. Again! They strive,
The' assassins labour, who shall wound him most.
'T is done!—He falls!

(The noise heard distinctly, and near.)

Aga. (Behind the scenes.) Off! villains! cowards! off!—
By villains murder'd!—O!

Mel. Great Gods! the king!

SCENE IV.

MELISANDER, CASSANDRA, TROJAN CAPTIVES, ELECTRA, ORESTES.

Elec. Stop, generous stranger! Agamemnon's friend!

Mel. What would Electra? what with Melisander?

Elec. Heavens! Melisander?

Mel. To the king's assistance
I fly; detain me not.

Elec. He is no more!

Mel. Ah! dead?

Elec. Yes, murder'd by Ægisthus! dead!
Pierced with a thousand wounds! O horror, horror!
We have not time for grief. Orestes—Quick!
Fly! save my brother!

Or. Leave my father?—No;
It is but once that I have ever seen him:
Shall I no more?

Elec. But, to revenge his death,
O, fly, Orestes, for that glorious purpose!
Tremendous Gods! Methinks I see his ghost,
That beckons you away.

Or. I come, I come!
On Melisander—

Elec. Brother!

Or. O my sister!
What will become of thee?

Elec. Good Melisander,
O, guard my brother! save our only hope!
I heard a noise:—farewell!
Or. (Going.) Ah! poor Electra!

SCENE V.

ELECTRA, CASSANDRA, TROJAN CAPTIVES.

Elec. The murderers come, stain'd with my father's bloo
Hide me, Cassandra, hide me from a sight
I cannot bear, a scene to nature shocking!

SCENE VI.

The back-scene, opening, discovers at a distance Agame non's body. Electra throws herself by it.

CASSANDRA, TROJAN CAPTIVES, ÆGISTHUS, *with some of h party.*

Æg. Enough, my friends! How low, how silent now
The mighty boaster lies! Another blow
Crowns my revenge.
Cas. It shall not, base assassin!
The Gods are just; amidst the crimes of men,
Are firmly just, supremely wise and good:
The Gods are here, in all their terrors present.
See where in dreadful majesty they sit,
And write thy doom in Agamemnon's blood!
Æg. Think not to shake me with these gloomy fables:
This arm, that has acquired, shall guard, my power;
And since I now enjoy my long-wish'd vengeance,
All here is calm and cheerful.
Cas. The false boast
Of agonizing Guilt! Thy soul, I see,
Beneath this harden'd pride, this brutal courage,
Boils with black torments and with inward tempest.
I know whence breaks that gleam of joy athwart thee,
As lightning flashes o'er a troubled sky:
Thou dream'st the prince now falls beneath thy fury.
But hear and tremble,—Young Orestes lives!
Æg. Hence with thy vain predictions, doting woman!

SCENE VII.

Ægisthus, Cassandra, &c., and to them Assassins sent to murder Orestes.

Æg. Well, is Orestes dead?
Ass. Ah, sir! escaped,
When all was in confusion here and tumult.
Æg. O, nothing then is done! Fly, tardy villains!
Pursue him to the farthest verge of earth;
No dark retreat, no country—But here comes
Another storm. Distraction wings her pace.

SCENE VIII.

Clytemnestra, Ægisthus, Cassandra, &c.

Cly. Off! give me way! to deserts let me fly!
The wildest savage there!—
Why pierce me thus with looks? In every eye
There is a dagger; chief in thine. *(To Ægisthus.)* Ah, villain!
I know thee; know these eyes, where smiling love
To the red glarings of a Fury's torch
Is now transform'd. Yes, traitor, turn away:
But, ere you go, give me my peace again;
Give me my happy family around;
Give me my virtue, honour, nay, my glory;
Or give me death,—though death cannot relieve me.
Are these the deeds of love? I cannot step,
Unless I dip my shivering feet in blood.
Compared with this polluted, this dire palace,
The sepulchre is gay.—But whither fly?
Ah! what avails it where the guilty fly,
Since from themselves they cannot?—Ah! behold!
The black abyss discloses to my view;
And down I go,—a dark, a deep descent!
Hell from beneath is moved at my approach:
Its princes flock around. "Behold," they say,
"The greatly wretched, greatly wicked woman!
She who preferr'd the villain to the hero!"
The Trojan shades with sharp derision thank me:
The Grecian droop. Lo where he comes himself!
See how in sullen majesty he stalks!

O, look not on me with that silent scorn!
I am too cursed already!
(Faints into the arms of her attendants.)
Æg. Bear her hence,
And look she be attended well.—But hark!
What new alarm!

SCENE IX.

ÆGISTHUS, CASSANDRA, &c., *to them a* MESSENGER.

Mes. As Melisander, sir,
Bore off Orestes, to the' assembled senate
He show'd the prince, and roused them to revenge.
'T is nought but rage. The people in a torrent,
By Arcas headed, pour upon the palace.
Besides, each moment Agamemnon's troops—
Æg. Quick! summon here my friends: in Io's grove
They ready wait. We this important day
Will or with conquest crown, or bravely die.
Cas. No, tyrant, no! the Gods refuse thee that:
Not like the brave, but like the trembling coward,
The' assassinating coward, thou shalt die;
There, in that spot, where Agamemnon lies!
Æg. Lead these ill-boding women to their fate;
And guard Electra.
Cas. The most grateful gift
A tyrant can bestow is instant death.
We shall be happy soon. But all the Gods,
Combining all their mercy, from remorse,
From scorn and misery, cannot save the villain.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. CIBBER.

"Our bard, to modern epilogue a foe,
Thinks such mean mirth but deadens generous woe,
Dispels in idle air the moral sigh,
And wipes the tender tear from Pity's eye;
No more with social warmth the bosom burns,
But all the' unfeeling, selfish man returns."
Thus he began;* and you approved the strain,
Till the next couplet sunk to light and vain.
You check'd him there. To you, to reason just,
He owns he triumph'd in your kind disgust.
Charm'd by your frown, by your displeasure graced,
He hails the rising virtue of your taste.
Wide will its influence spread, as soon as known:
Truth, to be loved, needs only to be shown.
Confirm it once the fashion to be good,
(Since fashion leads the fool, and awes the rude,)
No petulance shall wound the public ear;
No hand applaud what Honour shuns to hear;
No painful blush the modest cheek shall stain;
The worthy breast shall heave with no disdain.
Chastised to decency, the British stage
Shall oft invite the fair, invite the sage:
Both shall attend well-pleased, well-pleased depart;
Or, if they doom the verse, absolve the heart.

* Another epilogue was spoken after the first representation of the play, which began with the first six lines of this: but the rest of that epilogue having been very justly disliked by the audience, this was substituted in its place.

EDWARD AND ELEONORA:

A TRAGEDY.

TO HER

ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

MADAM,

IF I take the liberty once more to crave the protection of Your Royal Highness, for another Tragedy of my writing, it is because I am led almost unavoidably to it by my subject. In the character of Eleonora I have endeavoured to represent, however faintly, a princess distinguished for all the virtues that render greatness amiable. I have aimed particularly to do justice to her inviolable affection and

PROLOGUE.

BY A FRIEND.

In former times, when fierce religious rage
And priestly sway deform'd each suffering age,
All manly wit, all useful learning lay
In darkness lost, nor hoped returning day.
Religion then was stain'd by cruel deeds;
And free-born Reason stoop'd to craft and creeds.
But happier we! And though to-night we show
What fatal ills from blind devotion flow,
'T is not that we such rage renew'd can fear,
Or dread the hand of Persecution here.
Our scene would wide humanity impart,
Would breathe extensive candour through the heart,
Show true religion even to error kind,
And claim the perfect freedom of the mind.
If, too, the poet paints a noble strife
'Twixt the fond husband and the generous wife;
If all the father in *his* voice complains,
And all the mother in *her* tender strains;
If these best passions prompt the pleasing woe,
Indulge it freely: Nature bids it flow.
Where parent Nature leads, you cannot stray;
And what she wills, 't is virtue to obey.
Fond of Britannia's fame, and just to you,
He bids old English honour live anew,
And calls your great First Edward up to view.
But if his line too weak, his stroke too faint,
The graceful figure in full light to paint,
In candid part his honest meaning take,
And spare the poet for the hero's sake.

EDWARD AND ELEONORA:

A TRAGEDY.

THE PERSONS.

EDWARD, prince of England ... Mr. Delane.
EARL OF GLOUCESTER ..... Mr. Rosco.
THEALD, archdeacon of Liege ... Mr. Roberts.
SELIM, sultan of Jaffa ..... Mr. Ryan.
ELEONORA, princess of England. Mrs. Horton.
DARAXA, an Arabian princess. Mrs. Hallam.

Assassin, Officers, &c.

Scene, Edward's tent in the camp before Jaffa, a city on t
coast of Palestine.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

PRINCE EDWARD, THEALD ARCHDEACON OF LIEGE, EARL
GLOUCESTER.

Ed. I WILL no longer doubt. 'T is plain, my friends,
That, with our little band of English troops,
By all allies, all western powers, deserted,—
All but the noble knights that guard this land,
The flower of Europe and of Christian valour,—
Nought can be done, nought worthy of our cause,
Worthy of England's heir, and of the name
Of Lion-hearted Richard; whose renown,
After almost a century elapsed,
Shakes through its wide extent this eastern world.
What else could bend the Saracen to peace,

Who might, with better policy, refuse
To grant it us? Yes, to the prince of Jaffa
I will accord the peace he has demanded:
And though my troops, impatient, wait the signal
To storm yon walls, yet will I not expose,
In vain attempts, valour that should be saved
For better days, and for the public welfare.
Rash, fruitless war, from wanton glory waged,
Is only splendid murder. What says Theald?
Approves my reverend father of my purpose?

The. Edward, illustrious heir of England's crown,
I must indeed be blinded with the zeal
Of this our holy cause, to think your arms,
Thus all-forsaken, thus betray'd, sufficient
To reach the grandeur of your first design,
And from the yoke of infidels to free
The sacred city, object of our vows.
Yet this, methinks, this Jaffa might be seized:
That still were something, an auspicious omen
Of future conquest. But, unskill'd in war,
To you, my lord, and Gloucester's wise experience,
I this submit.

Ed. Speak, Gloucester, your advice,
Before I fix my latest resolution.

Glo. You know, my lord, I never was a friend
'o this Crusado. My unchanged advice
ı strenuous still for peace. Nor this I urge
rom our deserted arms and cause betray'd,
ut from the state of our unhappy country.
hold her, Edward, with a filial eye;
ıd say, is this a time for these adventures?
hold her, then, with deep commotion shook,
neath a false delusive face of quiet:
hold her bleeding yet from civil war,
hausted, sunk; drain'd by ten thousand arts
awless imposition, priestly fraud,
ian leeches, and insatiate Rome,
t never raged before with such gross insult,
ı such abandon'd avarice. Besides,
knows what evil counsellors again
rather'd round the throne? In times like these,
rb'd and louring with unsettled freedom,
tep to lawless power, one bold attempt

Renew'd, the least infringement of our charters,
Would in the giddy nation raise a tempest.
Return, my prince. You have already saved
Your father from his foes, from haughty Leicester:
Now save him from his ministers, from those
Who hold him captive in the worst of chains.

Ed. You, Gloucester, saved us both.

Glo. I did my duty;
Even while I join'd with Leicester, did my duty,—
I hope I did. He who contends for freedom
Can ne'er be justly deem'd his sovereign's foe.
No; 't is the wretch that tempts him to subvert it,
The soothing slave, the traitor in the bosom,
Who best deserves that name: he is a worm
That eats out all the happiness of kingdoms.
Edward, return; lose not a day, an hour,
Before this city. Though your cause be holy,
Believe me, 't is a much more pious office,
To save your father's old and broken years,
His mild and easy temper, from the snares
Of low, corrupt, insinuating traitors;
A nobler office far, on the firm base
Of well-proportion'd liberty, to build
The common quiet, happiness, and glory
Of king and people, England's rising grandeur.
To you, my prince, this task of right belongs.
Has not the royal heir a juster claim
To share his father's inmost heart and counsels,
Than aliens to his interest, those who make
A property, a market, of his honour?
One reason more allow me to suggest
For peace, immediate peace. Should blind Misfortune,
In this far-distant hostile land, oppress us,—
A chance to which our weakness stands exposed,—
What, Edward, of thy princess would become,
Thy Eleonora; she whose tender love
Through stormy seas and in fierce camps attends thee!
What, of thy blooming offspring! Charged with these,
To give our courage scope were cruel rashness.

Ed. Enough, my lord: I stand resolved on peace,
And will to England straight. But where, alas!
Where shall we cover our inglorious heads,
When, gay with hope, the people round us press

To hear by what exploits we have sustain'd
The fame of Richard and of English valour?
Shall I, my generous country, I be rank'd
With those weak princes who consume thy wealth,
And sink thy name in idle expeditions?
Perfidious France! be this the ruling point
Of my whole life and passion of my soul,
To humble thee, proud nation! Meantime, Gloucester,
See that the captive princess be restored,
Daraxa, to the sultan of this city,
Whose bride she is: we wage not war with women.

SCENE II.

EDWARD, THEALD, GLOUCESTER, *an* OFFICER *belonging to the Prince.*

Of. One from the prince of Jaffa, sir, demands
Your secret ear on some important message.
Ed. Conduct him to my tent. *(Officer goes out.)* He brings, I judge.
The sultan's last instructions for this peace.
Here wait: I may your faithful counsel want.

SCENE III.

THEALD, GLOUCESTER.

The. Whatever woes of late have clouded England,
Yet must I, Gloucester, call that nation happy,
On whose horizon smiles a dawning prince
Of Edward's worth and virtues.
Glo. True, my friend;
Edward has great, has amiable virtues,
That virtue chiefly which befits a prince:—
He loves the people he must one day rule;
With fondness loves them, with a noble pride;
Esteems their good, esteems their glory, his.
One instance it becomes me to recount,
That shows the genuine greatness of his soul.
Though I have met him in the bloody field,—
He fighting for his father, I for freedom,—
Yet bears his bosom no remaining grudge
Of those distracted times: to me his heart
greatly reconciled: virtue beyond

The little unforgiving soul of tyrants!
Now will I tell thee, Theald, whence I stoop
To wear the gaudy chains of court-attendance
At these gray years, that should in calm retirement
Pass the soft evening of a bustling life,
And plume my parting soul for better worlds.
Amidst his many virtues, youthful Edward
Is lofty, warm, and absolute of temper:
I therefore seek to moderate his heat,
To guide his fiery virtues, that, misled
By dazzling power and flattering sycophants,
Might finish what his father's weaker measures
Have tried in vain. And hence I here attend him
In expeditions which I ne'er approved,—
In holy wars.—Your pardon, reverend father:
I must declare, I think such wars the fruit
Of idle courage or mistaken zeal,
Sometimes of rapine and religious rage,
To every mischief prompt.

The. You wrong, my lord,
You wrong them much. To set this matter only
Upon a civil footing: say, what right
Had robbers, rushing from Arabian deserts,
Fierce as the suns that kindled up their rage,
Thus in a barbarous torrent to bear down
All Asia, Afric, and profane their altars?
And to repel brute force by force is just.
Nay, does not even our duty, interest, glory,
The common honour of the Christian name,
Require us to repress their wild ambition,
That labours westward still, and threatens Europe?

Glo. Yes; when they burst their limits, let us check the
And with a firmer hand than those loose Christians,
The most corrupt and abject of mankind,
Slaves, doubly slaves, who suffer'd these Arabians,
In virtue their superiors as in valour,
Without resistance to o'er-run the world.
By rage and zeal, 't is true, their empire rose:
But now some settled ages of possession
Create a right, than which, I fear, few nations
Can show a better. Sure I am, 't is madness,
Inhuman madness, thus from half the world
To drain its blood and treasure, to neglect

Each art of peace, each care of government;
And all for what? By spreading desolation,
Rapine, and slaughter o'er the other half,
To gain a conquest we can never hold.
I venerate this land. Those sacred hills,
Those vales, those cities, trod by saints and prophets,
By God himself, the scenes of heavenly wonders,
Inspire me with a certain awful joy.
But the same God, my friend, pervades, sustains,
Surrounds, and fills this universal frame;
And every land where spreads his vital presence,
His all-enlivening breath, to me is holy.
Excuse me, Theald, if I go too far:
I meant alone to say, I think these wars
A kind of persecution. And when that,
That most absurd and cruel of all vices,
Is once begun, where shall it find an end?
Each in his turn or has or claims a right
To wield its dagger, to return its furies;
And, first or last, they fall upon ourselves.

Ed. *(Behind the scenes.)* Inhuman villain! is thy message murder?

The. Ah! heard you not the prince exclaiming, "Murder!"

Glo. Should this Barbarian messenger—
(Moving towards the noise.)
'T is so!

SCENE IV.

THEALD, GLOUCESTER; *to them prince* EDWARD, *wounded in the arm, and dragging in the* ASSASSIN.

Ed. Detested wretch. And does the prince of Jaffa
Send base assassins to transact his treaties?
There, take thy answer, ruffian!
(Stabs him with the dagger he had wrested from him.)
Blow too hasty!
I should have saved thee for a fitter death.

Ass. I would have triumph'd, Christian, in thy rage.
For know, thou vile destroyer of the faithful,
That though my erring dagger miss'd thy heart,
Yet has it fired thy veins with mortal poison,
Whose very touch is death.—Allah be praised!
O glorious fate! Prophet, receive my soul! *(Dies.)*

Ed. (*After a short pause.*) Why gaze you with amazement on each other?
Are we not men, to whom the various chances
Of life are known?
Glo. Ah! "poison" did he say?
Then is at once my prince and country lost!
O fatal wound to England!
The. Quick, my lord,
Retire, and have it dress'd without delay,
Ere the fell poison can diffuse its rage,
And deeply taint your blood.
Ed. The princess comes;
O, save me from her tenderness!

SCENE V.

EDWARD, THEALD, GLOUCESTER; *to them the princess* ELEONORA.

Ele. My Edward!
Support me! O!
Ed. She faints.—My Eleonora!
Look up, and bless me with thy gentle eyes!—
The colour comes, her cheeks resume their beauty,
And all her charms revive. Hence spurn that carcass,
A sight too shocking for my Eleonora.
Ele. And lives my Edward, lives my dearest lord,
From this assassin saved? Alas! you bleed!
Ed. 'T is nought, my lovely princess!—a slight wound—
Ele. But, ah! methought, I entering heard of poison,
Tainting the blood. What! was the dagger poison'd!
Ah! silent all? Will none relieve my fears?
Glo. Madam, restrain your tenderness a moment:
The prince delays too long; let him retire.
Meanwhile, the troubled camp shall be my care;
Lest the base foe should make a sudden sally,
While yet our troops are stunn'd with this disaster.
Ed. I thank thee, noble Gloucester. Nor alone
Support my troops: go, rouse them to revenge;
Tell them, their injured prince will try their love,
Their valour, soon.—And you, my friend, good Theald,
Attend the princess.—Cheer thee, Eleonora!
I cannot, will not, leave thee long, to vex
Thy tender soul with aggravated fears.
The. Behold Daraxa, the false sultan's bride.

SCENE VI.

ELEONORA, THEALD, DARAXA.

Dar. Princess of England, let me share thy grief.
Whence flow these tears? and what this wild alarm,
This noise of murder and assassination?
Ele. Alas! the prince is wounded by a ruffian;
And with a poison'd dagger, as I fear.
Yet none will ease me of this racking thought.
Nay, tell me, Theald,—since to know the worst
Is oft a kind of miserable comfort,—
What has befallen the prince? For this slight wound
Could never thus o'ercast the brave with terror.
The. I dare not, princess, dally with your fate.
An impious villain, from the sultan Selim,
Pretended to the prince a secret message
About the peace in treaty. Dreading nought,
He left us here, and to his tent retired,
There to receive this execrable envoy.
Straight with the prince alone, the fierce assassin
Attempted on his life; but in his arm
He took, it seems, the blow, and, from the villain
Wresting the dagger, plunged it to his heart.
This last we saw, and heard the' inhuman bigot,
Who deem'd himself a martyr in their cause,
Boast, as he died, the prince's wound was poison'd.
Ele. Then all I fear'd is true! then am I wretched
Beyond even hope!
Dar. A villain from the sultan?
Ele. Ah the distracting thought! And is my life,
My love, my Edward, on the brink of fate,
Of fate that may this moment snatch him from me?
Dar. What! Selim send assassins? and beneath
A name so sacred? Selim, whose renown
Is incense breathing o'er the sweeten'd East;
[illegible]or each humane, each generous virtue famed;
[illegible]slim, the rock of faith, and sun of honour!
Ele. O complicated woe! The Christian cause
[illegible] now no more a patron and restorer;
[illegible]and, no more a prince in whom she placed
[illegible]ory, her delight, her only hope;
[illegible]olated troops, no more a chief;

No more a husband, a protector, I,
A friend, a lover! and my helpless children,
No more a father!

Dar. Pardon, gentle princess,
If, in this whirlwind of revolving passions,
That snatch my soul by turns, I have forgot
To pay the tribute which I owe thy sorrows:
But I myself, alas! am more unhappy.

Ele. What woes can equal mine, who lose thus vilely
The best, the bravest, loveliest of mankind!

Dar. You only *lose* the man you love; but I—
O insupportable!—must learn to *hate*,
To *scorn*, what once was all my pride and transport!
Should Edward die by this accursed crime,
(Which Heaven forbid!) he dies admired, beloved,
In the full bloom of fame and spotless honour.
To you, the daughter of illustrious grief,
Your tears remain, and sadly sweet reflection;
You with his image, with his virtues, still
Amidst the pensive gloom may converse hold:
While I—ah! nothing meets my blasted sight
But a black view of infamy and horror!
What is the loss of life to loss of virtue?
And yet how can this heavenly spark be lost?
No; virtue burns with an immortal flame.
He is belied; some villain has abused him.

The. I honour, madam, this your virtuous grief:
But that the sultan did employ the' assassin
Is past all doubt. Behold the false instructions
By which he gain'd admittance.

(Giving her the letter the prince had dropped.)

Dar. Ah! 'T is so!
His hand, his seal! From my detesting heart,
I tear him thus for ever! Perish, Selim!
Perish the feeble wretch who more bewails him!
That were to share his guilt.—Unhappy princess!
Now let me turn my soul to thy assistance.
There is a cure, 't is true,—

Ele. A cure, Daraxa?
O, say, what cure?

Dar. No; it avails not, madam:
None can be found to risk it.

Ele. None to risk it!

Quick tell me what it is, my dear Daraxa.
Dar. To find some person that with friendly lip
May draw the poison forth; at least, its rage
And mortal spirit. This will bring the wound
Within the power of art: but certain death
Attends the generous deed.
Ele. (Kneeling.) Then hear me, Heaven,
Prime source of love! Ye saints and angels, hear me!
I here devote me for the best of men,
Of princes, and of husbands. On this cross
I seal the cordial vow: confirm it, Heaven,
And grant me courage in the hour of trial!
The. O tenderness unequall'd!
Dar. Glorious princess!
Ele. Go, Theald, quickly find the earl of Gloucestor,
And with him break this matter to the prince.
As for the person, leave that task to me.
I, with Daraxa, will your call attend.
O all ye Powers of Love, your influence lend!

ACT II.

SCENE I.

GLOUCESTER, THEALD.

Glo. No, Theald, no; he never will consent.
I know him well; he ne'er will purchase life
At such a rate. Besides, in aid of love,
His generous pride would come, and deem it baseness.
The. Then is yon sun his last. The blackening wound
Begins already to confess the poison.
Meantime, my lord, both friendship and our duty
Demand at least the trial. Well I know
That, poise his life with hers, he would as nothing
Esteem his own: but, sure, the life of thousands,
The mingled cause at once of heaven and earth,
Should o'er the best, the dearest life prevail.
Glo. Alas! my friend, you *reason;* Edward *loves.*
How weak the head contending with the heart!
Be the trial made. Behold, he comes.

SCENE II.

EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, THEALD.

Ed. (Entering.) O thou bright sun! now hastening to those climes,
That parent-isle, which I no more shall see;
And for whose welfare oft my youthful heart
Has vainly form'd so many a fond design;
O, thither bear, resplendent orb of day,
To that dear spot of earth, my last farewell!
And O Eternal Providence, whose course,
Amidst the various maze of life, is fix'd
By boundless wisdom and by boundless love,
I follow thee, with resignation, hope,
With confidence and joy; for thou art good,
And of thy rising goodness is no end!
Well met, my dearest friends! It was too true,
The villain's threatening; and I nearly touch
That awful hour which every man must prove,
Yet every man still shifts at distance from him.
Come, then, and let us fill the space between
These last important moments, whence we take
Our latest tincture for eternity,
With solemn converse and exalting friendship.
Nay, Theald, Gloucester, wound me not with tears,
With tears that fall o'er venerable cheeks!
What could the princess more? Ah! there, indeed,
At every thought of her, I feel a weight,
A dreadful weight of tenderness, that shakes
My firmest resolution. Where is she?
The. She burns with fond impatience to attend you.
Ed. And how, brave Gloucester, did you leave the camp?
Glo. The camp, sir, is secure: each soldier there
From indignation draws new force and spirit.
O, 't is a glorious, an affecting sight!
Those furrow'd cheeks that never knew before
The dew of tears, now in a copious shower
Are bathed. Around your tent they anxious crowd,
Rank over rank: some pressing for a look;
Some sadly musing, with dejected eye;
Some on their knees, preferring vows to Heaven;
And, with extended arm, some breathing vengeance.

"Base Saracens," they cry, "perfidious cowards!
But blood shall wash out blood. Ah! poor atonement,
Did the whole bleeding city fall a victim!"

Ed. Alas, that to repay their faithful love
I cannot live! Yet moderate their zeal;
And let the sword of justice only strike
The faithless Selim and his guilty council.
My new-departed spirit, just escaped
From the low feverish passions of this life,
Would grieve to see the blood of innocence,
With that of guilt confounded, stain my tomb.

The. Permit me, sir, the hope, that you yourself—
I speak it on just cause—may live to punish
This breach of all the sacred rights of men.

Ed. Why will you turn my thoughts, from earth enlarged,
To soft enfeebling views of life again?

The. Not to a vain desire of life, my lord,
I would recall them; but inspire each hope,
Advise each possibility to save it.
And there is yet a remedy.

Ed. Delusion!

The. The fair Arabian princess mention'd one.

Ed. *She* one! Daraxa! Something to complete
Her lover's crime.

The. You could not wrong her thus,
Had you beheld the tempest of her soul,
Her grief, her rage, confusion, when she heard
Of Selim's baseness; had you seen that honour,
That glorious fire, which darted from her eyes;
Till, in a flood of virtuous sorrow sunk,
She almost equall'd Eleonora's tears.

Ed. What was it she proposed?

The. It was, my lord,
To find some person who with friendly lip
Might draw the deadly spirit.

Ed. I have heard
Of such a cure; but is it not, good Theald,
An action fatal to the kind performer?

The. Yes, surely fatal.

Ed. Name it, then, no more.
I should despise the paltry life it purchased.
Besides, what mortal can dispose so rashly
Of his own life? Talk not of low condition,

And of my public rank: when life or death
Becomes the question, all distinctions vanish;
Then the first monarch and the lowest slave
On the same level stand, in this the sons
Of equal Nature all.

The. Allow me, sir.
If 't is a certain, an establish'd duty,
Than duty more, the height of human virtue,
To sacrifice a transitory life
For that kind source from whence it is derived,
And all its guarded joys,—our dearest country;
It may be justly sacrificed for those
On whom depends the welfare of the public.
And there is one, my lord, who stands devoted,
By solemn and irrevocable vows,
To die for you.

Ed. To die for me? Kind Nature!
Thanks to thy forming hand, I can myself,
Cheerful, sustain to pay this debt I owe thee,
Without the borrow'd sufferings of another.
No, Theald; urge this argument no more.
I love not life to that degree, to purchase,
By the sure death of some brave guiltless friend,
A few uncertain days, that often rise,
Like this, serene and gay, when with swift wing
A moment wraps them in disastrous fate.

Glo. Did we consult to save your single life,
Was that the present question, thy refusal
Were just, were generous. But, my lord, this person
Who stands for you devoted should in that
Be deem'd devoted for the Christian cause,
The common cause of Europe and thy country;
Dies for the brave companions of thy fortune,
Who weeping now around thy tent conjure thee
To live for them and England's promised glory.
O, save our country, Edward! save a nation,
The chosen land, the last retreat of Freedom,
Amidst a world enslaved! Cast back thy view,
And trace from farthest times her old renown.
Think of the blood that, to maintain her rights,
And guard her sheltering laws, has flow'd in battle,
Or on the patriot's scaffold. Think what cares,
What vigilance, what toils, what bright contention,

In councils, camps, and well-disputed senates,
It cost our generous ancestors, to raise
A matchless plan of freedom; whence we shine,
Even in the jealous eye of hostile nations,
The happiest of mankind. Then see all this,
This virtue, wisdom, toil, and blood of ages,
Behold it ready to be lost for ever!
In this important, this decisive hour,
On thee, and thee alone, our weeping Country
Turns her distressful eye; to thee she calls,
And with a helpless parent's piercing voice.
Wilt thou not live for her? for her subdue
A graceful pride, I own, but still a pride
That more becomes thy courage and thy youth
Than birth and public station? Nay, for her,
Say, wouldst thou not resign the dearest passions?

Ed. O, there is nothing which for thee, my Country,
I, in my proper person, could not suffer!
But thus to sculk behind another's life,
'T is what I have not courage to support,
It makes a kind of coward of me, Gloucester.
But let me see this friend whose generous virtue
Exceeds what even my favourable thoughts
Had imaged in the selfish race of man.
The purpose claims the merit of the deed;
And, ere I die, I must requite his friendship.
Conduct him hither, Theald.

SCENE III.

EDWARD, GLOUCESTER.

Ed. Ah, my Gloucester!
You have not touch'd on something that here pleads
For longer life, beyond the force of reason;
Perhaps too powerful pleads;—my Eleonora!
To thee, my friend, I will not be ashamed
Even to avow my love in all its fondness.
For, O, there shines in this my dearer self,
This partner of my soul, such a mild light
Of careless charms, of unaffected beauty,
Such more than beauty, such endearing goodness,
That when I meet her eye, where cordial faith
And every gentle virtue mix their lustre,

I feel a transport that partakes of anguish!
How shall I, then, behold her, on the point
To leave her, Gloucester, in a distant land?
For ever in a stormy world to leave her?
There is no misery to be fear'd like that
Which from our greatest happiness proceeds.

SCENE IV.

EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, THERALD *presenting the princess* ELEONORA *as the person he went to bring*, DARAXA.

Ed. O Heaven! what do I see! I am betray'd!
(Turning away.)
Ele. Edward!
Ed. O, 't is too much! O, spare me, Nature!
Ele. Not look upon me, Edward?
Ed. Eleonora!
How on this dreadful errand canst thou come?
Ele. Behold me kneel—
Ed. Why kneel you, best of women!
You ne'er offended, ne'er in thought offended:
Thou art all-truth, and love, and angel-goodness!
Why do you kneel? O, rise, my Eleonora!
Ele. Let me fulfil my vow.
Ed. O, never, never!
Ele. Let me preserve a life in which is wrapp'd
The life of thousands, dearer than my own!
Live thou, and let me die for thee, my Edward!
Ed. For me?—Thy words are daggers to my soul.
And wouldst thou have me, then, thus meanly save
A despicable life; a life exposed
To that worst torment,—to my own contempt;
A life still haunted by the cruel image
Of thy last pangs, thy agonizing throes,
The dire convulsions of these tender limbs;
And all for one,—O infamy!—for one
By love, by duty bound, each manly tie,
Even by a peasant's honour, to protect thee?
Yet this, though strong, invincible, is nought
To what my wounded tenderness could urge
Against thy dire request. Should Fate demand
The life we love, then, then we must exert
The greatest act of human resignation;

We must submit. But wouldst thou have me, say,
Doom thee myself? with voluntary choice,
Nay, by a barbarous crime, untimely snatch
This worst of ills? Would Eleonora make me
Of all mankind the most completely wretched?

Ele. Plead not the voice of Honour. Well I know,
There is no danger, pain, no form of death,
Thou wouldst not meet with transport, to protect me.
But I, alas! an unimportant woman,
Whose only boast and merit is to love thee;
Ah! what am I, with nameless numbers weigh'd,
With myriads yet unborn; all ranks, all ages,
All arts, all virtues, all a state comprises?
These have a higher claim to thy protection.
Live, then, for them. O, make a generous effort!
What none but heroes can,—bid the soft passions,
The private, stoop to those that grasp the public.
Live to possess the pleasure of a God,—
To bless a people trusted to thy care.
Live to fulfil thy long career of glory,
But just begun. To die for thee be mine.
I ne'er can find a brighter, happier fate;
And fate will come at last, inglorious fate!
O, grudge me not a portion of thy fame!
As join'd in love, O, raise me to thy glory!

Ed. In vain is all thy eloquence. The more
Thou wouldst persuade, I with increasing horror
Fly from thy purpose.

Ele. Dost thou love me, Edward?

Ed. O! If I love thee?—Witness, heaven and earth!
Angels of death that hover round me, witness!
Witness, these blinded eyes, these trembling arms,
This heart that beats unutterable fondness,
To what an agony I love thee!

Ele. Then
Thou, sure, wilt save me from the worst of pains.

Ed. O that I could from all! engross thy sufferings!
Pain felt for thee were pleasure.

Ele. Hear me, Edward:
I speak the strictest truth, no flight of passion;
I speak my naked heart. To die, I own,
Is a dread passage, terrible to nature,
Chiefly to those who have, like me, been happy.

But to survive thee,—O, 't is greatly worse!
'T is a continual death! I cannot bear
The very thought. O, leave me not behind thee!
Ed. Since nought can alter my determined breast,
Why dost thou pierce me with this killing image!
Ele. Ah! selfish that thou art! With thee the toil,
The tedious toil, of life will soon be o'er;
Thou soon wilt hide thee in the quiet grave:
While I, a lonely widow, with my orphans,
Am left defenceless to a troubled world,
A false, ungrateful, and injurious world!
O, if thou lovest me, Edward, I conjure thee,
By that celestial flame which blends our souls,
By all a father, all a mother, feels,
By every holy tenderness I charge thee,
Live to protect the pledges of our love,
Our children!
Ed. O!
Ele. Our young, our helpless—
Ed. O!
Distraction! Let me go!
Ele. Nay, drag me with thee
To the kind tomb! Thou canst not leave our children!
Exposed, by being thine, beyond the lowest;
Surrounded with the perils of a throne!
Ed. Cruel! no more embitter thus our last,
Our parting moments! Set no more the terrors
Of these best passions in array against me!
For by that Power, I swear, Father of Life,
Whose universal love embraces all
That breathes this ample air; whose perfect wisdom
Brings light from darkness, and from evil good;
To whom I recommend thee and my children:
By him I swear, I never will submit
To what thy horrid tenderness proposes!
Glo. My lord,—
Ed. O!—these emotions are too much.
I feel a heavy languor steal upon me:
The working poison clogs the springs of life.
Conduct me to my couch. Ah, Eleonora!
If we ne'er meet again,—this one embrace—
Yet sink not to despair: Heaven may preserve me
By means superior to all human hope.
Ele. I will not, cannot quit thee!

SCENE V.

ELEONORA, DARAXA.

Dar. Princess, stay.
Think not the hand of death is yet upon him:
Resistless sleep will first oppress his senses,
Before the last convulsive pangs come on;
For so the numbing poison oft begins
To spread its dark malignity.
Ele. Ah! sleep?
Then is the time. Thanks to inspiring Heaven!
But come; and ere the venom sink too deep,
Swift let me seize the favouring hour of sleep.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

GLOUCESTER.

O MIRACLE of love! O wondrous princess!
'T is such as thou who keep the gentle flame
That animates society alive,
Who make the dwellings of mankind delightful.
What is vain life? An idle flight of days,
A still-delusive round of sickly joys,
A scene of little cares and trifling passions,
If not ennobled by such deeds of virtue.
And yet this matchless virtue,—what avails it?
The' afflicting angel has forsook the prince,
And now pours out his terrors on the princess.
Forsook him, said I? No; he must awake
To keener evils than the body knows,
Which minds alone, and generous minds, can feel.
O virtue! virtue! as thy joys excel,
So are thy woes transcendent: the gross world
Knows not the bliss or misery of either.
The prince forsakes his couch: he seems renew'd
In health. Ah, short, deceitful gleam of ease!

SCENE II.

EDWARD, GLOUCESTER.

Ed. (Advancing from his couch.) Hail to the fresher
earth and brighter day!
I feel me lighten'd of the mortal load
That lay upon my spirits. This kind sleep
Has shed a balmy quiet through my veins.
Whence this amazing change?—
But be my first chief care, Author of Good,
To bend my soul in gratitude to thee!
Thou, when blind mortals wander through the deeps
Of comfortless despair, with timely hand,
Invisible, and by unthought-of ways,
Thus lead'st them forth into thy light again.
Glo. How fares my lord the prince?
Ed. To health restored.
Only a kind of lassitude remains;
A not-unpleasing weakness hangs upon me;
Like the soft trembling of the settled deep
After a storm.
Glo. Father of Health be praised!
Ed. The moment that I sank upon my couch,
A sick and troubled slumber fell upon me,
Chaos of gloomy, unconnected thought,
That, in black eddy whirl'd, made sleep more dreadful
Than the worst waking pang. While thus I toss'd,
Ready to bid farewell to suffering clay,
Methought an angel came and touch'd my wound.
At this the parting gloom clear'd up apace;
My slumbers soften'd; and, with health, return'd
Serenity of mind, and order'd thought,
And fair ideas gladdening all the soul.
Aërial music too, by Fancy heard,
Soothed my late pangs, and harmonized my breast.
Through shades of bliss I walk'd, where heavenly forms
Sang to their lutes my Eleonora's love.
But where is she? the glory of her sex!
Is dearer, justly dearer far than ever!
Quick let me find her, pour into her bosom
My full, full soul, with tenderness o'ercharged,
With glad surprise, with gratitude and wonder.
Ah! why this silence, this dejected look?

You cast a drooping eye upon the ground.
Where is the princess?
Glo. She, my lord, reposes.
Ed. Reposes? No! it is not likely, Gloucester,
That she would yield her weeping eyes to sleep,
While I lay there in agonies: away!
I am too feeble, then, to know the truth.
Say, is she well?
Glo. Now show thy courage, Edward!
Ed. O all my fears! I shall start out to madness!
What! while I slept?
Glo. Yes.
Ed. Misery! distraction!
My peace, my honour is betray'd for ever!
O love! O shame! O murder'd Eleonora!

SCENE III.

GLOUCESTER.

Unhappy prince! go find thy Eleonora,
And in heart-easing grief exhale thy passion:
All other comfort now were to talk down
The winds and raging seas. But yonder comes
The' Arabian princess. From her tears I learn
The moving scene within.

SCENE IV.

GLOUCESTER, DARAXA, *a* MESSENGER *from* SELIM *attending at some distance.*

Dar. O! 't is too much!
I can no more support it.
Glo. Generous mourner,
How is it with the princess Eleonora?
Dar. Struck by the poison, on her couch she lies;
A rose soft-drooping in Sabean vales,
Beneath the fiery dog-star's noxious rage.
O Christian chief, I never shall forget
The scene these melting eyes have just beheld,
With mingled tears of tenderness and wonder.
Glo. How was it, madam?
Dar. When this pride of women,
This best of wives which in his radiant course

The sun beholds; when first she, sickening, felt
The imperious summons of approaching fate;
All robed in spotless white, she sought the altar;
And, prostrate there, for her departing soul,
The prince her husband, and her orphan-children,
Implored the' Eternal Mind. As yet she held
Her swelling tears, and in her bosom kept
Her sighs repress'd: nor did the near approach
Of the pale king of terrors dim her beauty.
No; rather adding to her charms, it breathed
A certain mournful sweetness through her features.
But as the' increasing bane more desperate grew,
Wild to her bed she rush'd; and then, indeed,
The lovely fountains of her eyes were open'd;
Then flow'd her tears. "Connubial bed," she cried,
"Chaste witness of my tenderness for him,
To save whose life I unrepining die
In bloom of youth! farewell! Thou shalt, perhaps,
Receive a fairer, a more happy bride;
But never a more faithful, never one
Who loves her husband with a fonder passion."
Here flow'd her tears afresh; with burning lip
She press'd the humid couch, and wept again.
At last, while weary sorrow paused, she rose,
And, fearing lest immediate death might seize her,
Demanded to be led to see the prince;
But fear of chasing from his eyes too soon
The salutary sleep that heal'd his pangs,
Restrain'd her trembling footsteps. On her couch,
Abandon'd to despair, she sank anew,
And for her children call'd. Her children came:
Awhile, supported on her arm, she eyed them,
With tears pursuing tears adown her cheek,
With all the speechless misery of woe.
I see her still. O God! the powerful image
Dissolves me into tears!

Glo. Madam, proceed.
Such tears are virtue, and excel the joys
Of wanton pride.

Dar. Then, starting up, she went
To snatch them to a mother's last embrace;
When straight, reflecting that the piercing poison
Might taint their tender years, she sudden shrunk

With horror back. "O wretched Eleonora!"
She weeping cried, "and must I then not taste
The poor remaining comfort of the dying,—
To see a husband, clasp my dearest children,
And mix my parting soul with theirs I love?"
Her sad attendants, that till then had mourn'd
In silent sorrow all, at this gave way
To loud laments. She raised her languid eye,
And, casting on them round a gracious smile,
To each by name she call'd, even to the lowest,
To each extended mild her friendly hand,
Gave and by turns received a last farewell.
Such is the dreadful scene from which I come.

Glo. How heighten'd now with Edward's mingled woes!
Why are my lingering years reserved for this?

Dar. Come nearer, you, the messenger of Selim,
And bear him back this answer:—His chief aim,
He says, in stooping to solicit peace,
Was from the chains of infidels to save me.
What! was it, then, to rescue me he sent,
Beneath an all-revered and sacred name,
Beneath the shelter of his hand and seal,
A murdering wretch, a sacrilegious bigot,
To stab at once the gallant prince of England
And public faith? nay, with a poison'd dagger
(Such his inhuman cowardice) to stab him?
So well, 't is true, he judged, the Christian prince
Had now been mingled with the harmless dead,
If his bright princess, glorious Eleonora,
Had not redeem'd his dearer life with hers.
You heard in what extremity she lies.
Go, tell the tyrant, then,—O heaven and earth!
O vanity of virtue! that Daraxa
Should e'er to Selim send so fell a message!
I will suppress its bitterness:—yet tell him,
This crime has placed eternal bars between us.
See my last tear to love! Arabian wilds
Shall bury 'midst their rocks the lost Daraxa.
Away!

Glo. Behold, they bear this way the princess,
Once more to taste the sweetness of the sun,
Ere yet to mortal light she bid farewell.

SCENE V.

GLOUCESTER, DARAXA, THEALD, EDWARD, ELEONORA *borne by her attendants on a couch.*

Ele. (Entering.) A little on, a little further on,
Bear me, my friends, into the cooling air.
O cheerful sun! O vital light of day!
Ed. That sun is witness of our matchless woes,
Is witness of our innocence. Alas!
What have we done, to merit this disaster?
Ele. O earth! O genial roofs! O the dear coast
Of Albion's isle, which I no more shall see!
Ed. Nay, yield not to thy weakness, Eleonora:
Sustain thyself a little, nor desert me!
The' all-ruling Goodness may relieve us still.
Ele. Edward, I tremble! terror seizes on me!
Through the rent veil of yon surrounding sky,
I had a glimpse, I saw the' eternal world.
They call, they urge me hence.—Yes, I obey.
But, O, forgive me, Heaven, if 't is with pain,
With agonies, I tear my soul from his!
Ed. Heavens! what I suffer! How thy plaintive voi
Shoots anguish through my soul!
Ele. Some power unseen,
Thy hand, my Edward,—some dark power unseen
Is dragging me away.—O, yet a little
A little spare me! Ah! how shall I leave
My weeping friends, my husband and my children?
Ed. Unhappy friends! O greatly wretched husband!
And O poor careless orphans, who not feel
The depth of your misfortune!
Ele. Lay me down,
Soft lay me down; my powers are all dissolved.
A little forward bend me. O!
Ed. O Heaven!
How that soft frame is torn with cruel pangs!
Pangs robb'd from me!
Ele. 'T is thence they borrow ease.—
My children! O my children! you no more
Have now a mother: now, alas! no more
Have you a mother, O my hapless children!
Ed. What do I hear? What desolating words

› these? more bitter than a thousand deaths!
ıth to my soul! Call up thy failing spirit,
d leave me not to misery and ruin!
Ele. Edward, I feel an interval of ease,
d, ere I die, have something to impart
ıt will relieve my sufferings.
Ed. Speak, my soul!
ak thy desire: I live but to fulfil it.
Ele. Thou seest in what a hopeless state I lie,
ho this morning rose in pride of youth,
;h-blooming, promised many happy years.
.e for thee, I self-devoted die.
nk not, from this, that I repent my vow;
that, with little vanity, I boast it.
; what I did from unrepenting love,
ıeerful did, from love that knows no fear,
pain, no weak remission of its ardour.
I what, alas! what was it but the dictate
ıonour and of duty? Nay, 't was selfish,—
save me from unsufferable pain,
m dragging here a wretched life without thee.
› fears yet stand betwixt my soul and peace.
› is for thee,—lest thou disturb my grave
.h tears of wild despair. Grieve not like those
o have no hope. We yet shall meet again:
still are in a kind Creator's hand;
rnal Goodness reigns. Besides, this parting,
s parting, Edward, must have come at last,
en years of friendship had, perhaps, exalted
· love, if that can be, to keener anguish.
nk what thy station, what thy fame, demanded;
r yield thy virtue even to worthy passions.
other care,—my other care is idle:
›m that thy equal tenderness with mine,
y love and generosity, secure me.
r children—
Ed. Yes; I penetrate thy fear.
t hear me, dying sweetness! On this hand,
is cold pale hand, I vow, our children never,
ıll never call another by the name
red to thee; my Eleonora's children
ll never feel the hateful power thou fear'st.
ıme in life, so death cannot divide us.

Nor high descent, nor beauty, nought that woman,
In her unbounded vanity of heart,
Can wish, shall ever tempt my faith from thee.
"*Shall* ever," said I! Piteous boast indeed!
O nothing *can*! I should be gross of heart,
Tasteless and dull as earth, to think with patience,
Without abhorrence, of a second Hymen.
Where can I find such beauty! where such grace,
The soul of beauty! where such winning charms!
Where such a soft divinity of goodness!
Such faith! such love! such tenderness unequall'd!
Such all that Heaven could give—to make me wretched!
Talk not of comfort: into what a gulf,
A lone abyss, of misery I fall,
The moment that I lose thee!—O, I know not!
I dare not think!—But these unhappy orphans—
Ah the dire cause that makes it double duty!—
Shall now be doubly mine. To shelter them,
These pledges of our love, I will attempt
To brave the horrors of loathed life without thee.

Ele. Enough! it is enough! On this condition
Receive them from my hands.

Ed. Dear hands! dear gift!
Dear, precious, dying, miserable gift!
With transport once received, but now with anguish!

Ele. All-softening time will heal thy woes. The dead
Soon leave the passions of the living free.

Ed. Detested life! O, take me, take me with thee!

Ele. No, Edward, live; or else I die in vain.

Ed. Raise, raise, my Eleonora, thy sweet eyes:
Once more behold thy children.

Ele. O, 't is darkness!
A deadly weight—

Ed. Thou leavest me, then, for ever!

Ele. Where am I! Ah! a tenant still to pain.
The quivering flame of life leaps up a little.
Meantime, my Edward, 't is my last request,
That thou wouldst leave me, while I yet enjoy
A parting gleam of thought,—leave me to Heaven!—
Gloucester, farewell! Be careful of the prince;
Attend him hence; and double now thy friendship.

Ed. Barbarian, off! Ah! whither wouldst thou drag me?

Ele. My lord, in pity to the princess,—

Ed. O!
Ele. Farewell! farewell! Receive my last adieu,
Edward, my dearest lord! Farewell for ever!
Ed. O word of horror! Can I?—No, I cannot!
There, take me, lead me, hurl me to perdition!

SCENE VI.

ELEONORA, DARAXA, THEALD, ATTENDANTS.

Ele. 'T is past, the bitterness of death is past.
Alas! Daraxa, I can ne'er requite
Thy generous cares for me. Thou art the cause
My Edward lives, my children have a father,—
Thy heaven-inspired proposal.—Tell him, Theald,
That, in the troubled moments of our parting,
I had forgot to beg he would restore
The' Arabian princess to her friends and country.—
Thy hand: this, sure, howe'er in faith we differ,
Humanity, the soul of all religion,
May well permit.
Dar. By virtue's sacred fire!
Our paradise, the garden of the bless'd,
Ne'er smiled upon a purer soul than thine.
For me, think not of me: such are my woes,
That I disdain all care, detest relief.
My name is trod in dust; *thine* beams for ever,
The richest gem that crowns the worth of woman.
Ele. The guilt of Selim cannot stain thy virtues:
It rather lends them lustre.—Bear me back,
My dear attendants: and, good Theald, come,
Come, aid my mounting soul to spring away
From the loved fetters of this kindred clay.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

THEALD, *and a* GENTLEMAN *belonging to him.*

The. To me a dervise? Through the furious camp,
Yet raging at the perfidy of Selim,
How did he safely pass?

Gen. Sir, he had fallen
A victim to their vengeance, but he told them
His life was of importance to the prince,
That he who struck him stabb'd the heart of Edward.
This stay'd their rage; then, after a strict search,
They let him pass through ranks of glaring eyes.
I have besides to say, an English ship
And one from Italy are just arrived:
The first brings great dispatches to prince Edward;
The other, holy father, these to you. *(Kneeling.)*
The. Go, bid this dervise enter.

SCENE II.

THEALD: *he opens and looks on the dispatches.*

Awful Heaven!
Great Ruler of the various heart of man!
Since thou hast raised me to conduct thy church,
Without the base cabal too often practised,
Beyond my wish, my thought; give me the lights,
The virtues, which that sacred trust requires:—
A loving, loved, unterrifying power,
Such as becomes a father; humble wisdom;
Plain, primitive sincerity; kind zeal
For truth and virtue, rather than opinions;
And, above all, the charitable soul
Of healing peace and Christian moderation.—
The dervise comes.

SCENE III.

THEALD, SELIM *disguised as a dervise.*

The. With me what wouldst thou, dervise?
Sel. The princess Eleonora, lives she still?
The. She lives, and that is all.
Sel. Allah be praised!
Then lives the honour of the brightening name
Of Saracen and Mussulman.
The. How, dervise?
What can wipe out the horror of this deed?
Sel. The deed was execrable; but my hand
This instant shall prevent its dire effect.
I bring a certain remedy for poison;

Nor can it come too late, while wandering life
Yet with faint impulse stirs along the veins.
The. Ah dervise! art thou sure of what thou say'st?
Sel. Christian, I am; and therefore am I here.
Haste, lead me to the princess. Though she lay
Even in the last extremity, though call'd
By the fierce angel who compels the dead,
Yet bold experience gives me room to hope.
Oft have I seen its vital touch diffuse
New vigour through the poison'd streams of life,
When almost settled into dead stagnation;
Swift as a southern gale unbinds the flood.
Say, wilt thou trust me with the trial, Christian?
The. Thou know'st, we have great reason for distrust;
But fear, in those who can no longer hope,
Were idle and absurd.
Sel. Bright heaven! what fear?
Is there a slave of such inhuman baseness
To add fresh outrage to a dying princess,
For virtue dying? Look into my eye:
Does one weak ray there shun the keenest gaze?
Say, dost thou there behold so foul a bottom?
The. No; seeming truth and generous candour shine
In what thou say'st. Come, follow me, good dervise.

SCENE IV.

THEALD, SELIM *disguised*, DARAXA.

Dar. At last, through various pangs, the dying princess
Sees the delivering moment, and demands
Thy presence, reverend Christian.
The. Dervise, come.
Forbid it, Heaven, this aid should be too late!

SCENE V.

DARAXA.

Heaven! can it be? the very face of Selim!
'Tis he himself,—I know him; 't is the sultan:
And, as he shot athwart me, from his eye
Flash'd the proud lightning of affronted virtue.
He must be innocent; his being here
Is radiant proof he must.—O weak Daraxa!

What man of virtue more would deign to lodge
His image in thy breast? Ah! what avails
The light unfounded love, the treacherous friendship,
That, with inhuman cowardice, gives up
A worthy man to infamy and slander!
They talk'd of aid: what aid? *(A cry heard within.)*
Alas! 't is past!
Death must be in that cry. O, let me fly
To snatch one parting look! But see, the prince,
Roused by the sounds of sorrow, this way comes.
Unhappy prince! I venerate his tears.
O gracious Allah! pity and support him. *(Exit.)*

SCENE VI.

EDWARD.

That cry was death: alas! she is no more!
The matchless Eleonora is no more!
Where am I? Heavens!—Ah! what a hideous desert
Is now this world, this blasted world around me!
O Sun, I hate thee, I abhor thy light,
That shows not Eleonora! Earth, thy joy,
Thy sweetness all is fled, all, all that made
Thy ways to me delightful,—Eleonora!
O Eleonora! perish'd Eleonora!
Sole ever lost!—That tent! ah me! that tent!
(Going into the tent, starts back.)
I dare not enter there. There Death displays
His utmost terrors. Pale and lifeless there
She lies, whose looks were love, whose beauty smiled
The sweet effulgence of enduring virtue.
And here I last behold her: ay, and how,—
And how beholds her! The remorseless image
Will haunt me to the grave. I see her suffering,
With female softness, yet to pain superior,
Fearful and bold at once, with the strong hand
Of mighty love constraining feeble nature,
To steal me from affliction.—Let me fly
This fatal ground. But whither shall I fly?
To England? O, I cannot bear the thought
Of e'er returning to that country more;
That country, witness of our happy days,
Where at each step remember'd bliss will sting

My soul to anguish! I already hear
Malice exclaim, nay, blushing Valour sigh:
"Where is thy princess? where the wish of thousands,
The charm, the transport of the public eye?
Base prince! and art thou not ashamed to bring
No trophy home but Eleonora's corse?"
The grave, too, is shut up, that last retreat
Of wretched mortals. Yes; my word is pass'd,
To Eleonora pass'd. Our orphan children
Bind me to life.—O dear, O dangerous passions!
The valiant, in himself what can he suffer?
Or what does he regard his single woes?
But when, alas! he multiplies himself
To dearer selves, to the loved tender fair,
To those whose bliss, whose beings hang upon him,
To helpless children; then, O, then he feels
The point of misery festering in his heart,
And weakly weeps his fortune, like a coward!
Such, such am I! undone!

SCENE VII.

EDWARD, GLOUCESTER.

Ed. My lord of Gloucester,
I thought my orders were, to be alone.
Glo. Forgive my fond intrusion; but I cannot
Be so regardless of thy welfare, Edward,
As to obey these orders.
Ed. But they shall,
Shall be obey'd: I will enjoy my sorrows,—
All that is left me now.
Glo. The more thy grief,
Just in its cause, but frantic in degree,
Seeks aggravating solitude, the more
It suits my love and duty to attend thee,
To try to soothe—
Ed. Away! Thou never shalt.
Not all that idle Wisdom can suggest,
All the vain talk of proud, unfeeling Reason,
Shall rob me of one tear.
Glo. Of Nature's tears
I would not rob thee: they invigorate virtue,
Soften at *once and fortify* the heart.

Yet when they rise to speak this desperate language,
They then grow times of weakness: yes,—

Ed. I care not!
Weakness, whatever they be, I will indulge them;
Will, in despite of thee and all mankind,
Devote my joyless days for ever to them.

Ele. Reason and Virtue, then, are empty names!

Ed. Hence! leave me to my fate. You have undone me;
You have made shipwreck of my peace among you,
My happiness and honour; and I now
Roam the devoted world, a careless wretch!

Ele. Thy honour yet is safe,—how long, I know not;
For bid it drives upon the rocks of passion.
O all ye ploying Powers that rule mankind!
Who so unworthy but may proudly deck him
With this fair-weather Virtue, that exults
Glad o'er the summer main! The tempest comes,
The rough winds rage aloud; when from the helm
This Virtue shrinks, and in a corner lies
Lamenting,—Shameful! if privileged from trial,
How cheap a thing were virtue!

Ed. Do,—insult me;
Call, spare me not; call, Gloucester, all the world!
But know, meantime, thou canst not make me feel thee;
I have no more connexion with mankind.

Ele. Insult thee, Edward! Do these tears insult thee,
These old man's tears! Friendship, my prince, can weep
As well as Love: but while I weep thy fortune,
Let me not weep thy virtue sunk beneath it.
Thou hast no more connexion with mankind!
Put off thy craving senses, the deep wants
And infinite dependencies of nature;
Put off that strongest passion of the soul,
Soul of the soul,—love to society;
Put off all gratitude for what is past,
All generous hope of what is yet to come;
Put off each sense of honour and of duty:
Then use this language.—Let me tell thee, Edward,
Thou hast connexions with mankind—and great ones—
Thou know'st not of; connexions that might rouse
The smallest spark of honour in thy breast
To wide-awaken'd life and fair ambition.

Ed. What dost thou mean?

Glo. What mean? This day, in England,
How many ask of Palestine their king,
Edward their king!—Read these.
Ed. (Opening the dispatches.) O Gloucester! Gloucester!
Alas! my royal father is no more!
The gentlest of mankind, the most abused!
Of gracious nature, a fit soil for virtues,
Till there his creatures sow'd their flattering lies,
And made him—No, not all their cursed arts
Could ever make him insolent or cruel.
O my deluded father! Little joy
Hadst thou in life, led from thy real good
And genuine glory, from thy people's love,—
That noblest aim of kings,—by smiling traitors!
Thus weak of heart, thus desolate of soul,
Ah! how unfit am I with steady hand
To rule a troubled state! She, she is gone,
Softener of care, the dear reward of toil,
The source of virtue! she, who to a crown
Had lent new splendour, who had graced a throne
Like the sweet seraph Mercy tempering Justice.
O Eleonora! any life with thee—
The plainest—could have charm'd: but pomp and pleasure,
All that a loving people can bestow,
By thee unshared, will only serve to fret
The wounds of woe, and make me more unhappy!
Glo. Now is the time, now lift thy soul to virtue!
Behold a crisis, sent by Heaven, to save thee.
Whate'er, my prince, can touch or can command,
Can quicken or exalt the heart of man,
Now speaks to thine. Thy children claim their father,
Nay, more than father,—claim their double parent;
For such thy promise was to Eleonora:
Thy subjects claim their king, thy troops their chief:
The manes of thy ancestors consign
Their long-descended glory to thy hands:
And thy dejected Country calls upon thee
To save her, raise her, to restore her honour,
To spread her sure dominion o'er the deep,
And bid her yet arise the scourge of France.
Angels themselves might envy thee the joy,
That waits thy will, of doing general good:—
Of spreading virtue, cheering lonely Worth;

Of dashing down the proud; of guarding arts,
The sacred rights of Industry and Freedom;
Of making a whole generous people happy.
O Edward! Edward! the most piercing transports
Of the best love can never equal these!
And—need I add?—thy Eleonora's death
Calls out for vengeance.

Ed. Ah!

Glo. If thou indeed
Dost honour thus her memory, then show it,
Not by soft tears and womanish complaints;
But show it like a man!

Ed. I will!

Glo. Yon towers—

Ed. 'T is true!

Glo. Yon guilty towers—

Ed. Insult us still!

Glo. The murderer of thy princess riots there!

Ed. But shall not long!—Thou art my better Genius,
Thou brave old man! Thou hast recall'd my virtue.
I was benumb'd with sorrow,—what, or where,
I know not,—never to have thought of this.
Bright Virtue, welcome! vigour of the mind!
The flame from heaven that lights up higher being!
Thrice welcome, with thy noble servant Anger,
And just Revenge!—Hence, let us to the camp,
And there transfuse our soul into the troops.
This sultan's blood will ease my fever'd breast.
Yes, I will take such vengeance on this city,
That all mankind shall turn their eyes to Jaffa;
And, as they see her turrets sunk in dust,
Shall learn to dread the terrors of the just!

ACT V.

SCENE I.

SELIM.

O my Daraxa, thou hast charm'd my soul!
This reconciling interview has soothed
My troubled bosom into tender joy.

As when the Spring first, on the soften'd top
Of Lebanon, unbinds her lovely tresses,
And shakes her blooming sweets from Carmel's brow.
It only now remains to see the prince.

SCENE II.

SELIM, THEALD.

The. I sought thee, worthy dervise.
Sel. Reverend Christian,
My toiling thoughts can find no fix'd repose,
Till the wrong'd sultan's vindicated honour
Shine out as bright as yon unsullied sky.
Conduct me to the prince: I claim that justice.
It stings my conscious soul with sick impatience,
To think what Selim suffers. For a man
Who loves the ways of truth and open virtue,
To lie beneath the burning imputation
Of baseness and of crimes,—such horrid crimes!—
O, 't is a keen, unsufferable torment!
Come, let me, then, discharge this other part
Of my commission.
The. That thou soon shalt do.
He straight will come this way, the king of England,—
Such now he is. Meantime, 't is fit to tell thee,
He must be managed gently; for his passions
Are all abroad, in wild confusion hurl'd:
The winds, the floods, and lightning mix together.
I need not say how little, in this uproar,
Avails the broken, thwarted light of reason.
Sel. Fear not: I trust in innocence and truth.
The. He cannot long delay; for, as I enter'd,
I saw him parting from the hurried camp,
That lighten'd wide around him:—burnish'd helms,
And glittering spears, and ardent-thronging soldiers,
Demanding all the signal, when to storm
These walls devoted to their vengeance.
Sel. Ha!
Then let us quickly find him.—But he comes.

SCENE III.

SELIM, THEALD, EDWARD, GLOUCESTER.

Ed. Whence is it those barbarians here again,
Those base, those murdering cowards, dare be seen?
What new accursed attempt is now on foot?
What new assassination?—Start not, dervise;
Tinge not thy caitiff cheek with reddening honour.
What? thou! dost thou pretend to feel reproach?
Art thou not of a shameless race of people,
Harden'd in arts of cruelty and blood,
Perfidious all? Yes; have you not profaned
The faith of nations, broke the holy tie
That binds the families of earth together,
That gives even foes to meet with generous trust,
And teaches war security? Your prince,
Your prince has done it! And you should hereafter
Be hunted from your dens like savage beasts,
Be crush'd like serpents!

The. Sir, this dervise comes
To clear the sultan Selim from that crime
Which you, with strong appearance, charge upon him.

Ed. Appearance, Theald! With unquestion'd proof.
Doubtless the villain would be glad to change
The course by nature fix'd, enjoy his crimes
Without their evil: but he shall not scape me!

Sel. If, king of England, in this weighty matter,
On which depends the weal and life of thousands,
You love and seek the truth, let Reason judge,
Cool, steady, quiet, and dispassion'd Reason.
For never yet, since the proud selfish race
Of men began to jar, did Passion give,
Nor ever can it give, a right decision.

Ed. Reason has judged, and Passion shall chastise,
Shall make you howl, ye cowards of the East!
What can be clearer? This vile prince of Jaffa,
This infamy of princes, sends a ruffian,
By his own hand and seal commission'd sends him
To treat of peace: and, as I read his letters,
The villain stabs me! This, if this wants light,
There is no certainty in human reason:
If this not shines with all-convincing truth,

Yon sun is dark. And yet these cowards come
With lying shifts, and low elusive arts.
O, it inflames my anger into madness,
This added insult on our understanding,
This treacherous attempt to steal away
The only joy and treasure of my life,—
Sweet, sacred vengeance for my murder'd princess!
Sel. The cursed wretch who did assail thy life,
O king of England, was indeed an envoy
Sent by the prince of Jaffa: this we own.
But then he was an execrable bigot,
Who, for such horrid purposes, had crept
Into the cheated sultan's court and service,
As by the traitor's papers we have learn'd.
For know, there lives, upon the craggy cliffs
Of wild Phœnician mountains, a dire race,
A nation of assassins. Dreadful zeal,
Fierce and intolerant of all religion
That differs from their own, is the black soul
Of that infernal state. Soon as their chief,
The Old Man (so they style him) of the Mountains,
Gives out his baleful will; however fell,
However wicked and abhorr'd it be;
Though clothed in danger, the most cruel death;
They, swift and silent, glide through every land,
As fly the gloomy ministers of Vengeance,
Famine and Plague: they lie for years conceal'd,
Make light of oaths, nay, sometimes change religion,
And never fail to execute his orders.
Of these the villain was, these ruffian saints,
The curse of earth, the terror of mankind:
And thy engagement, prince, in this Crusado,—
That was the reason whence they sought thy life.
Ed. False, false as hell! the lie of guilty fear!
You all are bigots, robbers, ruffians, all!
It is the very genius of your nation.
Vindictive rage, the thirst of blood, consumes you:
You live by rapine; thence your empire rose;
And your religion is a mere pretence
To rob and murder in the name of Heaven.
Sel. Be patient, prince; be more humane and just.
You have your virtues, have your vices too;
And we have ours. The liberal hand of Nature

Has not created us, nor any nation
Beneath the blessed canopy of heaven,
Of such malignant clay, but each may boast
Their native virtues, and their Maker's bounty.
You call us "bigots." O, canst thou with that
Reproach us, Christian prince? What brought thee hither
What else but bigotry? What dost thou here?
What else but persecute! The truth is great,
Greater than thou; and I will give it way;
Even thou thyself, in all thy rage, wilt hear it:—
From their remotest source, these holy wars,
What have they breathed but bigotry and rapine!
Did not the first Crusaders, when their zeal
Should have shone out the purest,—did they not,
Led by the frantic hermit who began
The murderous trade, through their own countries spread
The woes their vice could not reserve for ours!
Though this exceeds the purport of my message,
Yet must I, thus insulted in my country,
Insulted in religion, bid thee think,
O king of England, on the different conduct
Of Saracens and Christians, when beneath
Your pious Godfrey, in the first Crusade,
Jerusalem was sack'd, and when beneath
Our generous Saladin it was retaken.
O hideous scene! my soul within me shrinks,
Abhorrent, from the view! Twelve thousand wretches,
Received to mercy, void of all defence,
Trusting to plighted faith, to purchased safety,—
Behold these naked wretches in cold blood,
Men, women, children, murder'd, basely murder'd!
The holy temple, which you came to rescue,
Regorges with the barbarous profanation.
The streets run dismal torrents. Drown'd in blood,
The very soldier sickens at his carnage.
Could'st thou, O Sun, behold the blasting sight,
And lift again thy sacred eye on mortals!
A ruthless race! who can do this, can do it
To please the general Father of mankind!
While nobler Saladin—

Ed. Away! be gone!
With thee, vile dervise, what have I to do!
I lose my hour of vengeance, I debase me,

To hold this talk with thee.
Sel. While truth and reason
Speak from my tongue, vile dervise as I am,
Yet am I greater than the highest monarch
Who, from blind fury, grows the slave of Passion.
Besides, I come to justify a prince,
Howe'er in other qualities below thee,
In love of goodness, truth, humanity,
And honour, sir, thy equal;—yes, thy equal!
Ed. What? how? Compare me with a damn'd assassin?
A matchless villain!—Ah! presumptuous dervise!
Thou gnaw'st thy quivering lip: a smother'd passion
Shakes through thy frame. What villany is that
Thou darest not utter? Wert thou not a wretch
Protected by thy habit, this right hand
Should crush thee into atoms.—Hence! away!
Go tell thy master that I hold him base,
Beyond the power of words to speak his baseness!
A coward! an assassinating coward!
And when I once have dragg'd him from his city,—
Which I will straightway do,—I then will make him,
In all the gall and bitterness of guilt,
Grinding the vengeful steel betwixt his teeth,—
Will make the traitor own it.
Sel. *(Discovering himself.)* Never!
Ed. Ha!
Sel. Thou canst not, haughty monarch:—I am he!
I am this Selim, this insulted Selim,
Yet clear as day! and will confound thy passion.
Ed. Thou Selim?
Sel. I.
Ed. Was ever Guilt so bold?
Sel. Did ever Innocence descend to fear?
Ed. This bears some show of honour. Wilt thou, then,
Decide it by the sword?
Sel. I will do more,—
Ed. How more?
Sel. Decide it by superior reason.
Ed. No weak evasions!
Sel. If I not convince thee.
If by thyself I am not of this crime
Acquitted, then I grant thee thy demand:
Nay, more; yon yielded city shall be thine.

For know, hot prince, I should disdain a throne
I could not fill with honour. Were I guilty,
I should not tremble at thy threatening voice;
No, 't is myself I fear.

Ed. What shall I think!

Sel. Hear but one witness, and I ask no more,
To clear my name. The witness is a woman,
Her looks are truth; fair, uncorrupted faith
Beams from her eyes. Thou ne'er canst doubt such beau
For 't is the' expression of a spotless soul.

Ed. Curse on thy mean luxurious Eastern arts
Of cowardice! Thou wouldst seduce my vengeance.
But I detest all beauty.—Barbarous sultan!
Ah! thou hast murder'd beauty! Thy fell crime—
Haste, Gloucester, haste! In sight of camp and city
Prepare the lists.—Now show thyself a prince,
Or die in shameful tortures like a slave.

Sel. I came not hither or to dread thy wrath,
Or court thy mercy.

Glo. Sir, you cannot justly
Refuse him his demand. The fervent soul
Of undissembled Innocence, methinks,
Is felt in what he says. First hear this person;
And if she gives not full conviction, then,
Have then recourse to what should always be
The last appeal of reasonable beings,—
Brute force.

Ed. Well, then; conduct her hither, sultan.—
(Selim goes out.)
Ah my disorder'd mind! from thought to thought
Uncertain toss'd, the wreck of stormy passion!
This rage awhile supports me; but I feel
It will desert me soon, and I again
Shall soon relapse to misery and weakness.
O Eleonora! little didst thou think
How deeply wretched thy dire gift of life
Would make me!

SCENE IV.

EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, THEALD.

To them SELIM *conducting* ELEONORA, DARAXA.

Sel. Raise thy eyes, O king of England,
To the bright witness of my blameless honour.

o; beauty shall no more engage my eyes;
o more profane the shrine devoted
veet image of my Eleonora!
eclare her knowledge in this matter.
'ill not my Edward bless me with a look?
hat angel borrows Eleonora's voice?—
ale shade of her I weep for ever,
e thus to worship thee!—Thou art,—
Heaven!—thou art my Eleonora!
nora's self! my dear, my true,
g Eleonora!—What,—to whom
is miracle, this better life?—
e joy!—owe I my Eleonora?
o him, that generous prince, who put his life,
ur, on the desperate risk to save me,
the arms of Death. Deprived of voice,
n, and of sense, benumb'd I lay:
ted train around me thought me dead,
l the tent with cries. My heart alone
ly beat; but soon the poison's force
en out life from that its last retreat,
moment of approaching fate,
my guardian-angel, had not brought
ote of wondrous power, by which
ight restored,—to thee, my Edward!
id he, did he preserve thee? he, whom thus
ith such inhuman pride insulted?
O brutish, O injurious Rage!
ey are wise who, when they feel thy madness,
heir lips.—And canst thou, then, forgive me,
o hast o'er me gain'd that noblest triumph,
mph of humanity? Thou canst.
er for the generous to forgive
Offence to ask it.

Use not, prince,
a word. More than forgive,—I love
le heat, thy beautiful disorder.
too much man, I feel myself
h the charming force of human passions,
retend, with supercilious brow,
oud affected virtue, to disdain them.
Now, generous sultan, how shall I requite thee?
ke thy loved Daraxa, whom I meant

To have restored, when this misfortune happen'd;
But secret-working Heaven ordain'd her stay,
To save us all.

Sel. Wert thou the lord of earth,
Thou couldst not give me more!—My dear Daraxa!

Ed. Hence to the camp, my Gloucester: bid the
Forsake the trenches: let unbounded joy
Reign fearless o'er the mingled camp and city.
Go, tell my faithful soldiers, that their queen,
My Eleonora, lives! a prize beyond
The chance of war to give! She lives to soften
My too imperious temper, and to make them,
To make my people, happy!—O my soul!
What love e'er equall'd thine! O dearest, best!
Pride of thy sex! inimitable Goodness!
Whenever woman henceforth shall be praised
For conjugal affection, men will say,
"There shine the virtues of an Eleonora!"
Transporting bliss! How bountiful is Heaven,
Depressing often but to raise us more!
Let never those despair who follow virtue.
Love, gratitude, divide me.—Once more, sultan,
Forgive me; pardon my mistaken zeal,
That left my country, cross'd the stormy seas,
To war with thee, brave prince, to war with Honour.
Now that my passions give me leave to think,
The hand of Heaven appears in what I suffer'd:
My erring zeal has suffer'd by a zealot.

Sel. It does, O king: and, venerable Christian,
I know thy moderation will excuse me;
But since by ruling Wisdom (who unweigh'd,
Unmeant, does nought) men are so various made,
So various turn'd, that in opinions they
Must blindly think, or take a different way;
In spite of force, since judgment will be free;
Then let us in this righteous mean agree:—
Let holy rage, let persecution cease;
Let the head argue, but the heart be peace;
Let all mankind in love of what is right,
In virtue and humanity, unite!

EPILOGUE.

BY A FRIEND.

THESE poets are such fools! The man behind,
Who wrote this play,—a simple soul, I find,—
Believes with all his heart, there was a wife
Who needs would die—to save a husband's life!
He in the printed chronicles has read it:
And true it is,—Sir Richard Baker said it.
Why, what an ass these books do make a man!
Read nature; then believe it,—you who can.
Look round this town: the question is not, whether
Spouse *dies* for spouse; but, Who will *live* together?
Of old, they say, a husband was a lover:
But, thank our stars! those foolish days are over.
To such substantial prudence are we come,
We wed—not heart to heart, but—plum to plum.
"What sense? what beauty?" are not now the things:
But, "Can he settle—up to what she brings?"
Yet in this easy, all-forgiving age,
Bear with such moral fooleries—on the stage.
Perhaps, too, there may be some gentle soul
Who rather likes to weep—than win a vole;
Who thinks that there are charms in generous love,
And would to Edward Eleonora prove.

A TREAT

TO HIS ROYAL H

FREDERICK PRINCE

SIR,

THE honour Your Royal High
protection you was pleased to give
ens me to lay it now at your feet,
to publish it under your royal p
and protecting of letters has been
one distinguishing mark of a gre
good reason; not only as it show
elevation of mind, but as the influ
by exciting good writers to labou
the improvement of their several
tributes to the embellishment a
But, of all the different species of
effect upon the lives and manners
and therefore that, of all others, m
of princes; who, by a judicious a
as tend to promote all public and

of your goodness to me makes me desirous to seize every occasion of declaring in public, with what profound respect and dutiful attachment I am,

Sir,

Your Royal Highness's most obliged, most obedient, and most devoted servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS play is considerably shortened in the performance: but I hope it will not be disagreeable to the reader to see it as it was at first written; there being a great difference betwixt a play in the closet, and upon the stage.

PROLOGUE.

Bold is the man who, in this nicer age,
Presumes to tread the chaste, corrected stage!
Now, with gay tinsel arts, we can no more
Conceal the want of Nature's sterling ore.
Our spells are vanish'd, broke our magic wand,
That used to waft you over sea and land.
Before your *light* the fairy people fade,
The demons fly, the ghost itself is laid.
In vain of martial scenes the loud alarms,
The mighty prompter thundering out to arms,
The play-house posse clattering from afar,
The close-wedged battle, and the din of war.
Now even the senate seldom we convene;
The yawning fathers nod behind the scene.
Your taste rejects the glittering, false sublime,
To sigh in metaphor, and die in rhyme.
High Rant is tumbled from his gallery throne:
Description, dreams, nay, similes, are gone.
What shall we, then! to please you, how devise,
Whose judgment sits not in your ears and eyes!
Thrice happy could we catch great Shakspeare's art,
To trace the deep recesses of the heart;
His simple, plain sublime, to which is given
To strike the soul with darted flame from heaven!
Could we awake soft Otway's tender woe,
The pomp of verse and golden lines of Rowe!
We to your hearts apply: let them attend;
Before their silent, candid bar we bend.
If, warm'd, they listen, 't is our noblest praise;
If cold, they wither all the Muse's bays.

TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA:

A TRAGEDY.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TANCRED, count of Lecce ....Mr. Garrick.
MATTEO SIFFREDI, lord high chancellor of Sicily.....Mr. Sheridan.
Earl OSMOND, lord high constable of Sicily .....Mr. Delane.
RODOLPHO, friend to Tancred, and captain of the guards.....Mr. Havard.
SIGISMUNDA, daughter of Siffredi .....Mrs. Cibber.
LAURA, sister of Rodolpho, and friend to Sigismunda .....Miss Budgel.

Barons, Officers, Guards, &c.

Scene, the city of Palermo in Sicily.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

SIGISMUNDA, LAURA.

Sig. AH fatal day to Sicily! The king
Approaches his last moments?
Lau. So 't is fear'd.
Sig. The death of those distinguish'd by their station,
But by their virtue more, awakes the mind
To solemn dread, and strikes a saddening awe:
Not that we grieve for them, but for ourselves,
Left to the toil of life. And yet the best
Are by the playful children of this world
At once forgot, as they had never been.

Laura, 't is said, the heart is sometimes charged
With a prophetic sadness. Such, methinks,
Now hangs on mine. The king's approaching death
Suggests a thousand fears. What troubles thence
May throw the state once more into confusion;
What sudden changes in my father's house
May rise, and part me from my dearest Tancred;
Alarms my thought.

Lau. The fears of love-sick Fancy,
Perversely busy to torment itself!
But be assured, your father's steady friendship,
Join'd to a certain genius, that commands,
Not kneels to, Fortune, will support and cherish,
Here in the public eye of Sicily,
This—I may call him—his adopted son,
The noble Tancred, form'd to all his virtues.

Sig. Ah form'd to charm his daughter!—This fair morn
Has tempted far the chase: is he not yet
Return'd?

Lau. No; when your father to the king,
Who now expiring lies, was call'd in haste,
He sent each way his messengers to find him,
With such a look of ardour and impatience
As if this near event was to count Tancred
Of more importance than I comprehend.

Sig. There lies, my Laura, o'er my Tancred's birth
A cloud I cannot pierce. With princely accost,
Nay, with respect, which oft I have observed
Stealing at times submissive o'er his features,
In Belmont's woods my father rear'd this youth.—
Ah woods, where first my artless bosom learnt
The sighs of Love!—He gives him out the son
Of an old friend, a baron of Apulia,
Who in the late Crusado bravely fell.
But then, 't is strange; is all his family,
As well as father, dead? and all their friends,
Except my sire,—the generous, good Siffredi?
Had he a mother, sister, brother left,
The last remain of kindred; with what pride,
What rapture, might they fly o'er earth and sea,
To claim this rising honour of their blood,
This bright unknown, this all-accomplish'd youth,
Who charms—too much—the heart of Sigismunda!

Laura, perhaps your brother knows him better,
The friend and partner of his freest hours.
What says Rodolpho? Does he truly credit
This story of his birth?

Lau. He has sometimes,
Like you, his doubts; yet, when maturely weigh'd,
Believes it true. As for lord Tancred's self,
He never entertain'd the slightest thought
That verged to doubt; but oft laments his state,
By cruel fortune so ill-pair'd to yours.

Sig. Merit like his, the fortune of the mind,
Beggars all wealth.—Then to your brother, Laura,
He talks of me?

Lau. Of nothing else. Howe'er
The talk begin, it ends with Sigismunda.
Their morning, noon-tide, and their evening walks
Are full of you; and all the woods of Belmont
Enamour'd with your name—

Sig. Away, my friend;
You flatter; yet the dear delusion charms.

Lau. No, Sigismunda; 't is the strictest truth,
Nor half the truth, I tell you. Even with fondness
My brother talks for ever of the passion
That fires young Tancred's breast. So much it strikes him,
He praises love as if he were a lover.
He blames the false pursuits of vagrant youth;
Calls them gay folly, a mistaken struggle
Against best-judging Nature. Heaven, he says,
In lavish bounty form'd the heart for love;
In love included all the finer seeds
Of honour, virtue, friendship, purest bliss.

Sig. Virtuous Rodolpho!

Lau. Then his pleasing theme
He varies to the praises of your lover.

Sig. And what, my Laura, says he on the subject?

Lau. He says that, though he were not nobly born,
Nature has form'd him noble, generous, brave,
Truly magnanimous, and warmly scorning
Whatever bears the smallest taint of baseness:
That every easy virtue is his own;
Not learnt by painful labour, but inspired,
Implanted in his soul. Chiefly one charm
He in his graceful character observes,—

That though his passions burn with high impatience,
And sometimes, from a noble heat of nature,
Are ready to fly off; yet the least check
Of ruling Reason brings them back to temper
And gentle softness.

Sig. True, O true, Rodolpho!
Bless'd be thy kindred worth for loving his!
He is all warmth, all amiable fire,
All quick heroic ardour; temper'd soft
With gentleness of heart, and manly reason!
If Virtue were to wear a human form,
To light it with her dignity and flame,
Then softening mix her smiles and tender graces;
O, she would choose the person of my Tancred!
Go on, my friend, go on, and ever praise him.
The subject knows no bounds; nor can I tire
While my breast trembles to that sweetest music!
The heart of woman tastes no truer joy,
Is never flatter'd with such dear enchantment,—
'T is more than selfish vanity,—as when
She hears the praises of the man she loves.

Lau. Madam, your father comes.

SCENE II.

SIFFREDI, SIGISMUNDA, LAURA.

Sif. *(To an* ATTENDANT *as he enters.)* Lord Tancred, that
Is found?

Att. My lord, he quickly will be here.
I scarce could keep before him, though he bid me
Speed on, to say he would attend your orders.

Sif. 'T is well; retire.—You, too, my daughter, leave me.

Sig. I go, my father. But how fares the king?

Sif. He is no more; gone to that awful state,
Where kings the crown wear only of their virtues.

Sig. How bright must then be his! This stroke is sudden;
He was this morning well, when to the chase
Lord Tancred went.

Sif. 'T is true: but at his years
Death gives short notice; drooping Nature then,
Without a gust of pain to shake it, falls.
His death, my daughter, was that happy period

Which few attain. The duties of his day
Were all discharged, and gratefully enjoy'd
Its noblest blessings; calm as evening skies
Was his pure mind, and lighted up with hopes
That open heaven; when, for his last long sleep
Timely prepared, a lassitude of life,
A pleasing weariness of mortal joy,
Fell on his soul, and down he sunk to rest.
O, may my death be such!—He but one wish
Left unfulfill'd; which was, to see count Tancred.
Sig. To see count Tancred? Pardon me, my lord,—
Sif. For what, my daughter? But with such emotion
Why did you start at mention of count Tancred?
Sig. Nothing; I only hoped the dying king
Might mean to make some generous, just provision
For this your worthy charge, this noble orphan.
Sif. And he has done it largely.—Leave me now:
I want some private conference with lord Tancred.

SCENE III.

SIFFREDI *alone.*

My doubts are but too true. If these old eyes
Can trace the marks of love, a mutual passion
Has seized, I fear, my daughter and this prince,—
My sovereign now. Should it be so, ah! there,
There lurks a brooding tempest that may shake
My long-concerted scheme, to settle firm
The public peace and welfare, which the king
Has made the prudent basis of his will.
Away, unworthy views! you shall not tempt me!
Nor interest nor ambition shall seduce
My fix'd resolve. Perish the selfish thought
Which our own good prefers to that of millions!
He comes,—my king,—unconscious of his fortune.

SCENE IV.

TANCRED, SIFFREDI.

Tan. My lord Siffredi, in your looks I read
Confirm'd the mournful news that fly abroad
From tongue to tongue. We, then, at last have lost
good old king.

Sif. Yes, we have lost a father;
The greatest blessing Heaven bestows on mortals,
And seldom found amidst these wilds of time,—
A good, a worthy king! Hear me, my Tancred,
And I will tell thee, in a few plain words,
How he deserved that best, that glorious title.
'T is nought complex; 't is clear as truth and virtue.
He loved his people, deem'd them all his children;
The good exalted, and depress'd the bad.
He spurn'd the flattering crew, with scorn rejected
Their smooth advice that only means themselves,
Their schemes to aggrandize him into baseness:
Nor did he less disdain the secret breath,
The whisper'd tale, that blights a virtuous name.
He sought alone the good of those for whom
He was intrusted with the sovereign power;
Well knowing that a people, in their rights
And industry protected, living safe
Beneath the sacred shelter of the laws,
Encouraged in their genius, arts, and labours,
And happy each as he himself deserves,
Are ne'er ungrateful. With unsparing hand
They will for him provide: their filial love
And confidence are his unfailing treasure;
And every honest man, his faithful guard.

Tan. A general face of grief o'erspreads the city.
I mark'd the people, as I hither came,
In crowds assembled, struck with silent sorrow,
And pouring forth the noblest praise of tears.
Those whom remembrance of their former woes,
And long experience of the vain illusions
Of youthful hope, had into wise consent
And fear of change corrected, wrung their hands,
And, often casting up their eyes to heaven,
Gave sign of sad conjecture. Others show'd,
Athwart their grief, or real or affected,
A gleam of expectation, from what chance
And change might bring. A mingled murmur ran
Along the streets; and, from the lonely court
Of him who can no more assist their fortunes,
I saw the courtier-fry, with eager haste,
All hurrying to Constantia.

Sif. Noble youth!

joy to hear from thee these just reflections,
'orthy of riper years. But if they seek
onstantia, trust me, they mistake their course.
Tan. How? is she not my lord the late king's sister,
eir to the crown of Sicily, the last
f our famed Norman line, and now our queen?
Sif. Tancred, 't is true; she is the late king's sister,
he sole surviving offspring of that tyrant,
'illiam the Bad,—so for his vices styled;
'ho spilt much noble blood, and sore oppress'd
he' exhausted land; whence grievous wars arose,
nd many a dire convulsion shook the state.
'hen he whose death Sicilia mourns to-day,
'illiam, who has, and well deserved, the name
f Good, succeeding to his father's throne,
elieved his country's woes—But, to return:
ıe is the late king's sister, born some months
fter the tyrant's death, but not next heir.
Tan. You much surprise me. May I then presume
ask, Who is?
Sif. Come nearer, noble Tancred,
n of my care! I must on this occasion
onsult thy generous heart; which, when conducted
y rectitude of mind and honest virtues,
ives better counsel than the hoary head.
ıen know, there lives a prince, here in Palermo,
ıe lineal offspring of our famous hero,
oger the First.
Tan. Great Heaven! How far removed
om that our mighty founder?
Sif. His great-grandson;
orung from his eldest son, who died untimely,
efore his father.
Tan. Ah! the prince you mean,
he not Manfred's son? the generous, brave,
nhappy Manfred, whom the tyrant William
ou just now mention'd, not content to spoil
f his paternal crown, threw into fetters,
nd infamously murder'd!
Sif. Yes, the same.
Tan. By heavens! I joy to find, our Norman reign,
he world's sole light amidst these barbarous ages,
'et rears its head, and shall not, from the lance,

Pass to the feeble distaff. But this prince,
Where has he lain conceal'd?

Sif. The late good king,
By noble pity moved, contrived to save him
From his dire father's unrelenting rage,
And had him rear'd in private, as became
His birth and hopes, with high and princely nurture.
Till now, too young to rule a troubled state,
By civil broils most miserably torn,
He in his safe retreat has lain conceal'd,
His birth and fortune to himself unknown:
But when the dying king to me intrusted,
As to the chancellor of the realm, his will,
His successor he named him.

Tun. Happy youth!
He then will triumph o'er his father's foes,
O'er haughty Osmond, and the tyrant's daughter.

Sif. Ay, that is what I dread,—that heat of youth!
There lurks, I fear, perdition to the state:
I dread the horrors of re-kindled war.
Though dead, the tyrant still is to be fear'd:
His daughter's party still is strong and numerous;
Her friend, earl Osmond, constable of Sicily,
Experienced, brave, high-born, of mighty interest.
Better the prince and princess should by marriage
Unite their friends, their interest, and their claims:
Then will the peace and welfare of the land
On a firm basis rise.

Tun. My lord Siffredi,
If by myself I of this prince may judge,
That scheme will scarce succeed. Your prudent age
In vain will counsel, if the heart forbid it.
But wherefore fear? The right is clearly his;
And, under your direction, with each man
Of worth and steadfast loyalty to back
At once the king's appointment and his birthright,
There is no ground for fear. *They* have great odds
Against the' astonish'd sons of Violence,
Who fight with awful Justice on their side.
All Sicily will rouse, all faithful hearts
Will range themselves around prince Manfred's son.
For me, I here devote me to the service
Of this young prince; I every drop of blood

Will lose with joy, with transport, in his cause:—
Pardon my warmth:—but that, my lord, will never
To this decision come.—Then find the prince:
Lose not a moment to awake in him
The royal soul. Perhaps he now desponding
Pines in a corner, and laments his fortune,
That in the narrower bounds of private life
He must confine his aims, those swelling virtues
Which from his noble father he inherits.

Sif. Perhaps, regardless, in the common bane
Of youth he melts, in vanity and love.
But if the seeds of virtue glow within him,
I will awake a higher sense, a love
That grasps the loves and happiness of millions.

Tan. Why that surmise? Or, should he love, Siffredi,
I doubt not it is nobly, which will raise
And animate his virtues. O, permit me
To plead the cause of youth. Their Virtue oft,
In Pleasure's soft enchantment lull'd awhile,
Forgets itself; it sleeps and gaily dreams,
Till great occasion rouse it: then, all flame,
It walks abroad with heighten'd soul and vigour,
And by the change astonishes the world.
Even with a kind of sympathy, I feel
The joy that waits this prince, when all the powers
The' expanding heart can wish of doing good,
Whatever swells ambition, or exalts
The human soul into divine emotions,
All crowd at once upon him.

Sif. Ah, my Tancred!
Nothing so easy as, in speculation,
And at a distance seen, the course of honour,—
A fair, delightful champaign, strew'd with flowers.
But when the practice comes; when our fond passions,
Pleasure, and pride, and self-indulgence, throw
Their magic dust around; the prospect roughens:
Then dreadful passes, craggy mountains rise,
Cliffs to be scaled, and torrents to be stemm'd:
Then toil ensues, and perseverance stern;
And endless combats with our grosser sense,
Oft lost, and oft renew'd; and generous pain
For others felt, and—harder lesson still!—
Our honest bliss for others sacrificed:

And all the rugged task of virtue quails
The stoutest heart of common resolution.
Few get above this turbid scene of strife;
Few gain the summit, breathe that purest air,
That heavenly ether, which untroubled sees
The storm of vice and passion rage below.

Tan. Most true, my lord. But why thus augur ill!
You seem to doubt this prince. I know him not.
Yet, O, methinks, my heart could answer for him!
The juncture is so high, so strong the gale
That blows from heaven, as through the deadest soul
Might breathe the godlike energy of Virtue.

Sif. Hear him, immortal shades of his great fathers!—
Forgive me, sir, this trial of your heart:
Thou, thou art he!

Tan. Siffredi!

Sif. Tancred, thou!
Thou art the man, of all the many thousands
That toil upon the bosom of this isle,
By Heaven elected to command the rest,
To rule, protect them, and to make them happy!

Tan. Manfred my father? I the last support
Of the famed Norman line, that awes the world?
I, who this morning wander'd forth an orphan,—
Outcast of all but thee, my second father,—
Thus call'd to glory, to the first great lot
Of human-kind!—O wonder-working Hand
That, in majestic silence, sways at will
The mighty movements of unbounded nature!
O, grant me, Heaven, the virtues to sustain
This awful burden of so many heroes!
Let me not be exalted into shame,
Set up the worthless pageant of vain grandeur.
Meantime, I thank the justice of the king,
Who has my right bequeath'd me. Thee, Siffredi,
I thank thee,—O, I ne'er enough can thank thee!
Yes, thou hast been—thou art, shalt be—my father!
Thou shalt direct my unexperienced years;
Shalt be the ruling head, and I the hand.

Sif. It is enough for me to see my sovereign
Assert his virtues, and maintain his honour.

Tan. I think, my lord, you said the king committed
To you his will. I hope it is not clogg'd

With any base conditions, any clause,
To tyrannize my heart, and to Constantia
Enslave my hand, devoted to another.
The hint you just now gave of that alliance,
You must imagine, wakes my fear. But know,
In this alone I will not bear dispute,—
Not even from thee, Siffredi! Let the council
Be straight assembled, and the will there open'd:
Thence issue speedy orders to convene,
This day ere noon, the senate; where those barons
Who now are in Palermo will attend,
To pay their ready homage to the king,
Their rightful king, who claims his native crown,
And will not be a king by deeds and parchments.

Sif. I go, my liege. But once again permit me
To tell you, Now, now is the trying crisis,
That must determine of your future reign.
O, with heroic rigour watch your heart!
And to the sovereign duties of the king,
The' unequall'd pleasures of a God on earth,
Submit the common joys, the common passions,
Nay, even the virtues of the private man.

Tan. Of that no more. They not oppose, but aid,
Invigorate, cherish, and reward, each other.
The kind, all-ruling Wisdom is no tyrant.

SCENE V.

TANCRED *alone.*

Now, generous Sigismunda, comes my turn
To show my love was not of thine unworthy,
When Fortune bade me blush to look to thee.
But what is Fortune to the wish of Love?
A miserable bankrupt! O, 't is poor,
'T is scanty all, whate'er we can bestow;
The wealth of kings is wretchedness and want!
Quick let me find her; taste that highest joy
The' exalted heart can know,—the mix'd effusion
Of gratitude and love!—Behold, she comes!

SCENE VI.

TANCRED, SIGISMUNDA.

Tan. My fluttering soul was all on wing to find thee,
My love, my Sigismunda!
Sig. O my Tancred!
Tell me, what means this mystery and gloom
That lours around? Just now, involved in thought,
My father shot athwart me: you, my lord,
Seem strangely moved. I fear some dark event
From the king's death to trouble our repose,
That tender calm we in the woods of Belmont
So happily enjoy'd. Explain this hurry;
What means it? Say.
Tan. It means that we are happy,
Beyond our most romantic wishes happy!
Sig. You but perplex me more.
Tan. It means, my fairest,
That thou art queen of Sicily; and I
The happiest of mankind, than monarch more,
Because with thee I can adorn my throne!
Manfred, who fell by tyrant William's rage,
Famed Roger's lineal issue, was my father. *(Pausing.)*
You droop, my love, dejected on a sudden;
You seem to mourn my fortune. The soft tear
Springs in thy eye: O, let me kiss it off!
Why this, my Sigismunda?
Sig. Royal Tancred,
None at your glorious fortune can like me
Rejoice; yet me alone, of all Sicilians,
It makes unhappy.
Tan. I should hate it then;
Should throw with scorn the splendid ruin from me!
No, Sigismunda; 't is my hope with thee
To share it, whence it draws its richest value.
Sig. You are my sovereign; I at humble distance—
Tan. Thou art my queen, the sovereign of my soul!
You never reign'd with such triumphant lustre,
Such winning charms, as now! Yet, thou art still
The dear, the tender, generous Sigismunda,
Who, with a heart exalted far above
Those selfish views that charm the common breast,

from the height of life and courted beauty,
ıen to love me when I seem'd of fortune
eless outcast, when I had no friend,
protect and own me, but thy father.
ıldst thou claim all goodness to thyself?
ou thy Tancred deem so dully form'd,
gross clay, just as I reach the point,—
my wildest hopes could never image,—
great moment, full of every virtue,
hould then so mean a traitor prove
est bliss and honour of mankind,
ı disgrace the human heart, as then,
dead form of Flattery and Pomp,
ıless joys of courts, to quit kind Truth,
lial sweets of Friendship and of Love,
of life, my all, my Sigismunda?
ıpbraid thy fears, call them unkind,
ıjust, an outrage to my heart,
not spring from love.

Think not, my lord,
such vulgar doubts I can descend.
art, I know, disdains the little thought
ging with the vain external change
mstance and fortune. Rather thence
l, with rising ardour, greatly feel
pride to show itself the same.
! the hearts of kings are not their own.
a haughty duty that subjects them
ıs of state, to wed the public welfare,
; indulge the tender private virtues.
gh-descended princess, who will bring
wer and interest to your throne, demands
yal hand,—perhaps Constantia,—

She?

: her not! Were I this moment free
ıengaged as he who never felt
werful eye of Beauty, never sigh'd
tchless worth like thine, I should abhor
ıghts of that alliance. Her fell father
ısely murder'd mine; and she, his daughter,
ted by his barbarous party still,
de inherits, his imperious spirit,
solent pretensions to my throne.

And canst thou deem me, then, so poorly tame,
So cool a traitor to my father's blood,
As from the prudent cowardice of state
E'er to submit to such a base proposal?
Detested thought! O doubly, doubly hateful!
From the two strongest passions,—from aversion
To this Constantia, and from love to thee!
Custom, 't is true, a venerable tyrant,
O'er servile man extends her blind dominion:
The pride of kings enslaves them; their ambition
Or interest lords it o'er the better passions.
But vain their talk, mask'd under specious words
Of station, duty, and of public good.
They whom just Heaven has to a throne exalted,
To guard the rights and liberties of others;
What duty binds them to betray their own?
For me, my free-born heart shall bear no dictates
But those of Truth and Honour; wear no chains
But the dear chains of Love and Sigismunda!
Or if, indeed, my choice must be directed
By views of public good, whom shall I choose
So fit to grace, to dignify a crown,
And beam sweet mercy on a happy people,
As thee, my love? whom place upon my throne
But thee, descended from the good Siffredi?
'T is fit that heart be thine, which drew from him
Whate'er can make it worthy thy acceptance.

Sig. Cease, cease to raise my hopes above my duty:
Charm me no more, my Tancred! O that we
In those bless'd woods, where first you won my soul,
Had pass'd our gentle days, far from the toil
And pomp of courts! Such is the wish of Love;
Of Love, that, with delightful weakness, knows
No bliss and no ambition but itself.
But, in the world's full light, those charming dreams,
Those fond illusions, vanish. Awful duties,
The tyranny of men, even your own heart,
Where lurks a sense your passion stifles now,
And proud, imperious Honour, call you from me.
'T is all in vain; you cannot hush a voice
That murmurs here; I must not be persuaded!

Tan. *(Kneeling.)* Hear me, thou soul of all my hopes and wishes!

l witness, Heaven, prime Source of love and joy!
; a whole warring world combined against me;
pride, its splendour, its imposing forms;
· interest, nor ambition, nor the face
olemn state; not even thy father's wisdom,—
ll ever shake my faith to Sigismunda!

(Trumpets and acclamations heard.)

ut, hark! the public voice to duties calls me,
ich with unwearied zeal I will discharge;
l thou, yes, thou shalt be my bright reward!
, ere I go, to hush thy lovely fears,
· delicate objections,—*(Writes his name.)* Take this blank,
n'd with my name, and give it to thy father:
l him 't is my command it be fill'd up
h a most strict and solemn marriage-contract.
v dear each tie, how charming to my soul,
t more unites me to my Sigismunda!
or thee and for my people's good to live,
all the bliss which sovereign power can give.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

SIFFREDI *alone.*

o far 't is well: the late king's will proceeds
n the plan I counsell'd,—that prince Tancred
ll make Constantia partner of his throne.
reat, O wish'd event! whence the dire seeds
ark intestine broils, of civil war,
all its dreadful miseries and crimes,
ll be for ever rooted from the land.
· these dim eyes, long blasted by the rage
ruel Faction and my country's woes,
d with the toils and vanities of life,
old this period, then be closed in peace!
ut how this mighty obstacle surmount,
ich Love has thrown betwixt? Love, that disturbs
schemes of Wisdom still; that, wing'd with passion,
nd and impetuous in its fond pursuits,

Leaves the grey-headed Reason far behind.
Alas! how frail the state of human bliss,
When even our honest passions oft destroy it!
I was to blame, in solitude and shades—
Infectious scenes!—to trust their youthful hearts.
Would I had mark'd the rising flame, that now
Burns out with dangerous force. My daughter owns
Her passion for the king; she trembling own'd it,
With prayers and tears and tender supplications,
That almost shook my firmness: and this blank,
Which his rash fondness gave her, shows how much,
To what a wild extravagance, he loves.
I see no means,—it foils my deepest thought,—
How to control this madness of the king,
That wears the face of Virtue, and will thence
Disdain restraint, will from his generous heart
Borrow new rage, even speciously oppose
To reason reason. But it must be done.
My own advice, of which I more and more
Approve, the strict conditions of the will,
Highly demand his marriage with Constantia;
Or else her party has a fair pretence,
And all at once is horror and confusion.
How issue from this maze? The crowding barons,
Here summon'd to the palace, meet already,
To pay their homage, and confirm the will.
On a few moments hangs the public fate,
On a few hasty moments.—Ah! there shone
A gleam of hope. Yes; with this very paper
I yet will save him. Necessary means
For good and noble ends can ne'er be wrong.
In that resistless, that peculiar case,
Deceit is truth and virtue. But how hold
This lion in the toil? O, I will form it
Of such a fatal thread, twist it so strong
With all the ties of honour and of duty,
That his most desperate fury shall not break
The honest snare.—Here is the royal hand:
I will beneath it write a perfect, full,
And absolute agreement to the will;
Which read before the nobles of the realm
Assembled, in the sacred face of Sicily.
Constantia present, every heart and eye

Fix'd on their monarch, every tongue applauding,
He must submit, his dream of love must vanish.
It shall be done! To me, I know, 't is ruin;
But safety to the public, to the king.
I will not reason more; I will not listen
Even to the voice of Honour: no, 't is fix'd!
I here devote me for my prince and country:
Let them be safe, and let me nobly perish!
Behold, earl Osmond comes; without whose aid
My schemes are all in vain.

SCENE II.

OSMOND, SIFFREDI.

Os. My lord Siffredi,
I from the council hasten'd to Constantia,
And have accomplish'd what we there proposed.
The princess to the will submits her claims.
She with her presence means to grace the senate,
And of your royal charge young Tancred's hand
Accept. At first, indeed, it shock'd her hopes
Of reigning sole,—this new surprising scene
Of Manfred's son, appointed by the king
With her joint-heir. But I so fully show'd
The justice of the case, the public good
And sure-establish'd peace which thence would rise,
Join'd to the strong necessity that urged her
If on Sicilia's throne she meant to sit,
As to the wise disposal of the will
Her high ambition tamed. Methought, besides,
I could discern, that not from prudence merely
She to this choice submitted.
Sif. Noble Osmond,
You have in this done to the public great
And signal service. Yes, I must avow it;
This frank and ready instance of your zeal,
In such a trying crisis of the state,
When interest and ambition might have warp'd
Your views,—I own, this truly generous virtue
Upbraids the rashness of my former judgment.
Os. Siffredi, no; to you belongs the praise;
The glorious work is yours. Had I not seized,
Improved the wish'd occasion to root out

Division from the land, and saved my country,
I had been base, been infamous for ever.
'T is you, my lord, to whom the many thousands,
That by the barbarous sword of civil war
Had fallen inglorious, owe their lives; to you
The sons of this fair isle, from her first peers
Down to the swain who tills her golden plains,
Owe their safe homes, their soft domestic hours:
And through late time posterity shall bless you,
You who advised this will. I blush to think
I have so long opposed the best good man
In Sicily. With what impartial care
Ought we to watch o'er prejudice and passion,
Nor trust too much the jaundiced eye of Party!
Henceforth its vain delusions I renounce,
Its hot determinations, that confine
All merit and all virtue to itself.
To yours I join my hand; with you, will own
No interest and no party but my country.
Nor is your friendship only my ambition:
There is a dearer name—the name of "father"—
By which I should rejoice to call Siffredi.
Your daughter's hand would to the public weal
Unite my private happiness.

Sif. My lord,
You have my glad consent. To be allied
To your distinguish'd family and merit,
I shall esteem an honour. From my soul
I here embrace earl Osmond as my friend
And son.

Os. You make him happy. This assent,
So frank and warm, to what I long have wish'd,
Engages all my gratitude; at once,
In the first blossom, it matures our friendship.
I from this moment vow myself the friend
And zealous servant of Siffredi's house.

Enter an Officer *belonging to the court.*

Off. to Siffredi. The king, my lord, demands your speedy presence.

Sif. I will attend him straight.—Farewell, my lord:
The senate meets; there, a few moments hence,
I will rejoin you.

Os. There, my noble lord,
We will complete this salutary work,
Will there begin a new auspicious era.

SCENE III.

OSMOND *alone.*

Siffredi gives his daughter to my wishes:
But does she give herself? Gay, young, and flatter'd,
Perhaps engaged, will she her youthful heart
Yield to my harsher, uncomplying years?
I am not form'd, by flattery and praise,
By sighs and tears and all the whining trade
Of Love, to feed a fair one's vanity,
To charm at once and spoil her. These soft arts
Nor suit my years nor temper: these be left
To boys and doting age! A prudent father,
By Nature charged to guide and rule her choice,
Resigns his daughter to a husband's power,
Who with superior dignity, with reason
And manly tenderness, will ever love her;
Not first a kneeling slave, and then a tyrant.

SCENE IV.

OSMOND, BARONS.

Os. My lords, I greet you well. This wondrous day
Unites us all in amity and friendship.
We meet to-day with open hearts and looks;
Not gloom'd by Party, scowling on each other,
But all the children of one happy Isle,
Social sons of Liberty. No pride,
No passion now, no thwarting views divide us:
The Manfred's line, at last, to William's join'd,
Joins us in one family of brothers.
To the late good king's well-order'd will,
Praise Siffredi's generous care, we owe.
I give you joy. First of you all,
I renounce those errors and divisions
That so long disturb'd our peace, and seem'd,
Ting still, to threaten new commotions.
To instructed, let us not disdain

To quit mistakes. We all, my lords, have err'd.
Men may, I find, be honest, though they differ.
First Bar. Who follows not, my lord, the fair example
You set us all, whate'er be his pretence,
Loves not with single and unbiass'd heart
His country as he ought.
Second Bar. O beauteous Peace!
Sweet union of a state! What else but thou
Gives safety, strength, and glory to a people?
I bow, lord constable, beneath the snow
Of many years; yet in my breast revives
A youthful flame. Methinks, I see again
Those gentle days renew'd that bless'd our isle
Ere by this wasteful fury of division,
Worse than our Ætna's most destructive fires,
It desolated sunk. I see our plains
Unbounded waving with the gifts of harvest;
Our seas with commerce throng'd, our busy ports
With cheerful toil. Our Enna blooms afresh;
Afresh the sweets of thymy Hybla flow.
Our nymphs and shepherds, sporting in each vale,
Inspire new song, and wake the pastoral reed.—
The tongue of Age is fond.—Come, come, my sons;
I long to see this prince, of whom the world
Speaks largely well. His father was my friend,
The brave, unhappy Manfred. Come, my lords;
We tarry here too long.

SCENE V.

Two Officers, *keeping off the crowd.*

One of the crowd. Show us our king,
The valiant Manfred's son, who loved the people.
We must, we will, behold him: give us way!
First Off. Pray, gentlemen, give back: it must not be.
Give back, I pray: on such a glad occasion
I would not ill entreat the lowest of you.
Second Man of the crowd. Nay, give us but a glimpse of our young king.
We, more than any baron of them all,
Will pay him true allegiance.
Second Off. Friends, indeed
You cannot pass this way. We have strict orders,

ep for him himself, and for the barons,
ese apartments clear. Go to the gate
'ronts the sea: you there will find admission.
Long live king Tancred! Manfred's son! Huzza!
(Crowd goes off.)
st Off. I do not marvel at their rage of joy:
a brave and amiable prince.
in my lord Siffredi's house I lived,
his favour I obtain'd this office,
remember well the young count Tancred.
him and to love him were the same.
s so noble in his ways, yet still
.ble and mild.—Well, well, old Sicily,
ippy days await thee!
nd Off. Grant it, Heaven!
ve seen sad and troublous times enough.
they say, to wed the late king's sister,
intia.
st Off. Friend, of that I greatly doubt.
nistake, or lord Siffredi's daughter,
entle Sigismunda, has his heart.
may judge by kindly, cordial looks,
ond, assiduous care to please each other,
ertainly they love. O, be they bless'd
y deserve! It were great pity aught
l part a matchless pair; the glory he,
ne the blooming grace, of Sicily!
nd Off. My lord Rodolpho comes.

SCENE VI.

RODOLPHO, *from the senate.*

'. My honest friends,
nay retire. *(Officers go out.)* A storm is in the
ind:
ill perplexes all. No; Tancred never
oop to these conditions, which at once
: his rights, his honour, and his love.
wise old men, those plodding grave state-pedants,
the course of youth: their crooked prudence,
eness verging still, forgets to take
neir fine-spun schemes the generous heart,
through the cobweb-system bursting, lays

Their labours waste. So will this business prove,
Or I mistake the king. Back from the pomp
He seem'd at first to shrink; and round his brow
I mark'd a gathering cloud, when by his side,
As if design'd to share the public homage,
He saw the tyrant's daughter. But confess'd,
At least to me, the doubling tempest frown'd,
And shook his swelling bosom, when he heard
The' unjust, the base conditions of the will.
Uncertain, toss'd in cruel agitation,
He oft, methought, address'd himself to speak,
And interrupt Siffredi; who appear'd,
With conscious haste, to dread that interruption,
And hurried on.—But hark! I hear a noise,
As if the' assembly rose.—Ah! Sigismunda,
Oppress'd with grief and wrapp'd in pensive sorrow,
Passes along.

(Sigismunda and attendants pass through the back scene. Laura advances.)

SCENE VII.

RODOLPHO, LAURA.

Lau. Your high-praised friend, the king,
Is false, most vilely false! The meanest slave
Had shown a nobler heart; nor grossly thus,
By the first bait Ambition spread, been gull'd.
He Manfred's son? Away! it cannot be!
The son of that brave prince could ne'er betray
Those rights so long usurp'd from his great fathers,
Which he this day, by such amazing fortune,
Had just regain'd: he ne'er could sacrifice
All faith, all honour, gratitude, and love,
Even just resentment of his father's fate,
And pride itself, whate'er exalts a man
Above the grovelling sons of peasant-mud,
All in a moment. And for what? Why, truly,
For kind permission, gracious leave, to sit
On his own throne with tyrant William's daughter!

Rod. I stand amazed. You surely wrong him, Laura:
There must be some mistake.

Lau. There can be none!
Siffredi read his full and free consent

Before the' applauding senate. True, indeed,
A small remain of shame, a timorous weakness,
Even dastardly in falsehood, made him blush
To act this scene in Sigismunda's eye,
Who sunk beneath his perfidy and baseness.
Hence, till to-morrow he adjourn'd the senate,—
To-morrow fix'd with infamy to crown him!
Then, leading off his gay triumphant princess,
He left the poor unhappy Sigismunda
To bend her trembling steps to that sad home
His faithless vows will render hateful to her.
He comes: farewell; I cannot bear his presence!

SCENE VIII.

TANCRED, SIFFREDI, RODOLPHO.

Tan. *(Entering to Siffredi.)* Avoid me, hoary traitor!—
Go, Rodolpho;
Give orders that all passages this way
Be shut;—defend me from a hateful world,
The bane of peace and honour;—then return.
What! dost thou haunt me still? O monstrous insult!
Unparallell'd indignity! Just Heaven!
Was ever king, was ever man, so treated,
So trampled into baseness?
Sif. Here, my liege,
Here strike! I nor deserve, nor ask for, mercy.
Tan. Distraction!—O my soul!—Hold, Reason, hold
Thy giddy seat!—O, this inhuman outrage
Unhinges thought!
Sif. Exterminate thy servant!
Tan. All, all but this I could have borne,—but this!
This daring insolence beyond example!
This murderous stroke that stabs my peace for ever!
That wounds me there,—there where the human heart
Most exquisitely feels!
Sif. O, bear it not,
My royal lord! appease on me your vengeance!
Tan. Did ever tyrant image aught so cruel?
The lowest slave that crawls upon the earth,
Robb'd of each comfort Heaven bestows on mortals,
On the bare ground, has still his virtue left,
The sacred treasures of an honest heart,

Which thou hast dared, with rash, audacious hand,
And impious fraud, in me to violate!
Sif. Behold, my liege, that rash, audacious hand,
Which not repents its crime. O glorious! happy!
If by my ruin I can save your honour.
Tan. Such honour I renounce! with sovereign scorn
Greatly detest it, and its mean adviser!
Hast thou not dared beneath my name to shelter,—
My name for other purposes design'd,
Given from the fondness of a faithful heart,
With the best love o'erflowing,—hast thou not
Beneath thy sovereign's name basely presumed
To shield a lie? a lie in public utter'd
To all deluded Sicily? But know,
This poor contrivance is as weak as base.
In such a wretched toil none can be held
But fools and cowards. Soon thy flimsy arts,
Touch'd by my just, my burning indignation,
Shall burst like threads in flame! Thy doting prudence
But more secures the purpose it would shake.
Had my resolves been wavering and doubtful,
This would confirm them, make them fix'd as fate.
This adds the only motive that was wanting
To urge them on through war and desolation.—
What! marry her? Constantia? her, the daughter
Of the fell tyrant who destroy'd my father?
The very thought is madness! Ere thou seest
The torch of Hymen light these hated nuptials,
Thou shalt behold Sicilia wrapp'd in flames,
Her cities razed, her valleys drench'd with slaughter.
Love set aside, my pride assumes the quarrel:
My honour now is up. In spite of thee,
A world combined against me, I will give
This scatter'd will in fragments to the winds,
Assert my rights, the freedom of my heart,
Crush all who dare oppose me to the dust,
And heap perdition on thee!
Sif. Sir, 't is just.
Exhaust on me your rage; I claim it all.
But, for these public threats thy passion utters,
'T is what thou canst not do!
Tan. I cannot! ha!
Driven to the dreadful brink of such dishonour,

Enough to make the tamest coward brave,
And into fierceness rouse the mildest nature,
What shall arrest my vengeance? who?
Sif. Thyself!
Tan. Away! Dare not to justify thy crime!
That, that alone can aggravate its horror,
Add insolence to insolence,—perhaps,
May make my rage forget—
Sif. O, let it burst
On this gray head devoted to thy service!
But when the storm has vented all its fury,
Thou then must hear,—nay, more, I know thou wilt,—
Wilt hear the calm, yet stronger, voice of Reason.
Thou must reflect that a whole people's safety,
The weal of trusted millions, should bear down,
Thyself the judge, thy fondest partial pleasure.
Thou must reflect that there are other duties,
A nobler pride, a more exalted honour,
Superior pleasures far, that will oblige,
Compel thee, to abide by this my deed;
Unwarranted, perhaps, in common justice,
But which Necessity, even Virtue's tyrant,
With awful voice commanded. Yes, thou must,
In calmer hours, divest thee of thy love,
These common passions of the vulgar breast,
This boiling heat of youth; and be a king,
The lover of thy people!
Tan. Truths ill-employ'd!
Abused to colour guilt!—A king! a king!
Yes, I will be a king, but not a slave!
In this will be a king; in this my people
Shall learn to judge how I will guard their rights,
When they behold me vindicate my own.
But have I, say, been treated like a king?
Heavens! could I stoop to such outrageous usage,
I were a mean, a shameless wretch, unworthy
To wield a sceptre in a land of slaves,
A soil abhorr'd of Virtue; should belie
My father's blood, belie those very maxims
At other times you taught my youth, Siffredi!
(In a softened tone of voice.)
Sif. Behold, my prince, behold thy poor old servant,
Whose darling care, these twenty years, has been

To nurse thee up to virtue; who for thee,
Thy glory and thy weal, renounces all,
All interest or ambition can pour forth,
What many a selfish father would pursue
Through treachery and crimes: behold him here,
Bent on his feeble knees, to beg, conjure thee,
With tears to beg thee, to control thy passion,
And save thyself, thy honour, and thy people!
Kneeling with me behold the many thousands
To thy protection trusted:—fathers, mothers,
The sacred front of venerable Age,
The tender virgin, and the helpless infant;
The ministers of Heaven; those who maintain
Around thy throne the majesty of rule;
And those whose labour, scorch'd by winds and sun,
Feeds the rejoicing public: see them all
Here at thy feet, conjuring thee to save them
From misery and war, from crimes and rapine!
Can there be aught, kind Heaven, in self-indulgence
To weigh down these,—this aggregate of love;
With which compared, the dearest private passion
Is but the wafted dust upon the balance!
Turn not away: O, is there not some part,
In thy great heart, so sensible to kindness
And generous warmth, some nobler part, to feel
The prayers and tears of these, the mingled voice
Of heaven and earth!

FEA. There is; and thou hast touch'd it.
Rise, rise, Siffredi: O, thou hast undone me,
Unkind old man!—O ill-entreated Tancred!
Which way soe'er I turn, Dishonour rears
Her hideous front, and Misery, and Ruin!
Was it for this you took such care to form me?
For this imbued me with the quickest sense
Of shame; these finer feelings, that ne'er vex
The common mass of mortals, dully happy
In bless'd insensibility! O, rather
You should have sear'd my heart; taught me that Power
And splendid Interest lord it still o'er Virtue;
That, gilded by prosperity and pride,
There is no shame, no meanness. Temper'd thus,
I had been fit to rule a venal world.
Alas! what meant thy wantonness of prudence?

Why have you raised this miserable conflict
Betwixt the duties of the king and man,
Set virtue against virtue? Ah, Siffredi!
'T is thy superfluous, thy unfeeling wisdom
That has involved me in a maze of error,
Almost beyond retreat.—But hold, my soul,
Thy steady purpose. Toss'd by various passions,
To this eternal anchor keep: there is,
Can be, no public without private virtue.—
Then mark me well, observe what I command;
It is the sole expedient now remaining.
To-morrow, when the senate meets again,
Unfold the whole, unravel the deceit;
Nor that alone,—try to repair its mischief.
There all thy power, thy eloquence and interest,
Exert, to re-instate me in my rights,
And from thy own dark snares to disembroil me.
Start not, my lord: this must and shall be done!
Or here our friendship ends; howe'er disguised,
Whatever thy pretence, thou art a traitor.

Sif. I should indeed deserve the name of traitor,
And even a traitor's fate, had I so slightly,
From principles so weak, done what I did,
As e'er to disavow it.

Tan. Ha!

Sif. My liege,
Expect not this. Though practised long in courts,
I have not so far learn'd their subtle trade,
To veer obedient with each gust of passion.
I honour thee, I venerate thy orders;
But honour more my duty. Nought on earth
Shall ever shake me from that solid rock,—
Nor smiles nor frowns.

Tan. You will not, then?

Sif. I cannot!

Tan. Away! begone!—O my Rodolpho, come,
And save me from this traitor!—Hence, I say!
Avoid my presence straight! And know, old man,—
Thou my worst foe beneath the mask of friendship,
Who, not content to trample in the dust
My dearest rights, dost with cool insolence
Persist, and call it duty,—hadst thou not
daughter that protects thee, thou shouldst feel

Is how to clear my faith to Sigismunda.
She thinks me false: she cast a look that kill'd me!
O, I am base in Sigismunda's eye,
The lowest of mankind, the most perfidious!
Rod. This was a strain of insolence indeed,
A daring outrage of so strange a nature
As stuns me quite.
Tan. Cursed be my timid prudence,
That dash'd not back, that moment, in his face
The bold, presumptuous lie! and cursed this hand,
That, from a start of poor dissimulation,
Led off my Sigismunda's hated rival!
Ah! then what, poison'd by the false appearance,
What, Sigismunda, were thy thoughts of me?
How, in the silent bitterness of soul,
How didst thou scorn me! hate mankind, thyself,
For trusting to the vows of faithless Tancred!
For such I seem'd,—I was! The thought distracts me!
I should have cast a flattering world aside,
Rush'd from my throne, before them all avow'd her,
The choice, the glory of my free-born heart,
and spurn'd the shameful fetters thrown upon it.
stead of that,—confusion!—what I did
as clinch'd the chain, confirm'd Siffredi's crime,
nd fix'd me down to infamy!
Rod. My lord,
ame not the conduct which your situation
e from your tortured heart. What could you do?
d you, so circumstanced, in open senate,
ore the' astonish'd public, with no friends
pared, no party form'd, affronted thus
haughty princess and her powerful faction,
orted by this will; the sudden stroke,
pt and premature, might have recoil'd
yourself, even your own friends revolted,
urn'd at once the public scale against you.
e, consider: had you then detected
fresh guilt this action of Siffredi,
ust with signal vengeance have chastised
asonable deed. Nothing so mean
k insulted Power that dares not punish.
w would that have suited with your love?
ghter present, too? Trust me, your conduct,

Howe'er abhorrent to a heart like yours,
Was fortunate and wise.—Not that I mean
E'er to advise submission,—
Tan. Heavens! submission!
Could I descend to bear it, even in thought,
Despise me, you, the world, and Sigismunda!
Submission? No; to-morrow's glorious light
Shall flash discovery on the scene of baseness!
Whatever be the risk, by Heavens! to-morrow
I will o'erturn the dirty, lie-built schemes
Of these old men, and show my faithful senate
That Manfred's son knows to assert and wear,
With undiminish'd dignity, that crown
This unexpected day has placed upon him.
But this, my friend, these stormy gusts of pride
Are foreign to my love. Till Sigismunda
Be disabused, my breast is tumult all,
And can obey no settled course of reason.
I see her still, I feel her powerful image,
That look, where with reproach complaint was mix'd,
Big with soft woe and gentle indignation,
Which seem'd at once to pity and to scorn me.
O, let me find her! I too long have left
My Sigismunda to converse with tears,
A prey to thoughts that picture me a villain.
But ah! how, clogg'd with this accursed state,
A tedious world, shall I now find access?
Her father, too,—ten thousand horrors crowd
Into the wild, fantastic eye of Love,—
Who knows what he may do? Come, then, my friend,
And by thy sister's hand, O, let me steal
A letter to her bosom. I no longer
Can bear her absence, by the just contempt
She now must brand me with inflamed to madness.
Fly, my Rodolpho, fly! Engage thy sister
To aid my letter, and this very evening
Secure an interview. I would not bear
This rack another day, not for my kingdom!
Till then, deep-plunged in solitude and shades,
I will not see the hated face of man.—
Thought drives on thought, on passions passions roll:
Her smiles alone can calm my raging soul.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

SIGISMUNDA *alone, sitting in a disconsolate posture.*

AH tyrant prince! ah more than faithless Tancred!
Ungenerous and inhuman in thy falsehood!
Hadst thou, this morning, when my hopeless heart,
Submissive to my fortune and my duty,
Had so much spirit left as to be willing
To give thee back thy vows;—ah! hadst thou then
Confess'd the sad necessity thy state
Imposed upon thee, and with gentle friendship,
Since we must part at last, our parting soften'd;
I should, indeed, I should have been unhappy,
But not to this extreme. Amidst my grief,
I had, with pensive pleasure, cherish'd still
The sweet remembrance of thy former love;
Thy image still had dwelt upon my soul,
And made our guiltless woes not undelightful.
But coolly thus,—how couldst thou be so cruel?—
Thus to revive my hopes, to soothe my love,
And call forth all its tenderness, then sink me
In black despair!—What unrelenting pride
Possess'd thy breast, that thou couldst bear unmoved
To see me bent beneath a weight of shame,
Pangs thou canst never feel? How couldst thou drag me
In barbarous triumph at a rival's car?
How make me witness to a sight of horror?
That hand which, but a few short hours ago,
So wantonly abused my simple faith,
Before the' attesting world given to another,
Irrevocably given!—There was a time
When the least cloud that hung upon my brow,
Perhaps imagined only, touch'd thy pity:
Then, brighten'd often by the ready tear,
Thy looks were softness all; then the quick heart,
In every nerve alive, forgot itself,
And for each other then we felt alone.
But now, alas! those tender days are fled;
Now thou canst see me wretched, pierced with anguish,
With studied anguish of thy own creating,

Nor wet thy harden'd eye.—Hold, let me think;
I wrong thee, sure; thou canst not be so base
As meanly in my misery to triumph.
What is it, then? Why should I search for pain?
O, 't is as bad! 'T is fickleness of nature;
'T is sickly love extinguish'd by ambition.
Is there, kind Heaven! no constancy in man,
No steadfast truth, no generous fix'd affection,
That can bear up against a selfish world?
No, there is none: even Tancred is inconstant! (A
Hence! let me fly this scene! Whate'er I see,
These roofs, these walls, each object that surrounds
Are tainted with his vows. But whither fly?
The groves are worse; the soft retreat of Belmont,
Its deepening glooms, gay lawns, and airy summits,
Will wound my busy memory to torture,
And all its shades will whisper, "Faithless Tancred!"
My father comes: how, sunk in this disorder,
Shall I sustain his presence?

SCENE II.

SIFFREDI, SIGISMUNDA.

Sif. Sigismunda,
My dearest child! I grieve to find thee thus
A prey to tears. I know the powerful cause
From which they flow, and therefore can excuse them,
But not their wilful, obstinate continuance.
Come, rouse thee, then; call up thy drooping spirit!
Come, wake to reason from this dream of love,
And show the world thou art Siffredi's daughter!
Sig. Alas! I am unworthy of that name.
Sif. Thou art indeed to blame: thou hast too rashly
Engaged thy heart, without a father's sanction.
But this I can forgive. The king has virtues
That plead thy full excuse: nor was I void
Of blame, to trust thee to those dangerous virtues.
Then dread not my reproaches. Though he blames,
Thy tender father pities more than blames, thee.
Thou art my daughter still; and, if thy heart
Will now resume its pride, assert itself,
And greatly rise superior to this trial,
I to my warmest confidence again

Will take thee, and esteem thee more my daughter.

Sig. O, you are gentler far than I deserve!
It is, it ever was, my darling pride,
To bend my soul to your supreme commands,
Your wisest will; and though, by love betray'd,—
Alas! and punish'd too,—I have transgress'd
The nicest bounds of duty, yet I feel
A sentiment of tenderness, a source
Of filial nature springing in my breast,
That, should it kill me, shall control this passion,
And make me all submission and obedience
To you, my honour'd lord, the best of fathers.

Sif. Come to my arms, thou comfort of my age!
Thou only joy and hope of these gray hairs!
Come! let me take thee to a parent's heart;
There with the kindly aid of my advice,
Even with the dew of these paternal tears,
Revive and nourish this becoming spirit!
Then, thou dost promise me, my Sigismunda,—
Thy father stoops to make it his request,—
Thou wilt resign thy fond, presumptuous hopes,
And henceforth never more indulge one thought
That in the light of love regards the king?

Sig. Hopes I have none: those by this fatal day
Are blasted all! But from my soul to banish,
While weeping Memory there retains her seat,
Thoughts which the purest bosom might have cherish'd,
Once my delight, now even in anguish charming,
Is more, alas! my lord, than I can promise.

Sif. Absence and Time, the softener of our passions,
Will conquer this. Meantime, I hope from thee
A generous, great effort; that thou wilt now
Exert thy utmost force, nor languish thus
Beneath the vain extravagance of love.
Let not thy father blush to hear it said,
His daughter was so weak e'er to admit
A thought so void of reason,—that a king
Should to his rank, his honour, and his glory,
The high, important duties of a throne,
Even to his throne itself, madly prefer
A wild, romantic passion, the fond child
Of youthful, dreaming thought and vacant hours;
That he should quit his heaven-appointed station,

Desert his awful charge, the care of all
The toiling millions which this isle contains;
Nay, more, should plunge them into war and ruin;
And all to soothe a sick imagination,
A miserable weakness. Must for thee,
To make thee bless'd, Sicilia be unhappy?
The king himself, lost to the nobler sense
Of manly praise, become the piteous hero
Of some soft tale, and rush on sure destruction?
Canst thou, my daughter, let the monstrous thought
Possess one moment thy perverted fancy?
Rouse thee, for shame! and if a spark of virtue
Lies slumbering in thy soul, bid it blaze forth;
Nor sink unequal to the glorious lesson
This day thy lover gave thee from his throne!

Sig. Ah! that was not from virtue! Had, my father,
That been his aim, I yield to what you say:
'T is powerful truth, unanswerable reason.
Then, then, with sad but duteous resignation,
I had submitted as became your daughter.
But, in that moment when my humbled hopes
Were to my duty reconciled, to raise them
To yet a fonder height than e'er they knew,
Then rudely dash them down,—there is the sting!
The blasting view is ever present to me.
Why did you drag me to a sight so cruel?

Sif. It was a scene to fire thy emulation.

Sig. It was a scene of perfidy! But know,
I will do more than imitate the king;
For he is false! I, though sincerely pierced
With the best, truest passion ever touch'd
A virgin's breast, here vow to Heaven and you,
Though from my heart I cannot, from my hopes
To cast this prince. What would you more, my father!

Sif. Yes, one thing more; thy father then is happy.
Though by the voice of Innocence and Virtue
Absolved, we live not to ourselves alone:
A rigorous world, with peremptory sway,
Subjects us all, and even the noblest most.
This world from thee, my honour and thy own,
Demands one step; a step by which convinced
The king may see thy heart disdains to wear
A chain which his has greatly thrown aside.

T'is fitting, too, thy sex's pride commands thee,
To show the' approving world thou canst resign,
As well as he, nor with inferior spirit,
A passion fatal to the public weal.
But, above all, thou must root out for ever
From the king's breast the least remain of hope,
And henceforth make his mention'd love dishonour.
These things, my daughter, that must needs be done,
Can but this way be done,—by the safe refuge,
The sacred shelter, of a husband's arms.
And there is one—

Sig. Good heavens! what means my lord?

Sif. One of illustrious family, high rank,
Yet still of higher dignity and merit,
Who can and will protect thee; one to awe
The king himself.—Nay, hear me, Sigismunda:—
The noble Osmond courts thee for his bride,
And has my plighted word. This day—

Sig. (Kneeling.) My father!
Let me with trembling arms embrace thy knees!
O, if you ever wish to see me happy;
If e'er in infant years I gave you joy,
When, as I prattling twined around your neck,
You snatch'd me to your bosom, kiss'd my eyes,
And melting said you saw my mother there;
O, save me from that worst severity
Of fate! O, outrage not my breaking heart
To that degree!—I cannot—'t is impossible!—
So soon withdraw it, give it to another.
Hear me, my dearest father! hear the voice
Of Nature and Humanity, that plead,
As well as Justice, for me! Not to choose
Without your wise direction, may be duty;
But still my choice is free. That is a right
Which even the lowest slave can never lose.
And would you thus degrade me, make me base?
For such it were, to give my worthless person
Without my heart; an injury to Osmond,
The highest can be done. Let me, my lord,—
Or I shall die, shall by the sudden change
Be to distraction shock'd,—let me wear out
My hapless days in solitude and silence,
Far from the malice of a prying world!

At least—you cannot, sure, refuse me this—
Give me a little time: I will do all,
All I can do, to please you! O, your eye
Sheds a kind beam—

Sif. My daughter! you abuse
The softness of my nature.

Sig. Here, my father,
Till you relent, here will I grow for ever!

Sif. Rise, Sigismunda. Though you touch my heart,
Nothing can shake the' inexorable dictates
Of Honour, Duty, and determined Reason.
Then, by the holy ties of filial love,
Resolve, I charge thee, to receive earl Osmond
As suits the man who is thy father's choice
And worthy of thy hand. I go to bring him.

Sig. Spare me, my dearest father!

Sif. *(Aside.)* I must rush
From her soft grasp, or Nature will betray me!
O, grant us, Heaven, that fortitude of mind
Which listens to our duty, not our passions!—
Quit me, my child!

Sig. You cannot, O my father!
You cannot leave me thus!

Sif. Come hither, Laura,
Come to thy friend. Now show thyself a friend.
Combat her weakness; dissipate her tears;
Cherish and reconcile her to her duty.

SCENE III.

SIGISMUNDA, LAURA.

Sig. O woe on woe! distress'd by love and duty!
O every way unhappy Sigismunda!

Lau. Forgive me, madam, if I blame your grief.
How can you waste your tears on one so false,
Unworthy of your tenderness; to whom
Nought but contempt is due, and indignation!

Sig. You know not half the horrors of my fate!
I might, perhaps, have learn'd to scorn his falsehood;
Nay, when the first sad burst of tears was past,
I might have roused my pride and scorn'd himself.
But 'tis too much, this greatest, last misfortune.
O, whither shall I fly? where hide me, Laura,

From the dire scene my father now prepares?
Lau. What thus alarms you, madam?
Sig. Can it be?
Can I—ah, no!—at once give to another
My violated heart? in one wild moment?
He brings earl Osmond to receive my vows!
O dreadful change! for Tancred, haughty Osmond!
Lau. Now, on my soul, 't is what an outraged heart
Like yours should wish! I should, by heavens, esteem it
Most exquisite revenge!
Sig. Revenge on whom?
On my own heart, already but too wretched!
Lau. On him! this Tancred! who has basely sold,
For the dull form of despicable grandeur,
His faith, his love; at once a slave and tyrant!
Sig. O, rail at me, at my believing folly,
My vain, ill-founded hopes; but spare him, Laura!
Lau. Who raised these hopes? who triumphs o'er that weakness?
Pardon the word,—you greatly merit him;
Better than him, with all his giddy pomp!
You raised him by your smiles, when he was nothing.
Where is your woman's pride,—that guardian spirit
Given us to dash the perfidy of man?
Ye powers! I cannot bear the thought with patience:—
Yet recent from the most unsparing vows
The tongue of Love e'er lavish'd; from your hopes,
So vainly, idly, cruelly deluded;
Before the public thus, before your father,
By an irrevocable, solemn deed,
With such inhuman scorn, to throw you from him;
To give his faithless hand, yet warm from thine,
With complicated meanness, to Constantia;
And, to complete his crime, when thy weak limbs
Could scarce support thee, then, of thee regardless,
To lead her off!
Sig. That was indeed a sight
To poison love, to turn it into rage
And keen contempt! What means this stupid weakness
That hangs upon me? Hence, unworthy tears!
Disgrace my cheek no more! No more, my heart,
For one so coolly false or meanly fickle—
O, it imports not which—dare to suggest

The basest caitiff!—Yes, traitor, I will wring
Thy pride, will turn thy triumph to confusion!
I will not pine away my days for thee,
Sighing to brooks and groves; while, with vain pity,
Yet in a trial, arms lament my fate.
No; let me perish, ere I tamely be
That sole, that patient, gentle Sigismunda,
Who can console her with the wretched boast,
She was for thee unhappy! If I am,
I will be nobly so. Sicilia's daughters
Shall wondering see in me a great example
Of one who punish'd an ill-judging heart,
Who made it how to what it must abhorr'd,
Dreadful in misery, for having thus
So lightly listen'd to a worthless lover!
Love, At last it mounts, the kindling pride of virtue!
Trust me, thy marriage will exhibiter his
Sig. O, may the Furies light his nuptial torch!
Be it accursed as mine! For the fair peace,
The tender joys of hymeneal Love,
Rage Jealousy awaked, and fell Remorse,
Pour all their furious venom through his breast!
Where the Furies lead, and blind Revenge, I follow.
Let me not think!—By injured love I vow,
Thee shall, base prince, perfidious and inhuman!
Thee shalt behold me in another's arms,
In his dear bosom,—Osmond's!
That will grind
Love,
His heart with secret rage: ay, that will sting
His soul to madness; set him up a terror,
A spectacle of ruin, to thoughtless lovers!
Your cooler thought, besides, will of the change
Approve, and think it happy. Noble Osmond
From the same stock with him derives his birth;
Great of Sicilian barons, prudent, brave,
Of virtuous honour, and by all revered.
Sig. Talk not of Osmond, but perfidious Tancred!
Roll at him, roll! heaven now names of scorn!
Assist me, Laura; lend my rage fresh fuel;
Support my staggering purpose, which already
Begins to fall me.—Ah, my vassals how vain!
How have I fled to my own heart! Alas!
My tears return, the mighty flood o'erwhelms me!

Ten thousand crowding images distract
My tortured thought.—And is it come to this?
Our hopes, our vows, our oft-repeated wishes,
Breathed from the fervent soul, and full of heaven,
To make each other happy,—come to this?

Lau. If thy own peace and honour cannot keep
Thy resolution fix'd, yet, Sigismunda,
O, think how deeply, how beyond retreat,
Thy father is engaged!

Sig. Ah wretched weakness,
That thus enthralls my soul, that chases thence
Each nobler thought, the sense of every duty!—
And have I then no tears for thee, my father?
Can I forget thy cares, from helpless years,
Thy tenderness for me? an eye still beam'd
With love, a brow that never knew a frown,
Nor a harsh word thy tongue? Shall I for these
Repay thy stooping, venerable age
With shame, disquiet, anguish, and dishonour?
It must not be!—Thou first of angels, come,
Sweet filial Piety! and firm my breast.
Yes; let one daughter to her fate submit,
Be nobly wretched, but her father happy!—
Laura, they come!—O heavens! I cannot stand
The horrid trial!—Open, open, Earth,
And hide me from their view!

Lau. Madam!

SCENE IV.

SIFFREDI, OSMOND, SIGISMUNDA, LAURA.

Sif. My daughter,
Behold my noble friend who courts thy hand,
And whom to call my son I shall be proud;
Nor shall I less be pleased in his alliance
To see thee happy.

Os. Think not I presume,
Madam, on this your father's kind consent
To make me bless'd. I love you from a heart
That seeks your good superior to my own;
And will, by every art of tender friendship,
Consult your dearest welfare. May I hope
Yours does not disavow your father's choice?

Sig. I am a daughter, sir, and have no power
O'er my own heart.—I die,—support me, Laura. *(Faints.)*
Sif. Help; bear her off!—She breathes,—my daughter!
Sig. O,
Forgive my weakness! Soft, my Laura, lead me
To my apartment.
Sif. Pardon me, my lord,
If, by this sudden accident alarm'd,
I leave you for a moment.

SCENE V.

OSMOND *alone.*

Let me think:
What can this mean? Is it to me aversion?
Or is it, as I fear'd, she loves another?
Ah! yes; perhaps the king, the young count Tancred.
They were bred up together.—Surely that,
That cannot be. Has he not given his hand,
In the most solemn manner, to Constantia?
Does not his crown depend upon the deed?
No; if they loved, and this old statesman knew it,
He could not to a king prefer a subject.
His virtues I esteem; nay, more, I trust them,—
So far as virtue goes: but, could he place
His daughter on the throne of Sicily,—
O, 't is a glorious bribe, too much for man!
What is it, then? I care not what it be.
My honour now, my dignity demands,
That my proposed alliance, by her father
And even herself accepted, be not scorn'd.
I love her, too: I never knew till now
To what a pitch I loved her. O, she shot
Ten thousand charms into my inmost soul!
She look'd so mild, so amiably gentle;
She bow'd her head, she glow'd with such confusion,
Such loveliness of modesty! She is,
In gracious mind, in manners, and in person,
The perfect model of all female beauty!
She must be mine,—she is! If yet her heart
Consents not to my happiness, her duty,
Join'd to my tender cares, will gain so much
Upon her generous nature, *that* will follow.

The man of sense, who acts a prudent part,
Not flattering steals, but forms himself, the heart.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The garden belonging to Siffredi's house.

SIGISMUNDA, LAURA.

Sig. (With a letter in her hand.) 'T IS done! I am a slave!
The fatal vow
Has pass'd my lips!—Methought, in those sad moments,
The tombs around, the saints, the darken'd altar,
And all the trembling shrines, with horror shook.
But here is still new matter of distress.
O Tancred, cease to persecute me more!
O, grudge me not some calmer state of woe,
Some quiet gloom to shade my hopeless days,
Where I may never hear of love and thee!—
Has Laura too conspired against my peace!
Why did you take this letter? Bear it back.
(Giving her the letter.)
I will not court new pain.
Lau. Madam, Rodolpho
Urged me so much, nay, even with tears conjured me,
But this once more to serve the' unhappy king,—
For such he said he was,—that, though enraged
Equal with thee, at his inhuman falsehood,
I could not to my brother's fervent prayers
Refuse this office. Read it: his excuses
Will only more expose his falsehood.
Sig. No;
It suits not Osmond's wife to read one line
From that contagious hand she knows too well!
Lau. He paints him out distress'd beyond expression,
Even on the point of madness. Wild as winds
And fighting seas he raves. His passions mix,
With ceaseless rage, all in each giddy moment.
He dies to see you and to clear his faith.
Sig. Save me from that! That would be worse than all!

Lau. I but report my brother's words, who then
Began to talk of some dark imposition,
That had deceived us all; when, interrupted,
We heard your father and earl Osmond near,
As summon'd to Constantia's court they went.

Sig. Ha! imposition? Well; if I am doom'd
To be, o'er all my sex, the wretch of love,
In vain I would resist. Give me the letter:
To know the worst is some relief.—Alas!
It was not thus, with such dire palpitations,
That, Tancred, once I used to read thy letters.—
(Attempting to read the letter, but gives it to Laura.)
Ah, fond remembrance blinds me! Read it, Laura.

(Laura reads.)

"Deliver me, Sigismunda, from that most exquisite misery which a faithful heart can suffer,—to be thought base by her from whose esteem even Virtue borrows new charms. When I submitted to my cruel situation, it was not falsehood you beheld, but an excess of love. Rather than endanger that, I for a while gave up my honour. Every moment till I see you stabs me with severer pangs than real Guilt itself can feel. Let me, then, conjure you to meet me in the garden, towards the close of the day, when I will explain this mystery. We have been most inhumanly abused; and that by the means of the very paper which I gave you, from the warmest sincerity of love, to assure to you the heart and hand of

"TANCRED."

Sig. There, Laura, there the dreadful secret sprung!
That paper! ah, that paper! it suggests
A thousand horrid thoughts.—I to my father
Gave it; and he, perhaps,—I dare not cast
A look that way.—If yet indeed you love me,
O, blast me not, kind Tancred, with the truth!
O, pitying, keep me ignorant for ever!
What strange, peculiar misery is mine,—
Reduced to wish the man I love were false!
Why was I hurried to a step so rash!
Repairless woe! I might have waited, sure,
A few short hours: no duty that forbade;
I owed thy love that justice,—till this day,
Thy love an image of all-perfect goodness,

A beam from heaven that glow'd with every virtue!
And have I thrown this prize of life away,
The piteous wreck of one distracted moment?
Ah the cold prudence of remorseless age!
Ah parents, traitors to your children's bliss!
Ah cursed, ah blind revenge!—On every hand
I was betray'd. You, Laura, too, betray'd me!

Lau. Who, who but he, whate'er he writes, betray'd you,
Or false or pusillanimous? For once
I will with you suppose that his agreement
To the king's will was forged;—though, forged by whom?
Your father scorns the crime;—yet what avails it?
This, if it clears his truth, condemns his spirit.
A youthful king, by love and honour fired,
Patient to sit on his insulted throne,
And let an outrage of so high a nature
Unpunish'd pass, uncheck'd, uncontradicted,—
O, 't is a meanness equal even to falsehood.

Sig. Laura, no more: we have already judged
Too largely without knowledge. Oft what seems
A trifle, a mere nothing, by itself,
In some nice situations, turns the scale
Of fate, and rules the most important actions.
Yes, I begin to feel a sad presage:
I am undone, from that eternal source
Of human woes,—the judgment of the passions.
But what have I to do with these excuses?
O, cease, my treacherous heart, to give them room!
It suits not thee to plead a lover's cause;
Even to lament my fate, is now dishonour.
Nought now remains but with relentless purpose
To shun all interviews, all clearing up
Of this dark scene; to wrap myself in gloom,
In solitude and shades; there to devour
The silent sorrows ever swelling here;
And, since I must be wretched,—for I must,—
To claim the mighty misery myself,
Engross it all, and spare a hapless father.
Hence let me fly! the hour approaches—

Lau. Madam,
Behold, he comes,—the king!

Sig. Heavens! how escape?
No; I will stay:—this one last meeting. Leave me.

SCENE II.

TANCRED, SIGISMUNDA.

Tan. And are these long, long hours of torture past!
My life! my Sigismunda!
(Throwing himself at her feet.)
Sig. Rise, my lord.
To see my sovereign thus, no more becomes me.
Tan. O, let me kiss the ground on which you tread!
Let me exhale my soul in softest transport,
Since I again embrace my Sigismunda! *(Rising.)*
Unkind! how couldst thou ever deem me false!
How thus dishonour love!—O, I could much
Indulge my complaint!—How low were then
Thy thoughts of me! How didst thou then affront
The human heart itself! after the vows,
The fervent truth, the tender protestations
Which mine has often pour'd, to let thy breast,
Whatever the appearance was, admit suspicion!
Sig. How! when I heard myself your full consent
To the late king's so just and prudent will,
Heard it before you read in solemn senate!
When I beheld you give your royal hand
To her whose birth and dignity of right
Demand that high alliance! Yes, my lord:
You have done well. The man whom Heaven appoints
To govern others, should himself first learn
To bend his passions to the sway of Reason.
In all you have done well; but when you bid
My humbled hopes look up to you again,
And soothed with wanton cruelty my weakness,—
That, too, was well. My vanity deserved
The sharp rebuke, whose fond extravagance
Could ever dream to balance your repose,
Your glory, and the welfare of a people.
Tan. Chide on, chide on. Thy soft reproaches now,
Instead of wounding, only soothe my fondness.
No, no, thou charming consort of my soul!
I never loved thee with such faithful ardour
As in that cruel, miserable moment
You thought me false, when even my honour stoop'd
To wear for thee a baffled face of baseness.

It was thy barbarous father, Sigismunda,
Who caught me in the toil. He turn'd that paper,
Meant for the' assuring bond of nuptial love,
To ruin it for ever. He, he wrote
That forged consent you heard beneath my name;
Nay, dared before my outraged throne to read it!
Had he not been thy father,—Ha! my love!
You tremble, you grow pale.

Sig. O, leave me, Tancred!

Tan. No! leave thee? Never, never! till you set
My heart at peace, till these dear lips again
Pronounce thee mine! Without thee I renounce
Myself, my friends, the world! Here on this hand—

Sig. My lord, forget that hand, which never now
Can be to thine united.

Tan. Sigismunda!
What dost thou mean? Thy words, thy look, thy manner,
Seem to conceal some horrid secret. Heavens!—
No; that was wild: distraction fires the thought!

Sig. Inquire no more: I never can be thine.

Tan. What, who shall interpose? Who dares attempt
To brave the fury of an injured king,
Who, ere he sees thee ravish'd from his hopes,
Will wrap all blazing Sicily in flames?

Sig. In vain your power, my lord: this fatal error,
Join'd to my father's unrelenting will,
Has placed an everlasting bar betwixt us.
I am—earl Osmond's—wife.

Tan. Earl Osmond's wife?

(After a long pause, during which they look at one another with the highest agitation and most tender distress.)

Heavens! did I hear thee right? What! married? married?
Lost to thy faithful Tancred, lost for ever?
Couldst thou, then, doom me to such matchless woe
Without so much as hearing me? Distraction!
Alas! what hast thou done? Ah, Sigismunda!
Thy rash credulity has done a deed
Which, of two happiest lovers that e'er felt
The blissful power, has made two finish'd wretches!
But—madness!—sure, thou know'st it cannot be!
This hand is mine! a thousand thousand vows—

SCENE III.

TANCRED, OSMOND, SIGISMUNDA.

Os. *(Snatching her hand from the king.)* Madam, this
hand, by the most solemn rites,
A little hour ago, was given to me;
And did not sovereign honour now command me
Never but with my life to quit my claim,
I would renounce it—thus!

Tan. Ha! who art thou,
Presumptuous man?

Sig. *(Aside.)* Where is my father! Heavens!
(Goes out.)

Os. One thou shouldst better know:—yes, view me:—one
Who can and will maintain his rights and honour
Against a faithless prince, an upstart king,
Whose first base deed is what a harden'd tyrant
Would blush to act.

Tan. Insolent Osmond! know
This upstart king will hurl confusion on thee,
And all who shall invade his sacred rights,
Prior to thine,—thine founded on compulsion,
On infamous deceit; while his proceed
From mutual love and free long-plighted faith.
She is, and shall be, mine! I will annul,
By the high power with which the laws invest me,
Those guilty forms in which you have entrapp'd,
Basely entrapp'd, to thy detested nuptials,
My queen betroth'd; who has my heart, my hand,
And shall partake my throne. If, haughty lord,
If this thou didst not know, then know it now!
And know besides, as I have told thee this,
Shouldst thou but think to urge thy treason further,—
Than treason more! treason against my love!—
Thy life shall answer for it!

Os. Ha! my life!
It moves my scorn to hear thy empty threats.
When was it that a Norman baron's life
Became so vile, as on the frown of kings
To hang! Of that, my lord, the law must judge;
Or, if the law be weak, my guardian sword—

Tan. Dare not to touch it, traitor, lest my rage
Break loose, and do a deed that misbecomes me!

SCENE IV.

TANCRED, OSMOND, SIFFREDI.

Sif. (Entering.) My gracious lord! what is it I behold?
My sovereign in contention with his subjects?
Surely this house deserves from royal Tancred
A little more regard, than to be made
A scene of trouble and unseemly jars.
It grieves my soul, it baffles every hope,
It makes me sick of life, to see thy glory
Thus blasted in the bud. Heavens! can your Highness
From your exalted character descend,
The dignity of virtue; and, instead
Of being the protector of our rights,
The holy guardian of domestic bliss,
Unkindly thus disturb the sweet repose,
The sacred peace of families, for which
Alone the free-born race of man to laws
And government submitted?

Tan. My lord Siffredi,
Spare thy rebuke: the duties of my station
Are not to me unknown. But thou, old man,
Dost thou not blush to talk of rights invaded,
And of our best, our dearest bliss disturb'd?
Thou, who with more than barbarous perfidy
Hast trampled all allegiance, justice, truth,
Humanity itself, beneath thy feet?
Thou know'st thou hast. I could, to thy confusion,
Return thy hard reproaches; but I spare thee
Before this lord, for whose ill-sorted friendship
Thou hast most basely sacrificed thy daughter.
Farewell, my lord!—For thee, lord constable,
Who dost presume to lift thy surly eye
To my soft love, my gentle Sigismunda,
I once again command thee, on thy life,—
Yes, chew thy rage; but mark me,—on thy life,
No further urge thy arrogant pretensions!

SCENE V.

SIFFREDI, OSMOND.

Os. Ha! "arrogant pretensions!" heaven and e
What! arrogant pretensions to my wife,
My wedded wife? Where are we? in a land
Of civil rule, of liberty, and laws?
Not on my life pursue them?—Giddy prince!
My life disdains thy nod. It is the gift
Of parent Heaven, who gave me, too, an arm,
A spirit, to defend it against tyrants.
The Norman race, the sons of mighty Rollo,
Who, rushing in a tempest from the North,—
Great nurse of generous freemen!—bravely won
With their own swords their seats, and still possess
By the same noble tenure, are not used
To hear such language. If I now desist,
Then brand me for a coward, deem me villain,
A traitor to the public, by this conduct
Deceived, betray'd, insulted, tyrannized!
Mine is a common cause: my arm shall guard,
Mix'd with my own, the rights of each Sicilian,
Of social life, and of mankind in general.
Ere to thy tyrant rage they fall a prey,
I shall find means to shake thy tottering throne,
Which this illegal, this perfidious usage
Forfeits at once, and crush thee in the ruins!—
Constantia is my queen!

Sif. Lord constable,
Let us be steadfast in the right; but let us
Act with cool prudence and with manly temper,
As well as manly firmness. True, I own,
The' indignities you suffer are so high
As might even justify what now you threaten.
But if, my lord, we can prevent the woes,
The cruel horrors of intestine war,
Yet hold untouch'd our liberties and laws;
O, let us, raised above the turbid sphere
Of little selfish passions, nobly do it;
Nor to our hot, intemperate pride pour out
A dire libation of Sicilian blood!
'Tis godlike magnanimity, to keep,

When most provoked, our Reason calm and clear,
And execute her will, from a strong sense
Of what is right, without the vulgar aid
Of heat and passion, which, though honest, bear us
Often too far. Remember, that my house
Protects my daughter still; and ere I saw her
Thus ravish'd from us by the arm of power,
This hand should act the Roman father's part.
Fear not; be temperate; all will yet be well.
I know the king. At first his passions burst
Quick as the lightning's flash: but in his breast
Honour and justice dwell. Trust me, to reason
He will return.

Os. He will? by heavens, he shall!—
You know the king! I wish, my lord Siffredi,
That you had deign'd to tell me all you knew.
And would you have me wait, with duteous patience,
Till he return to reason? Ye just powers!
When he has planted on our necks his foot,
And trod us into slaves; when his vain pride
Is cloy'd with our submission; if, at last,
He finds his arm too weak to shake the frame
Of wide-establish'd order out of joint,
And overturn all justice; then, perchance,
He, in a fit of sickly kind repentance,
May make a merit to return to reason.
No, no, my lord! there is a nobler way,
To teach the blind oppressive Fury reason.
Oft has the lustre of avenging steel
Unseal'd her stupid eyes: the sword is reason!

SCENE VI.

SIFFREDI, OSMOND, RODOLPHO, *with* GUARDS.

Rod. My lord high-constable of Sicily,
In the king's name, and by his special order,
I here arrest you prisoner of state.

Os. What king? I know no king of Sicily,
Unless he be the husband of Constantia.

Rod. Then know him now: behold his royal orders
To bear you to the castle of Palermo.

Sif. Let the big torrent foam its madness off.
Submit, my lord: no castle long can hold

Our wrongs. This, more than friendship or alliance,
Confirms me thine; this binds me to thy fortunes
By the strong tie of common injury,
Which nothing can dissolve.—I grieve, Rodolpho,
To see the reign in such unhappy sort
Begin.

Os. The reign! "the usurpation" call it!
This meteor-king may blaze awhile, but soon
Must spend his idle terrors.—Sir, lead on.—
Farewell, my lord: more than my life and fortune,
Remember well, is in your hands,—my honour!

Sif. Our honour is the same. My son, farewell.
We shall not long be parted. On these eyes
Sleep shall not shed his balm, till I behold thee
Restored to freedom, or partake thy bonds.
Even noble courage is not void of blame,
Till nobler patience sanctifies its flame.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

SIFFREDI, *alone.*

THE prospect lours around. I found the king,
Though calm'd a little, with subsiding tempest,
As suits his generous nature, yet in love
Abated nought, most ardent in his purpose;
Inexorably fix'd, whate'er the risk,
To claim my daughter, and dissolve this marriage.—
I have embark'd upon a perilous sea
A mighty treasure. Here the rapid youth,
The' impetuous passions of a lover-king
Check my bold course; and there the jealous pride,
The' impatient honour of a haughty lord
Of the first rank, in interest and dependants
Near equal to the king, forbid retreat.
My honour, too, the same unchanged conviction
That these my measures were and still remain
Of absolute necessity to save
The land from civil fury, urge me on.
But how proceed? I only faster rush
Upon the desperate evils I would shun.

'er the motive be, deceit, I fear,
arsh, unnatural force are not the means
lic welfare or of private bliss.—
ritness, Heaven! thou mind-inspecting Eye!
east is pure. I have preferr'd my duty,
ood and safety of my fellow-subjects,
those views that fire the selfish race
n, and mix them in eternal broils.

Enter an OFFICER *belonging to* SIFFREDI.

My lord, a man of noble port, his face
y'd in disguise, is earnest for admission.
Go, bid him enter.— *(Officer goes out.)*
Ah! wrapp'd in disguise!
t this late, unseasonable hour,
o'er the world tremendous midnight reigns,
dire gloom of raging tempest doubled!

SCENE II.

SIFFREDI, OSMOND *discovering himself.*

What! ha! earl Osmond, you? Welcome once more
is glad roof! But why in this disguise?
d I could hope the king exceeds his promise!
his faith, soon as to-morrow's sun
gild Sicilia's cliffs, you shall be free.
ome good angel turn'd his heart to justice?
It is not by the favour of count Tancred
I am here: as much I scorn his favour,
lefy his tyranny and threats.
riend Goffredo, who commands the castle,
y parole ere dawn to render back
erson, has permitted me this freedom.
, then, the faithless outrage of to-day,
m committed whom you call the king,
oused Constantia's court. Our friends, the friends
rtue, justice, and of public faith,
for revolt, are in high ferment all.
, this," they say, "exceeds whate'er deform'd
niserable days we saw beneath
am the Bad. This saps the solid base
ce of government and private life,—
shameless imposition on the faith,

The majesty of senates, this lewd insult,
This violation of the rights of men!
Added to these, his ignominious treatment
Of her, the' illustrious offspring of our kings,
Sicilia's hope, and now our royal mistress."
You know, my lord, how grossly these infringe
The late king's will; which orders, if count Tancred
Make not Constantia partner of his throne,
That he be quite excluded the succession,
And she to Henry given, king of the Romans,
The potent emperor Barbarossa's son,
Who seeks with earnest instance her alliance.
I thence of you, as guardian of the laws,
As guardian of this will to you intrusted,
Desire, nay, more, demand your instant aid,
To see it put in vigorous execution.

Sif. You cannot doubt, my lord, of my concurrence.
Who more than I have labour'd this great point!
'T is my own plan. And, if I drop it now,
I should be justly branded with the shame
Of rash advice, or despicable weakness.
But let us not precipitate the matter:
Constantia's friends are numerous and strong;
Yet Tancred's, trust me, are of equal force.
E'er since the secret of his birth was known,
The people all are in a tumult hurl'd
Of boundless joy, to hear there lives a prince
Of mighty Guiscard's line. Numbers, besides,
Of powerful barons, who at heart had pined,
To see the reign of their renown'd forefathers,
Won by immortal deeds of matchless valour,
Pass from the gallant Normans to the Suevi,
Will with a kind of rage espouse his cause.
'T is so, my lord,—be not by passion blinded,—
'T is surely so. O, if our prating virtue
Dwells not in words alone, O, let us join,
My generous Osmond, to avert these woes,
And yet sustain our tottering Norman kingdom!

Os. But how, Siffredi, how! If by soft means
We can maintain our rights, and save our country,
May his unnatural blood first stain the sword
Who with unpitying fury first shall draw it!

Sif. I have a thought;—the glorious work be thine!

But it requires an awful flight of virtue,
Above the passions of the vulgar breast;
And thence from thee I hope it, noble Osmond.
Suppose my daughter, to her God devoted,
Were placed within some convent's sacred verge,
Beneath the dread protection of the altar—

Os. Ere then, by heavens! I would devoutly shave
My holy scalp, turn whining monk myself,
And pray incessant for the tyrant's safety!
What? how? Because an insolent invader,
A sacrilegious tyrant, in contempt
Of all those noblest rights which to maintain
Is man's peculiar pride, demands my wife;
That I shall thus betray the common cause
Of human-kind, and tamely yield her up,
Even in the manner you propose—O, then
I were supremely vile, degraded, shamed!
The scorn of Manhood, and abhorr'd of Honour!

Sif. There is, my lord, an Honour, the calm child
Of Reason, of Humanity, and Mercy,
Superior far to this punctilious demon
That singly minds itself, and oft embroils
With proud barbarian niceties the world.

Os. My lord, my lord! I cannot brook your prudence:
It holds a pulse unequal to my blood.
Unblemish'd honour is the flower of virtue,
The vivifying soul! and he who slights it
Will leave the other dull and lifeless dross.

Sif. No more; you are too warm.

Os. You are too cool.

Sif. Too cool, my lord? I were indeed too cool,
Not to resent this language, and to tell thee,
I wish earl Osmond were as cool as I
To his own selfish bliss; ay, and as warm
To that of others.—But of this no more:
My daughter is thy wife; I gave her to thee,
And will against all force maintain her thine.
But think not I will catch thy headlong passions,
Whirl'd in a blaze of madness o'er the land;
Or, till the last extremity compel me,
Risk the dire means of war.—The king to-morrow
Will set you free; and, if by gentle means
He does not yield my daughter to your arms,

And wed Constantia, as the will requires.
Why, then expect me on the side of justice.
Let that suffice.

Os. It does. Forgive my heat:
My rankled mind, by injuries inflamed,
May be too prompt to take and give offence.

Sif. 'T is past. Your wrongs, I own, may well transpo
The wisest mind: but henceforth, noble Osmond,
Do me more justice, honour more my truth,
Nor mark me with an eye of squint suspicion.
These jars apart, you may repose your soul
On my firm faith and unremitting friendship.
Of that I, sure, have given exalted proof;
And the next sun we see, shall prove it further.
Return, my son, and from your friend Goffredo
Release your word. There try by soft repose
To calm your breast.

Os. Bid the vex'd ocean sleep,
Swept by the pinions of the raging North.
But your frail age, by care and toil exhausted,
Demands the balm of all-repairing rest.

Sif. Soon as to-morrow's dawn shall streak the skies,
I, with my friends in solemn state assembled,
Will to the palace, and demand your freedom.
Then by calm reason, or by higher means,
The king shall quit his claim, and in the face
Of Sicily my daughter shall be yours.
Farewell.

Os. My lord, good night.

SCENE III.

OSMOND *alone.* *(After a long pause.)*

I like him not.
Yes, I have mighty matter of suspicion.
'T is plain,—I see it lurking in his breast,—
He has a foolish fondness for this king.
My honour is not safe, while here my wife
Remains. Who knows but he this very night
May bear her to some convent, as he mention'd?
The king, too,—though I smother'd up my rage,
I mark'd it well,—will set me free to-morrow.
Why not to-night? He has some dark design;

By heavens! he has. I am abused most grossly;
Made the vile tool of this old statesman's schemes;
Married to one,—ay, and he knew it,—one
Who loves young Tancred! Hence her swooning, tears,
And all her soft distress, when she disgraced me
By basely giving her perfidious hand
Without her heart. Hell and perdition! this,
This is the perfidy, this is the fell,
The keen, envenom'd, exquisite disgrace,
Which to a man of honour even exceeds
The falsehood of the person.—But I now
Will rouse me from the poor, tame lethargy
By my believing fondness cast upon me.
I will not wait his crawling, timid motions,—
Perhaps to blind me meant,—which he to-morrow
Has promised to pursue. No! ere his eyes
Shall open on to-morrow's orient beam,
I will convince him that earl Osmond never
Was form'd to be his dupe. I know full well
The' important weight and danger of the deed:
But to a man whom greater dangers press,
Driven to the brink of infamy and horror,
Rashness itself and utter desperation
Are the best prudence. I will bear her off
This night, and lodge her in a place of safety.
I have a trusty band that waits not far.
Hence! let me lose no time. One rapid moment
Should ardent form at once and execute
A bold design.—'T is fix'd; 't is done!—Yes; then,
When I have seized the prize of love and honour,
And with a friend secured her; to the castle
I will repair, and claim Goffredo's promise
To rise with all his garrison. My friends
With brave impatience wait. The mine is laid,
And only wants my kindling touch to spring.

SCENE IV.

SIGISMUNDA'S *apartment.*

SIGISMUNDA, LAURA.

Lau. Heavens! 't is a fearful night!
Sig. Ah! the black rage
Of midnight tempest, or the' assuring smiles

Of radiant morn, are equal all to me.
Nought now has charms or terrors to my breast,
The seat of stupid woe!—Leave me, my Laura.
Kind rest, perhaps, may hush my woes a little.
O for that quiet sleep that knows no morning!

Lou. Madam, indeed I know not how to go.
Indulge my fondness: let me watch awhile
By your sad bed, till these dread hours shall pass.

Sig. Alas! what is the toil of elements,
This idle perturbation of the sky,
To what I feel within! O that the fires
Of pitying Heaven would point their fury here!
Good night, my dearest Laura!

Lou. O, I know not
What this oppression means; but 't is with pain,
With tears, I can persuade myself to leave you.
Well, then; good night, my dearest Sigismunda!

SCENE V.

SIGISMUNDA.

And am I, then, alone! the most undone,
Most wretched being now beneath the cope
Of this affrighting gloom that wraps the world!
I said I did not fear: ah me! I feel
A shivering horror run through all my powers.
O, I am nought but tumult, fears, and weakness!
And yet how idle fear, when hope is gone,
Gone, gone for ever! O thou gentle scene
(Looking towards her bed.)
Of sweet repose, where, by the' oblivious draught
Of each sad, toilsome day to peace restored,
Unhappy mortals lose their woes awhile,
Thou hast no peace for me! What shall I do!
How pass this dreadful night, so big with terror!
Here, with the midnight shades, here will I sit,
(Sitting down.)
A prey to dire despair; and ceaseless weep
The hours away.—Bless me! I heard a noise.
(Starting up.)
No; I mistook: nothing but silence reigns
And awful midnight round.—Again!—O heavens!
My lord the king!

SCENE VI.

TANCRED, SIGISMUNDA.

Tan. Be not alarm'd, my love!
Sig. My royal lord! why at this midnight hour,—
How came you hither?
Tan. By that secret way
My love contrived, when we in happier days
Used to devote these hours, so much in vain,
To vows of love and everlasting friendship.
Sig. Why will you thus persist to add new stings
To her distress who never can be thine?
O fly me! fly! You know—
Tan. I know too much.
O, how I could reproach thee, Sigismunda!
Pour out my injured soul in just complaints!
But now the time permits not, these swift moments—
I told thee how thy father's artifice
Forced me to seem perfidious in thine eyes.
Ah, fatal blindness! not to have observed
The mingled pangs of rage and love that shook me,
When, by my cruel public situation
Compell'd, I only feign'd consent to gain
A little time, and more secure thee mine!
E'er since,—a dreadful interval of care!—
My thoughts have been employ'd, not without hope,
How to defeat Siffredi's barbarous purpose.
But thy credulity has ruin'd all,
Thy rash, thy wild,—I know not what to name it.
O, it has proved the giddy hopes of man
To be delusion all, and sickening folly!
Sig. Ah, generous Tancred! ah! thy truth destroys me!
Yes, yes; 't is I, 't is I alone am false!
My hasty rage, join'd to my tame submission,
More than the most exalted filial duty
Could e'er demand, has dash'd our cup of fate
With bitterness unequall'd. But, alas!
What are thy woes to mine?—to mine, just Heaven!
Now is thy turn of vengeance: hate, renounce me!
O, leave me to the fate I well deserve,—
To sink in hopeless misery! At least,
Try to forget the worthless Sigismunda!

Tan. Forget thee! me! Thou art my soul itself!
I have no thought, no hope, no wish, but thee!
From this repeated injury, the fears
That rouse me all to madness at the thought
Of losing thee, the whole collected pains
Of my full heart, serve but to make thee dearer.
Ah! how forgot thee! Much must be forgot
Ere Tancred can forget his Sigismunda!

Sig. But you, my lord, must make that great effort.

Tan. Can Sigismunda make it!

Sig. Ah! I know not
With what success; but all that feeble woman
And love-entangled Reason can perform,
I to the utmost will exert, to do it.

Tan. Fear not; 'tis done! If thou canst form the thought,
Success is sure: I am forgot already!

Sig. Ah Tancred! But, my lord, respect me more.
Think who I am: what can you now propose!

Tan. To claim the plighted vows which Heaven has heard,
To vindicate the rights of holy love
By faith and honour bound; to which compared,
These empty forms which have ensnared thy hand
Are impious guile, abuse, and profanation:
Nay, as a king, whose high prerogative
By this unlicensed marriage is affronted,
To bid the laws themselves pronounce it void.

Sig. Honour, my lord, is much too proud to catch
At every slender twig of nice distinctions.
These for the' unfeeling vulgar may do well:
But those whose souls are by the nicer rule
Of virtuous delicacy nobly sway'd,
Stand at another bar than that of laws.
Then cease to urge me, since I am not born
To that exalted fate to be your queen,
Or—yet a dearer name—to be your wife!
I am the wife of an illustrious lord
Of your own princely blood; and what I am,
I will with proper dignity remain.
Retire, my royal lord: there is no means
To cure the wounds this fatal day has given.
We meet no more!

Tan. O barbarous Sigismunda!
And canst thou talk thus steadily! thus treat me

ıch unpitying, unrelenting rigour?
the love that—rather than give up
pride, a little formal pride,
ath of vanity!—can bear to see
ın whose heart was once so dear to thine,
ıy a tender vow so mix'd together,
to anguish, fury, and distraction!
anst not, surely, make me such a wretch;
anst not, Sigismunda! Yet relent;
us yet!—Rodolpho, with my guards,
n the garden: let us seize the moments
er may have again. With more than power
ssert thee mine,—with fairest honour.
rld shall even approve, each honest bosom
rith a kindred joy to see us happy.
The world approve? What is the world to me?
nscious mind is its own awful world.—
t, perhaps, if thou wert not a king,
not, Tancred, what I might have done.
hen my conduct, sanctified by love,
not be deem'd by the severest judge
an effect of interest or ambition.
w not all my partial heart can plead
ver shake the unalterable dictates
rannize my breast.
'T is well; no more:
me to my fate. Yes, yes, inhuman!
hy barbarian heart is steel'd by pride,
p to love and pity, here behold me
the ground, a vile and abject wretch,
all cares, all dignities, all duties!
ill I grow, breathe out my faithful soul,
thy feet: death, death alone shall part us!
Have you, then, vow'd to drive me to perdition?
an I more? Yes, Tancred; once again
orget the dignity my station
nds me to sustain; for the last time
ll thee that, I fear, no ties, no duty,
er root thee from my hapless bosom.
e me, fly me, were it but in pity!
what once we tenderly have loved
from every hope,—cut off for ever!—
thy generosity should spare me.

Then rise, my lord; and, if you truly love me,
If you respect my honour, nay, my peace,
Retire! for, though the' emotions of my heart
Can ne'er alarm my virtue; yet, alas!
They tear it so, they pierce it with such anguish,—
O, 't is too much!—I cannot bear the conflict!

SCENE VII.

TANCRED, OSMOND, SIGISMUNDA.

Os. (Entering.) Turn, tyrant, turn, and answer to my honour
For this thy base, insufferable outrage!
Tan. Insolent traitor! think not to escape
Thyself my vengeance! *(They fight. Osmond falls.)*
Sig. Help here! help!—O heavens!
(Throwing herself down by him.)
Alas! my lord, what meant your headlong rage!
That faith which I this day upon the altar
To you devoted, is unblemish'd, pure,
As vestal truth; was resolutely yours,
Beyond the power of aught on earth to shake it.
Os. Perfidious woman! die!
(Shortening his sword, he plunges it into her breast.)
And to the grave
Attend a husband, yet but half avenged!
Tan. O horror, horror! execrable villain!
Os. And, tyrant! thou, thou shalt not o'er my tomb
Exult.—'T is well, 't is great! I die content. *(Dies.)*

SCENE VIII.

TANCRED, SIFFREDI, RODOLPHO, SIGISMUNDA, LAURA.

Tan. (Throwing himself down by Sigismunda.) Quick! here! bring aid! All in Palermo bring
Whose skill can save her!—Ah! that gentle bosom
Pours fast the streams of life.
Sig. All aid is vain;
I feel the powerful hand of Death upon me.
But, O, it sheds a sweetness through my fate,
That I am thine again, and without blame
May in my Tancred's arms resign my soul!
Tan. O, death is in that voice! so gently mild,

So sadly sweet, as mixes even with mine
The tears of hovering angels!—Mine again!—
And is it thus the cruel Fates have join'd us?
Are these the horrid nuptials they prepare
For love like ours? Is virtue thus rewarded?—
Let not my impious rage accuse just Heaven!
Thou, Tancred! thou hast murder'd Sigismunda!
That furious man was but the tool of Fate;
I, I the cause!—But I will do thee justice
On this deaf heart, that to thy tender wisdom
Refused an ear: yes, death shall soon unite us!

Sig. Live, live, my Tancred! Let my death suffice
To expiate all that may have been amiss.
May it appease the Fates, avert their fury
From thy propitious reign! Meantime, of me
And of thy glory mindful, live, I charge thee,
To guard our friends, and make thy people happy.—
(Observing Siffredi fix'd in astonishment and grief.)
My father! O, how shall I lift my eyes
To thee, my sinking father?

Sif. Awful Heaven!
I am chastised.—My dearest child!

Sig. Where am I?
A fearful darkness closes all around.
My friends! we needs must part: I must obey
The' imperious call.—Farewell, my Laura! Cherish
My poor afflicted father's age.—Rodolpho,
Now is the time to watch the' unhappy king
With all the care and tenderness of friendship.—
O my dear father, bow'd beneath the weight
Of age and grief, the victim even of virtue!
Receive my last adieu!—Where art thou, Tancred?
Give me thy hand. But, ah! it cannot save me
From the dire king of terrors, whose cold power
Creeps o'er my heart.—O!

Tan. How these pangs distract me!
O, lift thy gracious eyes!—Thou leavest me, then,
Thou leavest me, Sigismunda!

Sig. Yet a moment:
I had, my Tancred, something more to say:—
Yes, but thy love and tenderness for me,
Sure, makes it needless:—Harbour no resentment
Against my father; venerate his zeal,

That acted from a principle of goodness,
From faithful love to thee. Live, and maintain
My innocence embalm'd, with holiest care
Preserve my spotless memory!—I die:
Eternal Mercy, take my trembling soul!
O, 't is the only sting of death, to part
From those we love,—from thee! Farewell, my Tancred!
(Dies.)

Tan. Thus, then,—
(Flying to his sword, is held by Rodolpho.)

Rod. Hold, hold, my lord! Have you forgot
Your Sigismunda's last request already?

Tan. Off! set me free! Think not to bind me down,
With barbarous friendship, to the rack of life!
What hand can shut the thousand thousand gates
Which Death still opens to the woes of mortals!
I shall find means: no power in earth or heaven
Can force me to endure the hateful light,
Thus robb'd of all that lent it joy and sweetness!
Off, traitors, off! or my distracted soul
Will burst indignant from this gaol of nature,
To where she beckons yonder!—No, mild seraph!
Point not to life: I cannot linger here,
Cut off from thee, the miserable pity,
The scorn of human-kind! a trampled king,
Who let his mean, poor-hearted love one moment
To coward prudence stoop; who made it not
The first undoubting action of his reign,
To snatch thee to his throne, and there to shield thee,
Thy helpless bosom from a ruffian's fury!
O shame! O agony! O the fell stings
Of late, of vain repentance! Ah! my brain
Is all on fire, a wild abyss of thought!
The infernal world discloses! See! behold him!
Lo! with fierce smiles he shakes the bloody steel,
And mocks my feeble tears! Hence, quickly hence!
Spurn his vile carcass! give it to the dogs!
Expose it to the winds and screaming ravens!
Or hurl it down that fiery steep to hell,
There with his soul to toss in flames for ever!
Ah, impotence of rage! What am I? where?
Sad, silent all! the forms of dumb despair
Around some mournful tomb!—What do I see?

This soft abode of innocence and love
Turn'd to the house of death, a place of horror!
Ah! that poor corse, pale, pale, deform'd with murder!
Is that my Sigismunda?
(Throwing himself down by her.)
Sif. (After a pathetic pause, looking on the scene before him.) Have I lived
To these enfeebled years, by Heaven reserved
To be a dreadful monument of justice?—
Rodolpho, raise the king, and bear him hence
From this distracting scene of blood and death.
Alas! I dare not give him my assistance:
My care would only more inflame his rage.

Behold the fatal work of my dark hand,
That by rude force the passions would command,
That ruthless sought to root them from the breast:
They may be ruled, but will not be oppress'd.
Taught hence, ye parents who from nature stray,
And the great ties of social life betray,
Ne'er with your children act a tyrant's part:
'T is yours to guide, not violate, the heart.
Ye vainly wise, who o'er mankind preside,
Behold my righteous woes, and drop your pride!
Keep virtue's simple path before your eyes,
Nor think from evil good can ever rise.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MISS BUDGEL.

CRAMM'D to the throat with wholesome moral stuff,
Alas! poor audience, you have had enough!
Was ever hapless heroine of a play
In such a piteous plight as ours to-day?
Was ever woman so by love betray'd?
Match'd with two husbands, and yet—die a maid!
But, bless me! hold!—What sounds are these I hear?
I see the Tragic Muse herself appear.

The back-scene opens, and discovers a romantic sylvan landscape; from which Mrs. Cibber, in the character of the Tragic Muse, advances slowly to music, and speaks the following lines:—

Hence with your flippant epilogue, that tries
To wipe the virtuous tear from British eyes;
That dares my moral, tragic scene profane
With strains, at best, unsuiting, light, and vain!
Hence from the pure unsullied beams that play
In yon fair eyes, where virtue shines! away!
Britons, to you, from chaste Castalian groves,
Where dwell the tender, oft unhappy, Loves;
Where shades of heroes roam, each mighty name,
And court my aid to rise again to fame;
To you I come, to Freedom's noblest seat,
And in Britannia fix my last retreat.
In Greece and Rome, I watch'd the public weal:
The purple tyrant trembled at my steel.
Nor did I less o'er private sorrows reign,
And mend the melting heart with softer pain.
On France and you then rose my brightening star
With social ray: the arts are ne'er at war.
O, as your fire and genius stronger blaze,
As yours are generous Freedom's bolder lays,
Let not the Gallic taste leave yours behind
In decent manners and in life refined!
Banish the motley mode, to tag low verse,
The laughing ballad, to the mournful hearse.
When through five acts your hearts have learnt to glow,
Touch'd with the sacred force of honest woe;
O, keep the dear impression on your breast,
Nor idly lose it for a wretched jest!

CORIOLANUS:

A TRAGEDY.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY

)URABLE GEORGE LYTTELTON, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. QUIN.

here your candour to implore
ıose author is, alas! no more.
advocate his cause to plead:
'selves be patrons of the dead.
benevolence confined,
e it flow'd to all mankind.
friends,—forgive this gushing tear:
am no actor here,—
friends with such a warmth of heart,
terest, so devoid of art,
s freedom, such unshaken zeal,
speak it, but our tears may tell.
h! O faith without a stain!
ntly firm and nobly plain!
ng love of others' bliss!
ɔu find another breast like his?
man. The poet well you know:
ıch'd your hearts with tender woe;
ɔwded house, with just applause,
m teach fair Virtue's purest laws.
ɔ Muse employ'd her heaven-taught lyre
noblest passions to inspire;
oral, one corrupted thought,
h, dying, he could wish to blot.
ht your favourable doom
l add, to grace his tomb;

Whilst he, superior now to praise or blame,
Hears not the feeble voice of human Fame!
Yet if to those whom most on earth he loved,
From whom his pious care is now removed,
With whom his liberal hand and bounteous heart
Shared all his little fortune could impart,—
If to those friends *your* kind regard shall give
What they no longer can from *his* receive,
That, that, even now, above yon starry pole,
May touch with pleasure his immortal soul.

CORIOLANUS:

A TRAGEDY.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS ..... Mr. Quin.
ATTIUS TULLUS, general of the Volscian army ..... Mr. Ryan.
GALESUS, one of the deputies of the Volscian states attending the camp . Mr. Delane.
The other deputies of the Volscian states.
VOLUSIUS, one of the principal Volscian officers ..... Mr. Sparks.
TITUS, freed-man of Galesus ..... Mr. Ridout.
MARCUS MINUCIUS, consul, and principal of the deputation from Rome to Coriolanus ..... Mr. Bridgewater.
POSTHUMUS COMINIUS, a consular senator, one of the deputation, and who had been the Roman general at the taking of Corioli ..... Mr. Anderson.
VETURIA, mother of Coriolanus ..... Mrs. Woffington.
VOLUMNIA, wife of Coriolanus ..... Miss Bellamy.

Roman Senators, Priests, Augurs, &c., of the first deputation. Roman ladies in the train of Veturia and Volumnia, of the second deputation.

Volscian Officers, Lictors, Soldiers, &c.

Scene, the Volscian camp.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

ATTIUS TULLUS, VOLUSIUS.

Volus. WHENCE is it, Tullus, that our arms are stopp'd
Here on the borders of the Roman state?

Why sleeps that spirit whose heroic ardour
Urged you to break the truce, and pour'd our host,
From all the' united cantons of the Volsci,
On their unguarded frontier? Such designs
Brook not an hour's delay: their whole success
Depends on instant, vigorous execution.

Tul. Volusius, I approve thy brave impatience;
And will to thee, in confidence of friendship,
Disclose my secret soul. Thou know'st Galesus,
Whose freedom Caius Marcius, once his guest,
Of all the spoil of sack'd Corioli,
Alone demanded; and who thence to Rome,
From gratitude and friendship, follow'd Marcius;
Whence lately to our Antium he return'd,
With overtures of peace proposed by Rome.

Volus. I know him well; an antiquated sage
Of that romantic school Pythagoras
Establish'd here on our Hesperian shore;
Whose gentle dictates only serve to tame
Enfeebled mortals into slaves.

Tul. Galesus,
Doubtless, possesses many civil virtues;
Is gentle, good; for rectitude of heart,
And innocence of life, by all revered.

Volus. Pardon me, Tullus, if my faithful bluntness
Deems you too liberal in his praise. In peace
Such may perhaps do well, when prating rules
An idle world; but in tempestuous times
They are stark naught, these visionary statesmen,
Fit rulers only for their Golden Age.
The rugged genius of rapacious Rome
For other men and other counsels calls.

Tul. Your thoughts are mine: I only meant to tell the
The part he bears in this ill-timed delay.
Soon as our gather'd army march'd from Antium,
The Roman senate, whose attentive caution
Watch'd all our motions, took at once the' alarm;
And sent a herald, ere we pass'd their borders,
With formal ceremony, to demand
The cause of our approach. Had I been master,
I would have answer'd at the gates of Rome.
Galesus, who attends our camp
With Volscian deputies, so pleaded

The laws of nations, made such loud complaints
Against the' infraction of the public faith,
So teased us with the pedantry of states,
That I was forced, unwilling, to permit
His freedman Titus to be sent to Rome
With our demands. If these the senate grants,
We then are in the toils of Peace entangled,
In spite of all my efforts to avoid them.

Volus. O, 't is a wild chimera! peace with Rome!
Dream not of that, unless the Volscian courage
Is quite subdued, and only seeks to gild
A vile submission with that specious name.
Learn wisdom from your neighbours. Peace with Rome
Has quell'd the Latins, tamed their free-born spirit,
And by her friendship honour'd them with chains.

Tul. She ne'er will grant it on the just conditions
I now have brought the Volsci to demand :—
The restitution of our conquer'd cities,
And fair alliance upon equal terms.
I know, the Roman insolence will scorn
To yield to this : and Titus must return
Within three days, the longest term allow'd him ;
Of which the third is near elapsed already.
Then even Galesus will not dare to stop us,
With superstitious forms and solemn trifles,
From letting loose the' unbridled rage of war
Against those hated tyrants of Hesperia.

Volus. Thanks to the Gods! my sword will then be free.
Then, poor Corioli! thy bleeding wounds,
Thy treasures sack'd, thy captivated matrons,
Shall amply be revenged by thy Volusius.
Then, Tullus, from the lofty brows of Marcius
Thou mayst regain the wreaths his conquering hand,
By partial Fortune aided, tore from thine.

Tul. O my Volusius! thou who art a soldier,
A tried and brave one too! say, in thy heart
Dost thou not scorn me? thou who saw'st me bend
Beneath the half-spent thunder of a foe,
Warm from the conquest of Corioli,
Which, rushing furious in with those whose sally
He had repell'd, he seized almost alone,
And gave to fire and sword. Yet thence he flew,
Scorning the plunder of our richest city,

His wounds undress'd, without a moment's respite,
To where our armies on the fearful edge
Of battle stood; and, asking of the consul
To be opposed to me, with mighty rage
Resistless bore us down.

Volus. True valour, Tullus,
Lies in the mind, the never-yielding purpose;
Nor owns the blind award of giddy Fortune.

Tul. My soul, my friend, my soul is all on fire!
Thirst of revenge consumes me; the revenge
Of generous emulation, not of hatred.
This happy Roman, this proud Marcius, haunts me.
Each troubled night, when slaves and captives sleep,
Forgetful of their chains, I in my dreams
Anew am vanquish'd; and, beneath the sword
With horror sinking, feel a tenfold death,—
The death of honour. But I will redeem,
Yes, Marcius, I will yet redeem my fame.
To face thee once again, is the great purpose
For which alone I live. Till then, how slow,
How tedious lags the time! while Shame corrodes me
With many a bitter thought, and injured Honour,
Sick and desponding, preys upon itself.

Volus. It fast approaches now, the hour of vengeance,
To this famed land, to ancient Latium due.
Unbalanced Rome, at variance with herself,
To order lost, in deep and hot commotion,
Stands on the dangerous point of civil war;
Her haughty nobles and seditious commons
Reviling, fearing, hating one another:
While on our part all wears a prosperous face;
Our troops united, numerous, high in spirit,
As if their general's soul inform'd them all.
O long-expected day!

Tul. Go, brave Volusius,
Go breathe thy ardour into every breast;
That when the Volscian envoy shall return,
Whom ere the close of evening I expect,
One spirit may unite us in the cause
Of generous freedom and our native rights,
So long oppress'd by Rome's encroaching power.

SCENE II.

TULLUS *alone.*

Galesus said that Marcius stands for consul.
O, favour thou his suit, propitious Jove!
That I may brave him at his army's head,
In all the majesty of sovereign power!
That the whole conduct of the war may rest
On us alone; and prove by its decision,
Which of the two is worthiest to command!

SCENE III.

TULLUS, OFFICER.

Tul. Ah! why this haste? You look alarm'd.
Off. My lord,
One of exalted port, his visage hid,
Has placed himself upon your sacred hearth,
Beneath the dread protection of your Lares;
And sits majestic there in solemn silence.
Tul. Did you not ask him who and what he was?
Off. My lord, I could not speak; I felt appall'd,
As if the presence of some God had struck me.
Tul. Come, dastard! let me find this man of terrors.

SCENE IV.

The back-scene opens, and discovers Coriolanus as described above.

CORIOLANUS, TULLUS.

Tul. *(After some silence.)* Illustrious stranger,—for thy high demeanour
Bespeaks thee such,—who art thou?
Cor. *(Rising and unmuffling his face.)* View me, Tullus:
(After some pause.)
Dost thou not know me?
Tul. No; that noble front
I never saw before. What is thy name?
Cor. Does not the secret voice of hostile instinct,
Does not thy swelling heart, declare me to thee?
Tul. Gods! can it be—
Cor. Yes; I am Caius Marcius;

Known to thy smarting country by the name
Of Coriolanus. That alone is left me,
That empty name, for all my toils, my service,
The blood which I have shed for thankless Rome.
Behold me banish'd thence, a victim yielded
By her weak nobles to the maddening rabble.
I seek revenge. Thou mayst employ my sword
With keener edge, with heavier force, against her,
Than e'er it fell upon the Volscian nation.
But if thou, Tullus, dost refuse me this,
The only wish of my collected heart,
Where every passion in one burning point
Concentres; give me death! Death from thy hand
I sure have well deserved; nor shall I blush
To take or life or death from Attius Tullus.

Tul. O Caius Marcius! in this one short moment
That we have friendly talk'd, my ravish'd heart
Has undergone a great, a wondrous change.
I ever held thee in my best esteem;
But this heroic confidence has won me,
Stamp'd me at once thy friend. I were indeed
A wretch as mean as this thy trust is noble,
Could I refuse thee thy demand. Yes, Marcius;
Thou hast thy wish! Take half of my command;
If that be not enough, then take the whole.
We have, my friend, a gallant force on foot,
An army, Marcius, fit to follow thee.
Go, lead them on, and take thy full revenge.
All should unite to punish the ungrateful:
Ingratitude is treason to mankind.

Cor. (Embracing him.) Thus, generous Tullus, take soldier's thanks,
Who is not practised in the gloss of words;
Thou friend indeed! friend to my cause, my quarrel!
Friend to the darling passion of my soul!
All else I set at nought. Immortal gods!
I am new-made, and wonder at myself!
A little while ago, and I was nothing;
A powerless reptile, crawling on the earth,
Cursed with a soul that restless wish'd to wield
The bolts of Jove! I dwelt in Erebus,
I wander'd through the hopeless gloom of hell,
Stung with revenge, tormented by the Furies!

Now, Tullus, like a God, you draw me thence,
Throne me amidst the skies, with tempest charged,
And put the ready thunder in my hand!

Tul. What I have promised, Marcius, I will do.
Within an hour at farthest we expect
The freedman of Galesus back from Rome,
Who carried to the senate our demands.
Their answer will, I doubt not, end the truce,
And instant draw our angry swords against them.
Till then, retire within my inmost tent,
Unknown to all but me; that when our chiefs
Meet in full council to declare for war,
I may produce thee to their wondering eyes,
As if descended from avenging Heaven
To humble lofty Rome, and teach her justice.

Cor. To thy direction, Tullus, I resign
My future life: my fate is in thy hands;
And, if I judge aright, the fate of Rome.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

GALESUS, TITUS.

Gal. INDEED, my Titus, I had hopes that Rome,
Vex'd as she is with her domestic broils,
Her frontier weak, her armies unprepared,
Might have complied with our demands, and given us
The same alliance granted to the Latins.

Tit. The senate scarce would hear the terms I offer'd;
But order'd me to bear this answer back:
"If first the Volsci take up arms, the Romans
Will be the last to lay them down."

Gal. Alas!
This answer seals the doom of many a wretch.
Unchain'd Bellona from her temple rushes,
With all the Crimes and Vices in her train.
Earth fades at her approach. To rural peace,
Fair plenty, and the social joy of cities,
Soon will succeed rage, rapine, devastation,
Much cruel horror sanctified by names.

O mortals, mortals! when will you, content
With Nature's bounty, that in fuller flow,
Still as your labours open more its sources,
Abundant gushes o'er the happy world;—
When will you banish Violence and Outrage,
To dwell with beasts of prey in woods and deserts!

Tit. Never till Rome shall change her conquering maxims.

Gal. Her haughty spirit now will soar beyond
Its usual pitch, upborne by Caius Marcius.
Stands he not for the consulate?

Tit. He did,
But is no more a citizen of Rome.

Gal. What mean'st thou, Titus?

Tit. Marcius is from Rome
Banish'd for ever.

Gal. O immortal Powers!
On what pretence could they to exile doom
Their wisest captain and their bravest soldier;
Nor less renown'd for piety, for justice,
An uncorrupted heart, and purest manners?

Tit. The charge against him was entirely groundless,
What not his enemies themselves believed,—
Affecting of tyrannic power in Rome.
His real crime was only some hot words,
Struck from his fiery temper, in the senate,
Against those factious ministers of discord,
The tribunes of the people. They to rage
And frantic fury roused the mad plebeians;
By whom supported in their bold attempt,
They durst presume to summon to the bar
Of an enraged and partial populace
The most illustrious senator of Rome.
To this the nobles yielded, and, with his,
Gave up their own and children's rights for ever.

Gal. O shameful weakness in a Roman senate,
So much renown'd for firmness! Yet, my Titus,
Spite of my love to Marcius, I must own it,—
The vigorous soil whence his heroic virtues
Luxuriant rise, if not with careful hand
Severely weeded, teems with imperfections.
His lofty spirit brooks no opposition:
His rage, if once offended, knows no bounds.

He deems plebeians, with patrician blood
Compared, the creatures of a lower species,
Mere menial hands by Nature meant to serve him.
Tit. It was this high patrician pride undid him.
The furious people triumph'd in his ruin,
As if they had expell'd another Tarquin;
While, like a captive train, the vanquish'd nobles
Hung their dejected heads in silent shame.
Marcius alone seem'd unconcern'd; though deep
The latent tempest boil'd within his breast,
Choked up and smother'd with excessive rage.
Gal. You were his guest at Rome, and therefore, Titus,
Might on this sad occasion be permitted
To join your tears with his domestic friends.
Saw you that moving scene?
Tit. I did, Galesus:
I follow'd Marcius home. His mother there,
Veturia, the most venerable matron
These eyes have e'er beheld, and soft Volumnia,
His lovely, virtuous wife, amidst his children,
Spread on the ground, lay lost in dumb despair.
He swelling stood awhile, and could not speak,
The' affronted hero struggling with the man;
Then thus at last he broke the gloomy silence:—
"'T is done; the guilty sentence is pronounced:
Ungrateful Rome has cast me from her bosom.
Support this blow with fortitude and courage,
As it becomes two generous Roman matrons.
I recommend my children to your care.
Farewell. I go, I quit without regret
A city grown an enemy to virtue."
Gal. O godlike Marcius! O unconquer'd strength
And dignity of mind! How much superior
Is such a soul to all the power of Fortune!
Tit. This said, he sternly tried to break away:
When, holding in her hand his eldest son,
Veturia follow'd; while the poor Volumnia,
All drown'd in tears, and bearing in one arm
Their youngest, yet an infant, with the other
Hung clinging at his knees. He, turning to them,
Half soften'd, half severe, breathed from his soul
These broken accents: "Cease your vain complaints,
Mother, you have no more a son; and thou,

Thou best of women! thou, my dear Volumnia,
No more a husband!" Pierced with these dire words,
Volumnia lifeless sank; and off he flung
With wild precipitation.

Gal. Thy sad tale
Blinds my old eyes with tears. But whither, tell me,
O, whither, Titus, bent he then his course?

Tit. Where the blind Genius of regardless rage
And desperation led. On to the gate
Capena call'd, attended by the nobles,
He stalk'd in sullen majesty along;
Nor deign'd a word. A godlike, virtuous anger
Beam'd through his features, and sublimed his air.
With downcast eyes he walk'd; or, if aside
He chanced to look, each look was great reproach.
Thus in emphatic silence, that made words
Void and insipid all, he parted from them,
The day preceding my return from Rome;
Nor has been heard of since, lost in the abyss
Of his own woes.

Gal. O Marcius, noble Marcius!
How shall my friendship succour thy distress?
Where shall I find thee, to partake thy sorrows,
And make myself companion of thy exile?
But, Titus, we indulge discourse too long.
Go, and assemble thou the Volscian chiefs;
Whilst I repair to Tullus, to inform
And bring him to the council, there to hear
The fatal answer thou hast brought from Rome.

SCENE II.

Changes to Tullus's tent.

CORIOLANUS, TULLUS.

Cor. Forgive me, Tullus, if I count the moments
That stop the purpose of thy noble kindness,
And keep me here confined in tame inaction.
Why lingers Titus?

Tul. Calm thy restless heart,
Brave Marcius; every minute I expect him.
Soon from the cloud that hides thee shalt thou break
With double brightness; soon thy fiery rage

ither all the strength and pride of Rome.
O righteous Jove, protector of the injured!
my earliest youth, with pious awe,
ave reverenced thy all-powerful Justice,
her sacred dictates ruled my actions;
hat Justice now support my cause,
m my strong right-hand with all her terrors!
hat is done, be life or death my lot,
almighty pleasure shall determine!

Enter an OFFICER *to Tullus.*

My lord, Galesus asks admittance to you.
Marcius, retire an instant, till I hear
siness brings him hither.—Bid him enter.

SCENE III.

TULLUS, GALESUS.

Tullus, the Roman senate has return'd
er answer to our late demands
solute denial and defiance.
It is what I expected: we shall teach them
nbler language soon. Hast thou assembled,
sired, the Volscian chiefs in council?
Titus is gone to summon their attendance.
It is enough.—Come forth, my noble guest!
ow Galesus how the Gods assist us.

SCENE IV.

CORIOLANUS, TULLUS, GALESUS.

O my astonish'd soul! what do I see?
Caius Marcius? Caius Marcius here,
h one tent with Tullus?
Ay, and more,—
Tullus, now his friend and fellow-soldier.
ou shalt see him thundering at the head
scian armies; he who oft has carried
ction through their ranks.—Your leave a moment,
to our chiefs and fathers I announce
unexpected guest.

SCENE V.

CORIOLANUS, GALESUS.

Cor. Thou good old man!
Close let me strain thee to my faithful heart,
Which now is doubly thine, united more
By the protection which thy country gives me
Than by our former friendship.
Gal. Strange event!
This is thy work, Almighty Providence!
Whose power, beyond the stretch of human thought,
Revolves the orbs of empire; bids them sink
Deep in the deadening night of thy displeasure,
Or rise majestic o'er a wondering world.—
The Gods by thee—I see it, Coriolanus—
Mean to exalt us, and depress the Romans.
Cor. Galesus, yes; the Gods have sent me hither;
Those righteous Gods, who, when vindictive Justice
Excites them to destroy a worthless people,
Make their own crimes and follies strike the blow.
Gal. Cherish these thoughts, that teach us what we ar
And tame the pride of man. There is a Power
Unseen that rules the' illimitable world,
That guides its motions, from the brightest star,
To the least dust of this sin-tainted mould;
While man, who madly deems himself the lord
Of all, is nought but weakness and dependence.
This sacred truth, by sure experience taught,
Thou must have learnt when, wandering all alone,
Each bird, each insect, flitting through the sky,
Was more sufficient for itself, than thou.—
Ah! the full image of thy woes dissolves me;
The pangs that must have torn, at parting from thee,
Thy mother and thy wife! I cannot think
Of that sad scene without some drops of pity.
Cor. Who was it forced me to that bitter parting!
Who, in one cruel, hasty moment, chased me
From wife, from children, friends, and household Gods,—
Me who so often had protected theirs!
Who from the sacred city of my fathers
Drove me with Nature's commoners to dwell;
To lodge beneath their wide unshelter'd roof,

their table feed? O, blast me, Gods,
very woe,—debility of mind,
our, just contempt, and palsied weakness,—
give the villains! Yes, Galesus,
will offer to the Powers of vengeance
t, a glorious victim,—a whole city!
Tullus, this delay?

May Coriolanus
he Volscian nation and himself
ead, the godlike instrument of Justice!
not Rage and Vengeance mix their rancour;
em not trouble with their fretful storm,
ngry gleams, that azure where enthroned
lm divinity of Justice sits,
ties, while she punishes, mankind.
What saidst thou? what, against the Powers of vengeance?
ods gave honest Anger, just Revenge,
he awful guardians of the rights
tive dignity of human-kind.
e it not for them, the saucy world
grow a noisome nest of little tyrants!
arrion-crow, on eagle Merit perch'd,
peck his eyes out; and the mongrel cur
sure bait the lion.—No, Galesus;
l not rashly, nor on light occasion,
e the deep impression in my breast:
en the base, the brutal and unjust,
rse than all, the' ungrateful, stamp it there,
ll then with luxury supreme
the pleasure of offended Gods,—
teous, just revenge! Behold my soul.

Enter an Officer.

My lords, the' assembled chiefs desire your presence.
Come, noble Marcius; let my joyful hand
et thee thither. Doubt not thy reception
e proportion'd to thy fame and merit.

SCENE VI.

The back-scene opens, and discovers the deputies of the Volscian states, assembled in council. They rise and salute Coriolanus, then resume their places.

GALESUS, TULLUS, CORIOLANUS, SENATORS.

Gal. Assembled states and captains of the Volsci!
Behold the chief so much renown'd in war;
Our once so formidable foe, but now
Our proffer'd friend and soldier—Caius Marcius!
First Sen. We give him hearty welcome from our souls.
Cor. Most noble chiefs and fathers of the Volsci!
I need not say how, by the people's rage,
And the poor weakness of the timid nobles,
I am expell'd from Rome. Had I confined
My wishes merely to a safe retreat,
Some Latin city might have given me that;
Or any nameless corner. What imports it,
Where a tame, patient exile rots in silence!
But, Volscian lords, permit me to declare,
I would at once cut short my useless days,
Rather than be that despicable wretch
Who neither can take vengeance on his foes,
Nor serve his friends. That is my temper, chiefs!
I shall be glad to merit by my sword
The' asylum which I seek among the Volsci.
Rome is our common foe: then let us join
Our common sufferings, passions, and resentments.
Yes; though but one, I bring so many wrongs,
So large a share of powerful enmity,
Into the war, as gives me the presumption
To offer to the Volscian states the' alliance
Even of my single arm.
Tul. That single arm
Is in itself a numerous army, Marcius;
The Volscians so esteem it.—But proceed.
Cor. I will not mention, Volscian chiefs, what talent
The world allows me to possess in war:
But, be that what it will, you may employ it.
Soldier, or captain, in whatever station
You place me, I will lose each drop of blood,

Or with this hand I 'll fix the Volscian standard
On the proud towers of Capitolian Jove.
Tul. Chiefs of the Volscian league! I give you joy
Of our new citizen, the noble Marcius.
The Genius of the Volscian state has sent him,
Whetted by wrongs into a keener hatred
Than that we bear to Rome. It were contemning,
With impious, self-sufficient arrogance,
This bounty of the Gods, not to accept,
With every mark of honour, of his service.
I, Volscians, I, even Attius Tullus, give,
First of you all, my voice, that Caius Marcius
Be now received to high command among us;
That instantly we do appoint him general
Of half our troops; which here, with your consent,
I to him yield. Speak, chiefs; is this your pleasure?
First Sen. It is; we give unanimous consent.
Tul. (Embracing him.) Marcius, I joy to call thee my companion
And colleague in this war.
Cor. By all the Gods!
Thou art the generous victor of my soul!
Yes, Tullus; I am conquer'd by thy virtue.
Gal. Though I have oft on great occasions, Tullus,
Beheld thee, in the senate and the field,
Cover'd with glory; yet I must avow,
I never saw thee show such genuine greatness,
Such true sublimity of soul, as now.
To scorn the' all-powerful charm of selfish passions,
Chiefly the dazzling pride of emulation,
That noble weakness of heroic minds;
To sink thyself, that thou mayst raise thy country;
To put the sword into thy rival's hand,
And twine thy promised laurels round his brow;—
O, 't is a flight beyond the highest point
Of martial glory, and what few can reach!
Go forth, ye chosen ministers of Justice!
And may that awful Power whose secret hand
Sways all our passions, turns our partial views
All to its own dread purposes, attend you!
Cor. I burn to enter on the glorious task
You now have mark'd me out. How slow the time
To the warm soul, that, in the very instant

It forms, would execute, a great design!
'T is my advice we march direct to Rome:
We cannot be too quick. Let the first dawn
See us in bright array before her walls.
Perhaps, when they behold their exile there,
Back'd by your force, some conscious hearts among them
May feel the alarm of guilt.

Tul. I much approve
Of this advice. 'T is what I thought before,
Ere strengthen'd, Marcius, by thy mighty arm:
But now 't is doubly right.—Here, Volscian chiefs,
Here let our council terminate. The troops
Have had repose sufficient. Straight to Rome,
Come, let us urge our march. As yet the stars
Ride in their middle watch; we shall with ease
Reach it by dawn.

Cor. Yes; we have time,—too much!
Six tedious hours till morn!—But hence! away!
My soul on fire anticipates the dawn.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

CORIOLANUS, TULLUS, VOLUSIUS, TITUS, *with a crowd of Volscian officers. Acclamations behind the scenes.*

Cor. No more: I merit not this lavish praise.
True, we have driven the Roman legions back,
Defeated and disgraced. But what is this!
Nothing, ye Volsci, nothing yet is done!
We but begin the wondrous leaf of story,
That marks the Roman doom. At length it dawns,
The destined hour that eases of their fears
The nations round, and sets Hesperia free.
Come on, my brave companions of the war!
Come, let us finish at one mighty stroke
This toil of labouring Fate: we will, or perish!
While, noble Tullus, you protect the camp,
I, with my troops, all men of chosen valour,
And well-approved to-day, will storm the city.

Tit. Beneath thy animating conduct, Marcius,

What can the Volscian valour not perform?
Thy very sight and voice subdues the Romans.
When, lifting up your helm, you show'd your face,
That, like a comet, glared destruction on them,
I saw their bravest veterans fly before thee.
Their ancient spirit has with thee forsook them,
And ruin hangs o'er yon devoted walls.

Enter an OFFICER, *who addresses himself to Coriolanus.*

Off. My lord, a herald is arrived from Rome,
To say,—a deputation from the senate,
Attended by the ministers of heaven,
A venerable train of priests and flamens,
Is on the way, address'd to you.

Cor. To me?
What can this message mean?—Stand to your arms,
Ye Volscian troops; and let these Romans pass
Betwixt the louring frown of double files!
What! do they think me such a milky boy,
To pay my vengeance with a few soft words?
Come, fellow-soldiers; Tullus, come, and see
If I betray the honours you have done me.

(Goes out with a train of Volscian officers.)

SCENE II.

TULLUS, VOLUSIUS.

Volus. (After some silence.) Are we not, Tullus, failing in our duty,
Not to attend our general?

Tul. How? what saidst thou?

Volus. Methought, my lord, his parting orders were,
We should attend the triumph now preparing
O'er all his foes at once,—Romans and Volsci!
Come, we shall give offence.

Tul. Of this no more.
I pray thee, spare thy bitter irony.

Volus. Shall I, then, speak without disguise?

Tul. Speak out
With all the honest bluntness of a friend.
Think'st thou I fear the truth?

Volus. Then, Tullus, know,
Thou art no more the general of the Volsci.
Thou hast, by this thy generous weakness, sunk

Thyself into a private man of Antium.
Yes, thou hast taken from thy laurell'd brow
The well-earn'd trophies of thy toils and perils,
Thy springing hopes, the fairest ever budded;
And heap'd them on a man too proud before.

Tul. He bears it high.

Volus. Death and perdition! *high!*
With uncontroll'd command! You see, already
He will not be encumber'd with the fetters
Of our advice. He speaks his sovereign will;
On every hand he issues out his orders,
As to his natural slaves. For you, my lord,
He has, I think, confined you to your camp,
There in inglorious indolence to languish;
While he, beneath your blasted eyes, shall reap
The harvest of your honour.

Tul. No, Volusius;
Whatever honour shall by him be gain'd
Reverts to me, from whose superior bounty
He drew the means of all his glorious deeds.
This mighty chief, this conqueror of Rome,
Is but my creature.

Volus. Wretched self-delusion!
He and the Volscians know, he is thy master:
He acts as such in all things. Now, by Mars!
Could my abhorrent soul endure the thought
Of stooping to a Roman chief, I here
Would leave thee in thy solitary camp,
And go where glory calls.

Tul. Indeed, Volusius,
I did expect more equal treatment from him.
But what of that! The generous pride of Virtue
Disdains to weigh too nicely the returns
Her bounty meets with. Like the liberal Gods,
From her own gracious nature she bestows,
Nor stoops to ask reward.—Yet must I own,
I thought he would not have so soon forgot
What he so lately was, and what I am.

Volus. Gods! knew ye not his character before?
Did you not know his genius was to yours
Averse as are antipathies in nature,
High, overweening, tyrannously proud,
And only fit to hold command o'er slaves?

Hence, as repugnant to that equal life
Which is the quickening soul of all republics,
The Roman people cast him forth: and we,
Shall we receive the bane of their repose
Into our breast? Are we less free than they?
Or shall we be more patient of a tyrant?

Tul. All this I knew: but while his imperfections
Are thy glad theme, thou hast forgot his virtues.

Volus. I leave that subject to the smooth Galesus,
And these his Volscian flatterers.—His virtues?
Trust me, there is no insolence that treads
So high as that which rears itself on virtue.

Tul. Well, be it so: I meant, that even his vices
Should on this great occasion serve the Volsci.

Volus. Confusion! there it is! There lurks the sting
Of our dishonour! While this Marcius leads
The Roman armies, ours are driven before him.
Behold, he changes sides; when with him changes
The fortune of the war! Straight they grow Volsci,
And we victorious Romans.—Such, no doubt,
Such is his secret boast. Ay, this vile brand
Success itself will fix for ever on us;
And, Tullus, thou, 't is thou must answer for it.

Tul. (Aside.) His words are daggers to my heart: I feel
Their truth, but am ashamed to own my folly.

Volus. O shame! O infamy! the thought consumes me!
It scalds my eyes with tears, to see a Roman
Borne on our shoulders to immortal fame!
Just in the happy moment that decided
The long dispute of ages, that for which
Our generous ancestors had toil'd and bled;
To see him then step in, and steal our glory!
O that we first had perish'd all! A people
Who cannot find in their own proper force
Their own protection, are not worth the saving!

Tul. It must have way! I will no more suppress it—
Know, then, my rough old friend, no less than thee
His conduct hurts me, and upbraids my folly.
I wake as from a dream. What demon moved me?
What doting generosity? His woes,
Was it his woes? to see the brave reduced
To trust his mortal foe? Perhaps, a little
That work'd within my bosom: but, Volusius,

That was not all. I will to thee confess
The weakness of my heart: yes; it was pride,
The dazzling pride to see my rival-warrior,
The great Coriolanus, bend his soul,
His haughty soul, to sue for my protection.
"Protection" said I! Were it that alone,
I had been base to have refused him that,
To have refused him aught a gallant foe
Owes to a gallant foe. But, to exalt him
To the same level, nay, above myself;
To yield him the command of half my troops,
The choicest acting half;—that, that was madness,
Was weak, was mean, unworthy of a man!

Volus. I scorn to flatter thee,—it was indeed.

Tul. Curse on the slave Galesus! Soothing, he
Seized the fond moment of infatuation,
And clinch'd the chains my generous folly forged.
How shall I from this labyrinth escape?
Must it then be? What cruel Genius dooms me
In war or peace to creep beneath his fortune?

Volus. That Genius is thyself. If thou canst bear
The very thought of stooping to this Roman,
Thou from that moment art his vassal, Tullus;
By that thou dost acknowledge, parent Nature
Has form'd him thy superior. But if, fix'd
Upon the base of manly resolution,
Thou say'st, "I will be free! I will command!
I and my country!" then—O, never doubt it!—
We shall find means to crush this vain intruder.
Even I myself,—this hand—Nay, hear me, Tullus;
'T is not yet come to that, that last resource.
I do not say we should employ the dagger,
While other, better means are in our power.

Tul. No, my Volusius; Fortune will not drive us,
Or I am much deceived, to that extreme:
We shall not want the strongest, fairest plea,
To give a solemn sanction to his fate.
He will betray himself. Whate'er his rage
Of passion talks, a weakness for his country
Sticks in his soul, and he is still a Roman.
Soon shall we see him tempted to the brink
Of this sure precipice: then down at once,
Without remorse, we hurl him to perdition!

But, hark! the trumpet calls us to a scene
I should detest, if not from hope we thence
May gather matter to mature our purpose.

SCENE III.

The back-scene opens, and discovers CORIOLANUS *sitting on his tribunal, attended by his lictors, and a crowd of Volscian officers; files of troops drawn up on either hand. In the depth of the scene appear the deputies from the Roman senate,*—M. MINUCIUS, POSTHUMUS COMINIUS, SP. LARTIUS, P. PINNARIUS, *and* Q. SULPITIUS; *all consular senators who had been his most zealous friends. And behind them march the priests, the sacrificers, the augurs, and the guardians of the sacred things, dressed in their ceremonial habits. These advance slowly betwixt the files of soldiers under arms. As* TULLUS *enters,* CORIOLANUS *rising salutes him.*

Cor. Here, noble Tullus, sit, and judge my conduct;
Nor spare to check me, if I act amiss.
Tul. Marcius, the Volscian fate is in thy hands.
(Coriolanus is seated again; and Tullus places himself upon a tribunal on his left hand. Meantime the Roman deputies advance up to Coriolanus, and salute him, which he returns.)
Cor. What, Romans, from the generals of the Volsci
Is your demand?
Min. O Coriolanus! Rome,
Nurse of thy tender years, thy parent-city,
Her senators, her people, priests, and augurs,
Her every order and degree, by us,
Thy ever-zealous, still-unshaken friends,
Sue in the most pathetic terms for peace.
And if in this, constrain'd, we from our maxim,
Never to ask—but give—it, must depart;
It is some consolation, in the state
To which thou hast by thy superior valour
Reduced us, that we ask it from a Roman.
Cor. I was a Roman once, and thought the name
Was not dishonour'd by me: but it pleased
Your lords, the mob of Rome, to take it from me;
Nor will I now receive it back again.
Min. The name thou mayst reject, but canst not throw

The duties from thee which that name imports;
Indissoluble duties, bound upon thee
By the strong hand of Nature, and confirm'd
By the dread sanction of all-ruling Jove.
Then hear thy Country's supplicating voice:
By all those duties I conjure thee, hear us!

Cor. Well, I will hear thee: speak, declare thy mess

Min. Give peace, give healing peace, to two br
nations,
Fatigued with war, and sick of cruel deeds!
To carry on Destruction's easy trade,
Afflict mankind, and scourge the world with war,
Is what each wicked, each ambitious man,
Who lets his furious passions loose, may do:
But in the flattering torrent of success
To check his rage, and drop the' avenging sword,
When a repenting people ask it of him,—
That is the genuine bounty of a God.
Then urge no farther this your just resentment,
Which, injured as you are, you needs must feel,
But never ought to carry into action,
Against your sacred country; whence you drew
Your life, your virtues, every mortal good,
That very valour you employ against her.
Stop, Coriolanus, ere beyond retreat
You plunge yourself in crimes. To the fierce joy
Of vengeance push'd to barbarous excess,
Repentance will succeed, and sickening horror.
Consider, too, the slippery state of fortune.
The Gods take pleasure oft, when haughty mortals
On their own pride erect a mighty fabric,
By slightest means to lay their towering schemes
Low in the dust, and teach them they are nothing.
Return, thou virtuous Roman! to the bosom
Of thy imploring Country. Lo! her arms
She fondly spreads to take thee back again,
And by redoubled love efface her harshness.
Return, and crown thee with the noblest wreath
Which Glory can bestow,—the palm of mercy!

Cor. Marcus Minucius, and ye other Romans,
Respected senators, and holy flamens!
Attend, and take to your demand this answer:—
Why court you me, the servant of the Volsci!

It is to them that you must bend for peace,
Which on these only terms they will accord you :—
Restore the conquer'd lands your former wars
Have ravish'd from them ; from their towns and cities,
Won by your arms, withdraw your colonies ;
And to the full immunities of Rome
Frankly admit them, as you have the Latins.
Then, Romans, ye have peace, and not till then !
If these are terms which suit not your ambition,
They suit the state to which the Volscian arms
Have now reduced you. We have learn'd from Rome
To use our fortune, and command the vanquish'd.

Tul. (Aside.) Death to my hopes ! I 'm now his slave for ever.

Cor. (Addressing himself to the Volsci.) This, my illustrious patrons and protectors,
Volsci, to you I owed. Permit me now
To do myself and injured Honour justice.
(Turning again to the Romans.)
As to the liberty you idly vaunt
To give me of returning to your city,
'T is what I hold unworthy of acceptance.
Can I return into the' ungrateful bosom
Of a distracted state, where to the rage
Of a vile, senseless populace the laws
Are by your shameful weakness given a prey ?
Who are the men that hold the sway among you ?
And whom have you expell'd, as even unworthy
To live within the cincture of your walls ?
O, the wild thought breaks in, and troubles reason !
With what, ye Romans, can the sourest censor,
The most envenom'd malice, justly charge me ?
Did I e'er break your laws ? Nay, did I e'er
Do aught that could disturb the sacred order,
The peace, and social harmony of life,
Or taint your ancient sanctity of manners ?
What was my crime ? I could not bear to see
Your dignity debased, to see the rabble
Tread on the reverend gray authority
Of senatorial wisdom. Yes ; for you,
In your defence, I did enrage this monster ;
And yet you basely left me to its fury.
Then talk no more of services and friendship:

A friend who can, and does not, shield, betrays me.
Or if the power was wanting, then your senate
Is sunk into servility and bondage,
Nor should a freeman deign to sit among you.

Min. The wisest are sometimes compell'd to yield
To popular storms: yet I defend not, Marcius,
Our timid conduct. We have felt our error,
And now invite thee back to aid the senate
With thy heroic spirit to restrain
The giddy rage of faction, and to hold
The reins of government more firm hereafter.
As to the' appeal which thou hast nobly made
In vindication of thy spotless fame,
With pleasure we confirm it, and bear witness
To all thy public and thy private virtues.
But let us also beg thee not to stain
The brightness of that glory by a crime
Which, unrepented, would disgrace them all,—
A dire, rebellious war against thy country.

Cor. Absurd! what can you mean? to call a people
Who with the last indignity have used me,
To call my foes my country! No, Minucius;
It is the generous nation of the Volsci,
These brave, these virtuous men you see around me,
Who, when I wander'd a poor, helpless exile,
Took pity of my injuries and woes;
Forgot the former mischiefs of my sword;
Heap'd on me kindness, honours, dignities;
Fear'd not to trust me with this high command;
And placed me here the guardian of their cause:—
Be witness, Jove!—it is alone their nation
I henceforth will acknowledge for my country!
Let this suffice: you have my answer, Romans.

Com. This answer, Coriolanus, is the dictate
More of thy pride than magnanimity:
'T is thy revenge that gives it, not thy virtue.
Art thou above the Gods, who joy to shower
Their doubled goodness on repenting mortals?
But think not I intend by this to urge
Our proffer'd peace, so harshly treated, further:
That were a weakness ill becoming Romans.
Yet I must tell thee, it would better suit
A fierce, despotic chief of barbarous slaves,

Than the calm dignity of one who sits
In the grave senate of a free republic,
To talk so high, and as it were to thrust
Plebeians from the native rights of man.

Cor. Ha! dost thou come the people's advocate
To me, Cominius? Comest thou to insult me?

Com. Nay, hear me, Marcius. These gray hairs empower me
To set thee right before this great assembly:
And there was once a time thou wouldst have heard
Thy general with more deference and patience.
I tell thee, then, whoe'er amidst the sons
Of Reason, Valour, Liberty, and Virtue,
Displays distinguish'd merit, is a noble
Of Nature's own creating. Such have risen,
Sprung from the dust; or where had been our honours?
And such in radiant bands will rise again
In yon immortal city, that, when most
Depress'd by Fate, and near apparent ruin,
Returns, as with an energy divine,
On her astonish'd foes, and shakes them from her.—
Your pardon, Volsci;—but this, Coriolanus,
Is what I had to say.

Cor. And I have heard it.

(Rising from his tribunal; and the priests advancing to address him, he prevents them.)

For you, ye awful ministers of Heaven,
Let me not hear your holy lips profaned
By urging what my duty must refuse.
I bow in adoration to the Gods;
I venerate their servants: but there is,
There is a Power, their chief, their darling care,
The Guardian of mankind, which to betray
Were violating all; and that is Justice.
So far my public character demands;
So far my honour. Now, what should forbid
The man and friend to be indulged a little?
Permit me to embrace thee, good Minucius;
Thee, Lartius; you, Pinnarius and Sulpitius;
But chiefly thee, Cominius, who first raised me
To deeds of arms; who from thy consular brow
Took thy own crown, and with it circled mine.
Though nought can shake my purpose, yet I wish

That Rome had sent me others on this errand.
I thank you for your friendship. The protection
Which you have given to those whom once I call'd
By tender names, I would not now remember.
How shall I, say, return your generous goodness!
O, there is nothing you as friends can ask,
My grateful heart will not with pleasure grant you!

Com. We thank thee, Coriolanus: but a Roman
Disdains that favour you refuse his country.

Cor. *(To the Volscian officers.)* See that they be v
due regard and safety
Conducted back. *(To the Roman senators.)* I will susp
the' assault,
Till to these terms, of which we will not bate
The smallest part, your senate may have time
To send their latest answer. Then we cut
All further treaty off. Romans, farewell.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

TULLUS *alone.*

WHAT is the mind of man? A restless scene
Of vanity and weakness; shifting still,
As shift the lights of our uncertain knowledge,
Or as the various gale of passion breathes.
None ever thought himself more deeply founded
On what is right, nor felt a nobler ardour,
Than I, when I invested Caius Marcius
With this ill-judged command. Now it appears
Distraction, folly, monstrous folly, meanness!
And down I plunge, betray'd even by my virtue,
From gulf to gulf, from shame to deeper shame.

SCENE II.

TULLUS, GALESUS.

Gal. I listen'd, Tullus, to the' important scene
That lately pass'd before us with most strict,
Unprejudiced attention; and have since

Revolved it in my mind, both as a man,
Allied to all mankind, and as a Volscian.
Indeed our terms are high, and, by the manner
In which they were prescribed by Coriolanus,
Are what we cannot hope will e'er be granted.
They should be soften'd. Let us yield a little,
Conscious ourselves to a great nation's pride,
The pride of human nature. Could the Romans
Stoop to such peace, commanded by the sword,
They then were slaves, unworthy our alliance.

Tul. Gods! do I hear in thee, one of the chiefs
Intrusted with the honour of the Volsci,
An advocate for Rome?

Gal. I glory, Tullus,
To own myself an advocate for peace.
Peace is the happy natural state of man;
War, his corruption, his disgrace,—

Tul. His safeguard,
His pride, his glory! What but war, just war,
Gave Greece her heroes? those who drew the sword
(As we do now) against the sons of rapine,
To quell proud tyrants, and to free mankind.

Gal. Yes, Tullus; when to just defence the warrior
Confines his force, he is a worshipp'd name,
Dear to mankind, the first and best of mortals.
Yet still, if this can by soft means be done
And fair accommodation, that is better.
Why should we purchase with the blood of thousands
What may be gain'd by mutual just concession?
Why give up peace, the best of human blessings,
For the vain, cruel pride of useless conquest?

Tul. These soothing dreams of philosophic quiet
Are only fit for unfrequented shades.
The sage should quit the busy, bustling world,
Ill-suited to his gentle meditations;
And in some desert find that peace he loves.

Gal. Mistaken man! Philosophy consists not
In airy schemes, or idle speculations:
The rule and conduct of all social life
Is her great province. Not in lonely cells
Obscure she lurks; but holds her heavenly light
To senates and to kings, to guide their councils,
And teach them to reform and bless mankind.

All policy but hers is false and rotten:
All valour not conducted by her precepts
Is a destroying Fury, sent from hell
To plague unhappy man, and ruin nations.

Tul. To stop the waste of that destroying Fury
Is the great cause and purpose of this war.
Art thou a friend to peace? Subdue the Romans.
Who, who but they, have turn'd this ancient land,
Where, from Saturnian times, harmonious Concord
Still loved to dwell, into a scene of blood,
Of endless discord, and perpetual rapine?
The sword, the vengeful sword, must drain away
This boiling blood, that thus disturbs the nations.
Talk not of terms: it is a vain attempt
To bind the' ambitious and unjust by treaties:
These they elude a thousand specious ways;
Or if they cannot find a fair pretext,
They blush not in the face of Heaven to break them.

Gal. Why, then affronted Heaven will combat for us.
Set justice on our side, and then my voice
Shall be as loud for war as thine; my sword
Shall strike as deep; at least, my blood shall flow
As freely, Tullus, in my country's cause.
But as I then would die to serve the Volscians,
So now I dare to serve them by opposing,
Even with my single voice, the' impetuous torrent
That hurries us away beyond the bounds
Of temperate wisdom; and presume to tell thee,
It is thy passion, not thy prudence, dictates
This haughty language.

Tul. Yes, it is my passion;
A passion for the glory of my country,
That scorns your narrow views of timid prudence.
Our injured honour drew our swords, and never
Shall they be sheathed, while I command the Volscians,
Till Rome submits to Antium!

Gal. Rome will perish
Ere she submit: and she has still her walls,
The strength of her allies, her native valour,
Which oft has saved her in the worst extremes,
And, stronger yet than all, despair, to aid her.

Tul. All these will nought avail her, if our fears
Come not to her assistance.—But, Galesus,

Why urge you this to me? Go, talk to Marcius.
The war has given him all his pride could hope for,—
To see Rome's senate humbled at his feet.
He now may wish to reign in peace at Antium;
And thou, perhaps, art come an envoy from him,
To learn if I shall prove a quiet subject.

Gal. Through this unguarded opening of thy soul
I see what stings thee. Ah! beware of Envy!
If that pale Fury seize thee, thou art lost!
Tullus, 't is easier far, from the clear breast
To keep out treacherous vice, than to expel it.
Farewell. Remember, I have done my duty. *(Goes out.)*

Tul. (Alone.) This man discerns my heart. Well; what of that?
Am I afraid its movements should be seen?
I whose clear thoughts have never shunn'd the light,
Must I now seek to hide them? O misfortune!
To have reduced myself to such a state,
So much beneath the greatness of my soul,
That, like a coward, I must learn to practise
The wretched arts of vile dissimulation!
By heaven I will not do it; I will not stoop
To veil my discontent a moment longer.
But see! my rival comes, the happy Marcius.
His haughty mien, his very looks, affront me.

SCENE III.

CORIOLANUS, TULLUS.

Cor. Tullus, I have received intelligence,
That a strong body of the Latin troops
Is in full march to raise the siege of Rome.
Another day will bring them to its aid.
But go thou forth, and lead the valiant bands,
By thee commanded, to repel these succours.
Go, and cut off from Rome its last resource.

Tul. I lead my troops from the great scene of action,
From falling Rome, which, ere to-morrow's sun
Shall set, may be our prey? Sure, you forget
My rank and station: I disdain the service:
Give it to some you may command. For me,
I own no master but the Volscian states.
Rome is my object. I from Antium brought

The noblest army ever shook her walls.
And shall I now, on that decisive day,
Doom'd by the Gods to lay her pride in ashes,
Shall I be absent from the glorious work?
It is the highest outrage even to think it!
Just Gods! dost thou presume to give thy orders
To me? to me, thy equal in command,
Nay, thy superior? Was it not my hand,
My lavish hand, bestow'd thy power upon thee?
And know, proud Roman, that the man who gave it
Can at his will resume it.

Cor. I proposed
This expedition to thee as thy friend,
Not as thy general, Tullus. We are both
Commanders here; and for my share of power,
Whene'er the council of the Volscian states,
Who clothed me with it, shall again demand it,
I at their feet will lay it down, persuaded
The canker'd tongue of Envy's self must own
That by my service I have well deserved it.

Tul. Was it to them or me you hither came
To crave protection? Was not then your fortune,
Your liberty, your life, at my disposal?
I raised you from the dust, a wretched exile,
An outcast, helpless, friendless, driven to beg
The lowest refuge which Despair can seek,—
Shelter amidst thy foes. My pitying goodness
Protected, trusted, and believed you grateful.
O ill-placed confidence!

Cor. Immortal Gods!
Hear I these words from Tullus?

Tul. What for all this
Is thy return? Pride, self-sufficiency,
Councils apart from mine, despotic orders,
The glory of the war all pilfer'd from me;
And, to complete the whole, a Latin army
Now conjured up to draw me from the siege,
Till, by cajoling our tame chiefs, and dazzling
The senseless eyes of the low mob of soldiers,
Thou shalt be solely seated in the power
Which—thank my folly!—now is shared betwixt us.

Cor. O indignation! Down, thou swelling heart!
I will be calm, I will.—Thou dost accuse me

Of the worst vice that can debase mankind,—
Of black ingratitude. On what foundations?
What have I done to merit such a charge?
Is it my fault, if in the Volscian army
My name is as revered and great as thine?
Can I forbid authority and fame
To follow merit and success? You knew
The man whom you employ'd, and should have known
He would not be a cipher in employment.

Tul. Think'st thou my heart can better brook than thine
To be that cipher, that dishonour'd tool,
Subservient to the' ambition of another?
Gods! I had rather live a drudging peasant,
Unknown to glory, in some Alpine village,
Than at the head of these victorious legions
Bear the high name of chief without the power.
No, Marcius, no: I will command indeed;
And thou shalt learn, with all the Volscian army,
To treat their general with respect.

Cor. Respect?
O Tullus, Tullus! by the Powers divine!
I bore thee once respect, as high as man
Can show to man. From thee, my foe, my rival,
I nor disdain'd nor fear'd to ask protection.
You gave me all I ask'd; you gave me more,
With noble warmth of heart, which to esteem
Added the ties of gratitude and friendship.
Whatever since, in council or in arms,
Has been by me achieved, was done for thee.
My glory all was thine. The palms I gain'd
Only composed a garland for his brow
Who raised this banish'd man to tread on Rome.

Tul. To tread on him who raised him!—That, I know,
Is thy ambitious purpose: but be certain,
However Rome may bend beneath thy fortune,
Thou shalt not find an easy conquest here.

Cor. May Jove with lightning strike me to the centre,
If, from the day I saw thy face at Antium,
My heart has ever form'd one secret thought
To hurt thy honour, or depress thy greatness!
I was thy friend, thy soldier, and thy servant.
But now I will as openly avow,
Thy jealousy has, with envenom'd breath,

Made such a sudden ravage in our friendship,
I know not what to think.
Tul. Think me thy foe.
There is no lasting friendship with the proud.
Cor. Nor with the jealous.—But of this enough.
Come, let us turn our fire a nobler way:
We have a worthier quarrel to pursue.
It were unjust, dishonourable, base,
Our pride should hurt the Volscian cause.
Tul. No, Marcius;
I mean to guard it better for the future:
The Volscian cause is safest with a Volscian.
I therefore claim, insist upon my right,
That you shall yield me my command in turn.
The first attack was yours: 't is scanty justice
The second should be mine.
Cor. Tullus, 't is yours.
O, it imports not which of us command!
Give me the lowest rank among your troops:
All Italy will know, the voice of Fame
Will tell all future times, that I was present;
That Coriolanus in the Volscian army
Assisted, when imperial Rome was sack'd;
That city which, while he maintain'd her cause,
Invincible herself, made Antium tremble.
Tul. What arrogant presumption!

SCENE IV.

CORIOLANUS, TULLUS; *to them* VOLUSIUS, *entering hastily.*

Tul. Ha! Volusius,
Thy looks declare some message of importance.
Volus. Tullus, they do.—I was to find thee, Marcius.
To thee a second deputation comes:
Thy mother, and thy wife, with a long train
Of all the noblest ladies Rome can boast,
In mourning habits clad, approach our camp,
Preceded by a herald, to demand
Another audience of thee.
Cor. How, Volusius?
Said you, "the Roman ladies?" Low indeed
Must be the state of Rome, when thus her matrons
She sends amidst the tumults of a camp,

To beg protection for the men who lie
Trembling behind their ramparts.—Come, once more;
And see me put an end to prayers and treaty!

SCENE V.

TULLUS, VOLUSIUS.

Volus. Tullus, 't is well. This answers to my wishes.
Tul. How? What is well? that humbled Rome once more
Shall deck him with the trophies of our arms?
Volus. And hopest thou nothing from this bless'd event?
They who have often blasted mighty heroes,
Who oft have stolen into the firmest hearts,
And melted them to folly; they, my friend,
Will do what Wisdom never could effect.
Tul. Think'st thou the prayers and tears of wailing women
Can shake the man who with such cold disdain
Stood firm against those venerable consuls,
And spurn'd the Genius of his kneeling Country?
Volus. It was his pride alone that made him ours.
That passion kept him firm,—the flattering charm
Of humbling those who in their persons bore
The whole collected majesty of Rome.
These women are no proper objects for it:
He cannot triumph o'er his wife and mother.
On this my hopes are founded, that these women
May by their gentler influence subdue him.
Tul. Whate'er the' event, he shall no longer here,
As wave his passions, dictate peace or war.
Whether his stubborn soul maintains its firmness,
Or yields to female prayers, the Volscian honour
Will be alike betray'd. If Rome prevails,
He stops our conquering arms from her destruction:
If he rejects her suit, he reigns our tyrant.
But, by the' immortal Gods! his short-lived empire
Shall never see yon radiant sun descend.
Volus. Bless'd be those Gods that have at last inspired thee
With resolution equal to thy cause,
The cause of liberty!
Tul. Be sure, Volusius,
That should happen which thy hopes portend:
Said he, by Nature tamed, disarm'd by Love,

Respite the Roman doom; he seals his own;
By Heaven! he dies.

Volus. Let me embrace thee, Tullus,
Now breaking from the cloud which, like the sun,
Thy own too bounteous beams had drawn around thee!

Tul. You was deceived, my friend. When I with tameness,
With tameness which astonish'd thy brave spirit,
Seem'd to submit to that unequal sway
He arrogated o'er me; know, my heart
Ne'er swell'd so high as in that cruel moment.
My indignation, like the' imprison'd fire
Pent in the troubled breast of glowing Ætna,
Burnt deep and silent: but, collected now,
It shall beneath its fury bury Marcius.
'T is fix'd: our tyrant dies!

Volus. Tullus, my sword
Here claims to be employ'd. Nor mine alone:
There are some worthy Volsci still remaining
Who think with us, and pine beneath the laurels
A Roman chief bestows.

Tul. Go, find them straig'ht,
And bring them to the space before his tent:
'T is there he will receive this deputation.
Then, if he sinks beneath these women's prayers,
Or if he does not—But, Volusius, wait,
I give thee strictest charge to wait my signal.
Perhaps I may find means to free the Volsci
Without his blood. If not,—we will be free.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Trumpets sounding.

The scene discovers the camp; a crowd of Volscian officers with files of soldiers drawn up as before. Enter CORIOLANUS, TULLUS, GALESUS, VOLUSIUS. *The Roman ladies advance slowly from the depth of the stage, with* VETURIA *the mother of* CORIOLANUS, *and* VOLUMNIA *his wife, at their head, all clad in habits of mourning.* CORIOLANUS

stands at the head of the Volsci, surrounded by his lictors; but, when he perceives his mother and wife, after some struggle, he advances, and goes hastily to embrace them.

Cor. *(Advancing.)* LOWER your fasces, lictors.—O Veturia!
Thou best of parents!
Vet. Coriolanus, stop!
Whom am I to embrace? a son, or foe?
Say, in what light am I regarded here?
Thy mother, or thy captive?
Cor. Justly, madam,
You check my fondness, that, by Nature hurried,
Forgot I was the general of the Volsci,
And you a deputy from hostile Rome.
(He goes back to his former station.)
I hear you with respect: speak your commission.
Vet. Think not I come a deputy from Rome.
Rome, once rejected, scorns a second suit.
You have already heard whate'er the tongue
Of Eloquence can plead, whate'er the wisdom
Of sacred Age, the dignity of senates,
And Virtue, can enforce. Behold me here,
Sent by the shades of your immortal fathers,
Sent by the Genius of the Marcian line,
Commission'd by my own maternal heart,
To try the soft, yet stronger, powers of Nature.
Thus authorized, I ask, nay, claim, a peace
On equal, fair, and honourable terms,
To thee, to Rome, and to the Volscian people.
Grant it, my son! Thy mother begs it of thee;
Thy wife, the best, the kindest of her sex;
And these illustrious matrons, who have soothed
The gloomy hours thou hast been absent from us.
We, by whate'er is great and good in nature,
By every duty, by the Gods, conjure thee
To grant us peace, and turn on other foes
Thy arms, where thou mayst purchase virtuous glory.
Cor. I should, Veturia, break those holy bonds
That hold the wide republic of mankind,
Society, together; I should grow
A wretch unworthy to be call'd thy son;

I should, with my Volumnia's fair esteem,
Forfeit her love; these matrons would despise me;
Could I betray the Volscian cause, thus trusted,
Thus recommended to me. No, my mother;
You cannot, sure, you cannot ask it of me!

Vet. And does my son so little know me? me
Who took such care to form his tender years,
Left to my conduct by his dying father!
Have I so ill deserved that trust? Alas!
Am I so low in thy esteem, that thou
Shouldst e'er imagine I could urge a part
Which in the least might stain the Marcian honour!
No, let me perish rather! perish all!
Life has no charms compared with spotless glory!
I only ask thou wouldst forbid thy troops
To waste our lands, and to assault yon city,
Till time be given for mild and righteous measures.
Grant us but one year's truce: meanwhile thou mayst,
With honour and advantage to both nations,
Between us mediate a perpetual peace.

Cor. Alas, my mother! that were granting all.

Vet. Canst thou refuse me such a just petition,
The first request thy mother ever made thee?
Canst thou to her entreaties, prayers, and tears,
Prefer a savage, obstinate revenge?
Have Love and Nature lost all power within thee?

Cor. No; in my heart they reign as strong as ever.
Come, I conjure you, quit ungrateful Rome;
Come, and complete my happiness at Antium,
You, and my dear Volumnia! There, Veturia,
There shall you see with what respect the Volsci
Will treat the wife and mother of their general.

Vet. Treat me thyself with more respect, my son;
Nor dare to shock my ears with such proposals.
Shall I desert my country, I who come
To plead her cause? Ah! no: a grave in Rome
Would better please me than a throne at Antium.
How hast thou thus forsaken all my precepts!
How hast thou thus forgot thy love to Rome?
O Coriolanus, when with hostile arms,
With fire and sword, you enter'd on our borders,
Did not the fostering air, that breathes around us,
Allay thy guilty fury, and instil

A certain native sweetness through thy soul?
Did not your heart thus murmur to itself?—
"These walls contain whatever can command
Respect from Virtue, or is dear to Nature,—
The monuments of piety and valour,
The sculptured forms, the trophies of my fathers,
My household Gods, my mother, wife, and children!"

Cor. Ah! you seduce me with too tender views.
These walls contain the most corrupt of men;
A base, seditious herd; who trample order,
Distinction, justice, laws, beneath their feet,
Insolent foes to Worth, the foes of Virtue!

Vet. Thou hast not thence a right to lift thy hand
Against the whole community which forms
Thy ever-sacred country. That consists
Not of co-eval citizens alone:
It knows no bounds: it has a retrospect
To ages past; it looks on those to come;
And grasps of all the general worth and virtue.
Suppose, my son, that I to thee had been
A harsh, obdurate parent, even unjust:
How would the monstrous thought with horror strike thee,
Of plunging, from revenge, thy raging steel
Into her breast who nursed thy infant years!

Cor. Rome is no more! that Rome which nursed my youth;
That Rome, conducted by patrician virtue;
She is no more! My sword shall now chastise
These sons of pride and dirt, her upstart tyrants,
Who have debased the noblest state on earth
Into a sordid democratic faction.
Why will my mother join her cause to theirs?

Vet. Forbid it, Jove! that I should e'er distinguish
My interest from the general cause of Rome;
Or live to see a foreign, hostile arm
Reform the' abuses of our land of freedom. *(Pausing.)*
But, 't is in vain, I find, to reason more.
Is there no way to reach thy filial heart,
Once famed as much for piety as courage?
Oft hast thou justly triumph'd, Coriolanus:
Now yield one triumph to thy widow'd mother,
And send me back amidst the loud acclaims,
The grateful transports of deliver'd Rome,

The happiest far, the most renown'd of women!

Cor. Why, why, Veturia, wilt thou plead in vain?

Tul. *(Aside to Volusius.)* See, see, Volusius, how the strong emotions
Of powerful Nature shake his inmost soul!
See how they tear him! If he long resists them,
He is a God, or something worse than man.

Vet. O Marcius, Marcius! canst thou treat me thus!
Canst thou complain of Rome's ingratitude,
Yet be to me so cruelly ungrateful?
To me who anxious rear'd thy youth to glory,
Whose only joy these many years has been
To boast that Coriolanus was my son!
And dost thou, then, renounce me for thy mother?
Spurn me before these chiefs, before those soldiers,
That weep thy stubborn cruelty? Art thou
The hardest man to me in this assembly?
Look at me! Speak!
(Pausing, during which he appears in great agitation.)
Still dost thou turn away,
Inexorable, silent? Then, behold me,
Behold thy mother—at whose feet thou oft
Hast kneel'd with fondness—kneeling now at thine,
Wetting thy stern tribunal with her tears.

Cor. *(Raises her.)* Veturia, rise. I cannot see thee thus.
It is a sight uncomely, to behold
My mother at my feet, and that to urge
A suit relentless Honour must refuse.

Volum. *(Advancing.)* Since, Coriolanus, thou dost still retain,
In spite of all thy mother now has pleaded,
Thy dreadful purpose, ah! how much in vain
Were it for me to join my supplications!
The voice of thy Volumnia, once so pleasing,—
How shall it hope to touch the husband's heart,
When proof against the tears of such a parent?
I dare not urge what to thy mother thou
So firmly hast denied: but I must weep,—
Must weep, if not thy harsh severity,
At least thy situation. O, permit me *(Taking his hand.)*
To shed my gushing tears upon thy hand,
To press it with the cordial lips of Love,
And take my last farewell!

Cor. Yet, yet, my soul,
Be firm, and persevere!
Volum. Ah, Coriolanus!
Is, then, this hand, this hand to me devoted,
The pledge of nuptial love, that has so long
Protected, bless'd, and shelter'd us with kindness,
Now lifted up against us? Yet I love it,
And with submissive veneration bow
Beneath the' affliction which it heaps upon us.
But, O! what nobler transports would it give thee,
What joy beyond expression, couldst thou once
Surmount the furious storm of fierce Revenge,
And yield thee to the charms of Love and Mercy!
O, make the glorious trial!
Cor. Mother! wife!
Are all the powers of nature leagued against me?
I cannot, will not!—Leave me, my Volumnia!
Volum. Well, I obey. How bitter thus to part,
Upon such terms to part,—perhaps, for ever!
But tell me, ere I hence unroot my feet,
When to my lonely home I shall return,
What from their father to our little slaves,
Unconscious of the shame to which you doom them,
What shall I say? *(Pausing: he highly agitated.)* Nay, tell me, Coriolanus!
Cor. Tell thee? What shall I tell thee? See these tears!
These tears will tell thee what exceeds the power
Of words to speak; whate'er the son, the husband,
And father, in one complicated pang,
Can feel.—But leave me; even in pity leave!
Cease, cease to torture me, my dear Volumnia!
You only tear my heart, but cannot shake it;
For, by the' immortal Gods, the dread avengers
Of broken faith!—
Volum. (Kneeling.) O, swear not, Coriolanus!
O, vow not our destruction!
Vet. Daughter, rise!
Let us no more before the Volscian people
Expose ourselves a spectacle of shame!
It is in vain we try to melt a breast
That to the best affections Nature gives us
Prefers the worst.—Hear me, proud man! I have
A heart as stout as thine. I came not hither

To be sent back rejected, baffled, shamed,
Hateful to Rome, because I am thy mother.
A Roman matron knows, in such extremes,
What part to take; and thus I came provided.
(Drawing from under her robe a dagger.)
Go, barbarous son! go, double parricide!
Rush o'er my corse to thy beloved revenge!
Tread on the bleeding breast of her to whom
Thou owest thy life! Lo thy first victim!
Cor. Ha! *(Seizing her hand.)*
What dost thou mean?
Vet. To die, while Rome is free;
To seize the moment, ere thou art her tyrant.
Cor. O, use thy power more justly! Set not thus
My treacherous heart in arms against my reason.
Here, here thy dagger will be well employ'd;
Strike here, and reconcile my fighting duties!
Vet. Off! Set me free! Think'st thou that grasp which binds
My feeble hand, can fetter too my will?
No, my proud son! thou canst not make me live,
If Rome must fall: no power on earth can do it!
Cor. Pity me, generous Volsci! You are men.—
Must it then be? Confusion! do I yield?
What is it? Is it weakness? Is it virtue?—
Well!
Vet. What? Speak!
Cor. O, no! my stifled words refuse
A passage to the throes that wring my heart.
Vet. Nay, if thou yieldest, yield like Coriolanus;
And what thou dost, do nobly!
Cor. (Quitting her hand.) There! 't is done!
Thine is the triumph, Nature!
(To Veturia in a low tone of voice.) Ah, Veturia!
Rome by thy aid is saved, but thy son lost.
Vet. He never can be lost who saves his country.
Cor. (Turning to the Roman ladies.) Ye matrons, guardians of the Roman safety!
You to the senate may report this answer:
"We grant the truce you ask; but on these terms:—
That Rome meantime shall to a peace agree,
Fair, equal, just, and such as may secure
The safety, rights, and honour of the Volsci."

(To the troops.)

Volsci, we raise the siege. Go, and prepare,
By the first dawn, for your return to Antium.

(As the troops retire, and Coriolanus turns to the Roman ladies.)

Tul. (To Volusius aside.) 'T is as we wish'd, Volusius!
To your station!
But mark me well: till thou shalt hear my call,
I charge thee not to stir. One offer more
My honour bids me make to this proud man,
Before we strike the blow. If he rejects it,
His blood be on his head.

Vol. Well; I obey you.

(He goes out.)

Cor. Be it thy care, Galesus, that a safeguard
Attend these noble matrons back to Rome.

SCENE II.

CORIOLANUS, TULLUS.

Cor. I plainly, Tullus, by your looks discern,
You disapprove my conduct.

Tul. Caius Marcius,
I mean not to assail thee with the clamour
Of loud reproaches, and the war of words;
But, pride apart, and all that can pervert
The light of steady reason, here to make
A candid, fair proposal.

Cor. Speak: I hear thee.

Tul. I need not tell thee, that I have perform'd
My utmost promise. Thou hast been protected;
Hast had thy amplest, most ambitious wish:
Thy wounded pride is heal'd, thy dear revenge
Completely sated, and, to crown thy fortune,
At the same time, thy peace with Rome restored.
Thou art no more a Volscian, but a Roman.
Return, return; thy duty calls upon thee
Still to protect the city thou hast saved:
It still may be in danger from our arms.

Cor. Insolent man! is this thy fair proposal?

Tul. Be patient: hear me speak. I have already
From Rome protected thee; now from the Volsci,

From their just vengeance, I will still protect thee.
Retire: I will take care thou mayst with safety.

Cor. With safety? Heavens! and think'st thou Coriolanus
Will stoop to thee for safety? No; my safeguard
Is in myself, a bosom void of blame,
And the great Gods, protectors of the just.
O, 't is an act of cowardice and baseness,
To seize the very time my hands were fetter'd
By the strong chain of former obligations,
The safe, sure moment, to insult me! Gods!
Were I now free, as on that day I was
When at Corioli I tamed thy pride,
This had not been.

Tul. Thou speak'st the truth: it had not.
O for that time again! Propitious Gods,
If you will bless me, grant it!—Know, for that,
For that dear purpose, I have now proposed
Thou shouldst return. I pray thee, Marcius, do it!
And we shall meet again on nobler terms.

Cor. When to the Volsci I have clear'd my faith,
Doubt not I shall find means to meet thee nobly.
We then our generous quarrel may decide
In the bright front of some embattled field,
And not in private brawls, like fierce barbarians.

Tul. Thou canst not hope acquittal from the Volsci.

Cor. I do; nay, more, expect their approbation,
Their thanks. I will obtain them such a peace
As thou durst never ask; a perfect union
Of their whole nation with imperial Rome
In all her privileges, all her rights.
By the just Gods, I will! What wouldst thou more!

Tul. What would I more? Proud Roman, this I would:
Fire the cursed forest where these Roman wolves
Haunt and infest their nobler neighbours round them;
Extirpate from the bosom of this land
A false, perfidious people, who, beneath
The mask of freedom, are a combination
Against the liberty of human-kind,
The genuine seed of outlaws and of robbers.

Cor. The seed of Gods!—'T is not for thee, vain boaster!
'T is not for such as thou, so often spared
By her victorious sword, to talk of Rome
But with respect and awful veneration.

Whate'er her blots, whate'er her giddy factions,
There is more virtue in one single year
Of Roman story, than your Volscian annals
Can boast through all your creeping dark duration!
Tul. I thank thy rage: this full displays the traitor.
Cor. Ha! traitor?
Tul. First to thy own country traitor!
And traitor now to mine!
Cor. Ye heavenly Powers!
I shall break loose: my rage—But let us part,
Lest my rash hand should do a hasty deed
My cooler thought forbids.
Tul. Begone! Return,
To head the Roman troops! I grant thee quittance
Full and complete of all those obligations,
Thou hast so oft insultingly complain'd,
Fetter'd thy hands. They now are free. I court
The worst thy sword can do; whilst thou from me
Hast nothing to expect but sure destruction.
Quit, then, this hostile camp. Once more I tell thee,
Thou art not here one single hour in safety.
Cor. Think'st thou to fright me hence?
Tul. Thou wilt not, then,
Thou wilt not take the safety which I offer?
Cor. Till I have clear'd my honour in your council,
And proved before them all, to thy confusion,
The falsehood of thy charge; as soon in battle
I would before thee fly, and howl for mercy,
As quit the station they have here assign'd me.
Tul. Volusius! Hoa!

SCENE III.

CORIOLANUS, TULLUS; *to them* VOLUSIUS *and Conspirators, with their swords drawn.*

Tul. Seize and secure the traitor!
Cor. *(Laying his hand upon his sword.)* Who dares approach me dies!
Volus. Die thou.
(As Coriolanus draws his sword, Volusius and the conspirators rush upon and stab him; Tullus standing by without having drawn his sword.)

[illegible]

[illegible] *from himself.)* Off, villains!
(Falling.)
[illegible] *(Dies.)*

SCENE IV.

[illegible] *Conspirators. Upon the noise of the* [illegible] *the other deputie* [illegible] *friends of Coriolanus,* [illegible] *band of soldiers.*

[illegible] Are we a nation ruled by laws, or

[illegible] *(Pressing.)* Gods! what do

[illegible]

You see a traitor
[illegible] the Roman yoke
[illegible] and the Volsci free!
[illegible] Hear, all you injured Powers
[illegible] and faith!
[illegible] which from the ground
[illegible] crime, I swear,
[illegible] of your eternal laws,
[illegible]

His only blot was this,—that, much provoked,
He raised his vengeful arm against his Country.
And, lo! the righteous Gods have now chastised him,
Even by the hands of those for whom he fought.

Whatever private views and passions plead,
No cause can justify so black a deed.
These, when the angry tempest clouds the soul,
May darken Reason, and her course control;
But when the prospect clears, her startled eye
Must from the treacherous gulf with horror fly,
On whose wild wave, by stormy passions toss'd,
So many hapless wretches have been lost.
Then be this truth the star by which we steer.—
ABOVE OURSELVES OUR COUNTRY SHOULD BE DEAR.

ALFRED:

A MASQUE.

REPRESENTED BEFORE THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, AT CLIVEDEN, ON THE FIRST OF AUGUST, 1740.

BY MR. THOMSON AND MR. MALLET.

Si velimus cum priorum temporum *necessitate certare, vincemur. Ingeniosior est enim ad* excogitandum *simulatio veritate, servitus libertate, metus amore.*—PLINII *Panegyricus ad Trajanum.*

THE ARGUMENT.

AFTER the Danes had made themselves masters of Chippenham, the strongest city in the kingdom of Wessex, Alfred was at once abandoned by all his subjects. In this universal defection, that monarch found himself obliged to retire into the little Isle of Athelney in Somersetshire; a place then rough with woods, and of difficult access. There, in the habit of a peasant, he lived unknown for some time in a shepherd's cottage. He is supposed to be found in this retreat by the earl of Devon; whose castle, upon the river Tau, was then besieged by the Danes.

ALFRED:

A MASQUE.

THE PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALFRED	Mr. Milward.
ELTRUDA	Mrs. Horton.
HERMIT	Mr. Quin.
EARL of Devon	Mr. Mills.
CORIN, a shepherd	Mr. Salway.
EMMA, his wife	Mrs. Clive.

A Bard, Soldiers, Spirits.

The *scene* represents a plain, surrounded with woods. On one side, a cottage; on the other, flocks and herds in distant prospect. A hermit's cave in full view, overhung with trees, wild and grotesque.

Em. Some lord, perhaps,
Or valiant chief, that from our deadly foe,
The haughty, cruel, unbelieving Dane,
Seeks shelter here.
Cor. And shelter he shall find.
Who loves his country, is my friend and brother.
Behold him well: fair Virtue in his aspect,
Even through the homely russet that conceals him,
Shines forth, and proves him noble. Seest thou, Emma,
Yon western clouds? The sun they strive to hide,
Yet darts his beam around.
Em. Your thought is mine:
He is not what his present fortunes speak him.
But, ah! the raging foe is all around us:
We dare not keep him here.
Cor. Content thee, wife:
This island is of strength. Nature's own hand
Hath planted round a deep defence of woods,—
The sounding ash, the mighty oak,—each tree
A sheltering grove; and choked up all between
With wild encumbrance of perplexing thorns
And horrid brakes. Beyond this woody verge,
Two rivers broad and rapid hem us in.
Along their channel spreads the gulfy pool,
And trembling quagmire, whose deceitful green
Betrays the foot it tempts. One path alone
Winds to this plain; so roughly difficult,
This single arm, poor shepherd as I am,
Could well dispute it with twice twenty Danes.
Em. Yet think, my Corin, on the stern decree
Of that proud foe: "Who harbours or relieves
An English captain, dies the death of traitors:
But who their haunts discovers, shall be safe,
And high rewarded."
Cor. Now, just Heaven forbid
A British man should ever count for gain
What villany must earn! No; are we poor?
Be honesty our riches. Are we mean
And humbly born? The true heart makes us noble.
These hands can toil, can sow the ground and reap,
For thee and thy sweet babes. Our daily labour
Is daily wealth: it finds us bread and raiment.
Could Danish gold give more? And for the death

These tyrants threaten, let me rather meet it
Than e'er betray my guest.

Eva. Alas the while,
That loyal faith is fled from hall and bower,
To dwell with village-swains!

Cor. Ah, look! behold
Where, like some goodly tree by wintry winds
Torn from the roots and withering, our sad guest
Lies on the ground diffused.

Eva. I weep to see it.

Cor. Thou hast a heart sweet Pity loves to dwell in.
Dry up thy tears, and lean on this just hope:—
It yet to do away his country's shame,
To serve her bravely on some bless'd occasion,
Made these ends this stranger sought our cottage,
The heavenly hosts are hovering here unseen,
To watch and to protect him.—But, O! when—
My heart burns for it—shall I see the hour
Of vengeance on these Danish infidels
That war with heaven and us!

Eva. Alas, my love!
These passions are not for the poor man's state.
To heaven and to the rulers of the land
Leave such ambitious thoughts. Be warn'd, my Curla;

SCENE II.

ALFRED, EARL OF DEVON.

Alf. How long, O ever-gracious Heaven! how long
Shall war thus desolate this prostrate land?
All, all is lost; and Alfred lives to tell it!
His cities laid in dust; his subjects slaughter'd,
Or into slaves debased; the murderous foe
Proud and exulting in the general shame!
Are these things so? and he without the means
Of great revenge, cast down below the hope
Of succouring those he weeps for? O despair!
O grief of griefs!

Dev. Old as I am, my liege,
In rough war harden'd, and with death familiar,
These eyes have long forgot to melt with softness:
But, O, my gracious master, they have seen—
All-pitying Heaven!—such sights of ruthless rage,
Of total desolation—

Alf. O my people!
O ruin'd England! Devon, those were bless'd
Who died before this time. Ha! and those robbers,
That violate the sanctity of leagues,
The reverend seal of oaths; that basely broke,
Like nightly ruffians, on the hour of peace,
And stole a victory from men unarm'd,—
Those Danes enjoy their crimes! Dread Vengeance! son
Of Power and Justice! come, array'd in terrors,
Thy garment red with blood, thy keen sword drawn:
O, come, and on the heads of faithless men
Pour ample retribution; men whose triumph
Upbraids eternal Justice!—But no more:
Submission is Heaven's due: I will not launch
Into that dark abyss where thought must drown.
Proceed, my lord: on with the mournful tale
My griefs broke off.

Dev. From yonder heath-crown'd hill,
This island's eastern point, where in one stream
The Thone and Parret roll their blending waves,
I look'd, and saw the progress of the foe,
As of some tempest, some devouring fire,
That *ruins without mercy* where it spreads.

The riches of the year, the golden grain
That liberal crown'd our plains, lies trampled wide
By hostile feet, or rooted up; and waste
Deforms the broad highway. From space to space,
Far as my straining eye could shoot its beam,
Trees, cottages, and castles smoke to heaven
In one ascending cloud. But, O for pity!
That way, my lord, where yonder verdant height
Declining slides into a fruitful vale,
Unsightly now and bare; a few poor hinds,
Grey-hair'd and thinly clad, stood and beheld
The common ravage: motionless and mute,
With hands to Heaven upraised, they stood, and wept.
My tears attended theirs—

Alf. If this sad sight
Could pain thee to such anguish, what must I,
Their king and parent, feel? It is a torment
Beyond the strength of patience to endure.
Why end I not at once this wretched being?
The means are in my hand. But shall a prince
Thus poorly shroud him in the grave from pain
And sense of shame? The madman, nay, the coward,
Has often dared the same. A monarch holds
His life in trust for others. I will live, then:
Let Heaven dispose the rest.

Dev. Thrice-noble Alfred,
And England's only hope, whose virtues raise
Our frail mortality, our human dust,
Up to angelic splendour and perfection!
With you to bear the worst of ills, the spoil
Of wasteful war, the loss of life or freedom,
Is happiness, is glory.

Alf. Ah! look round thee:—
That mud-built cottage is thy sovereign's palace:
Yon hind, whose daily toil is all his wealth,
Lodges and feeds him. Are these times for flattery?
Or call it "praise,"—such gaudy attributes
Would misbecome our best and proudest fortunes.
But what are mine? What is this high-praised Alfred?
Among ten thousand wretches, most undone?
That prince who sees his country laid in ruins,
His subjects perishing beneath the sword
Of foreign rage; who sees, and cannot save them:

Is but supreme in misery.

Dev. My liege,
Who has not known ill fortune, never knew
Himself, or his own virtue. Be of comfort;
We can but die at last: till that hour comes,
Let noble anger keep our hopes alive.
A sudden thought, as if from Heaven inspired,
Darts on my soul. One castle still is ours,
Though close begirt and shaken by the Danes.
In this disguise, my chance of passing on,
Of entering there unknown, is promising,
And wears a lucky face. 'T is our last stake;
And I will play it like a man whose life,
Whose honour, hangs upon a single cast.
Meanwhile, my lord,—

Alf. Ha! Devon, thou hast roused
My slumbering virtue. I applaud thy thought.
The praise of this brave daring shall be thine:
The danger shall be common. We will both
Straight tempt the Danish camp, and gain this fort;
To animate our brothers of the war,
Those Englishmen who yet deserve that name.
And hear, Eternal Justice! If my life
Can make atonement for them, King of kings,
Accept thy willing victim! On my head
Be all their woes: to them be grace and mercy!
Come on, my noble friend.

Dev. Ah! good my liege,
What fits a private valour, and might grace
The simple soldier's courage, would proclaim
His general's rashness. You are England's king.
Your infant children, and your much-loved queen;
Nay, more, the public weal, ten thousand souls,
Whose hope you are, whose all depends on you;
Forbid this enterprise. 'T is nobler virtue
To check this ardour, to reserve your sword
For some great day of known and high import,
That to your country, to the judging world,
Shall justify all hazards you may run.
This trial suits but me.

Alf. Well; go, my friend.
If thou shalt prosper, thou wilt call me hence
To head my people, from their fears recover'd.

May that good angel who inspired t
Throw round thy steps a veil of clou
That thou mayst walk invisible and
He's gone; and now, without a frien
I stand alone, abandon'd to the gloom
Of my sad thoughts. Said I, "witho
O blasphemous distrust! Have I not
All-powerful Friend and Guardian of t
Have I not Thee to aid me? Let that
Support my drooping soul.—But, list.
These air-borne notes that sound in me
Through this vast silence?

SCENE III.

Solemn music is heard at a distance. T
full symphony: after which a single
high and awakening air. Then the
are sung by two aerial spirits unseen.

FIRST SPIRIT.

HEAR, Alfred, father of the state,
Thy Genius Heaven's high will
What proves the hero truly great,
Is never, never to despair;
Is never to despair.

SCENE V.

ALFRED, *the* HERMIT *advancing from his cave.*

Alf. Thrice-happy hermit!
Whom thus the heavenly habitants attend,
Blessing thy calm retreat; while ruthless War
Fills the polluted land with blood and crimes.
In this extremity of England's fate,
Led by thy sacred character, I come
For comfort and advice. Thy aged wisdom,
Purged from the stormy cloud of human passions,
And by a ray from Heaven exalted, sees
Deep through futurity. Say, what remains,
What yet remains to save our prostrate country?
Nor scorn this anxious question even from me,
A nameless stranger.

Her. Alfred, England's king,
All hail! and welcome to this humble cell!

Alf. Whence dost thou know me, venerable father?

Her. Last night, when with a draught from that cool fountain
I had my wholesome, sober supper crown'd;
As is my stated custom, forth I walk'd
Beneath the solemn gloom and glittering sky,
To feed my soul with prayer and meditation.
And thus to inward harmony composed,—
That sweetest music of the grateful heart,
Whose each emotion is a silent hymn,—
I to my couch retired. Straight on mine eyes
A pleasing slumber fell, whose mystic power
Seal'd up my senses, but enlarged my soul.
At once, disclosed amid the dark waste night,
Appear'd a vision,—not the dream of Fancy,
But sent from Heaven, prophetic, and divine.
For know, this ample element contains
Unnumber'd spiritual beings, or malign
Or good to man. These, when the grosser eye
Of Nature sleeps, oft play their several parts,
As on a scene, before the' attentive mind,
And to the favour'd man disclose the future.
Led by these spirits friendly to this isle,
I lived through future ages; felt the virtue,

all her swelling waves, shal
the boundless empire of thy
Alfred, too: but o'er thy
impenetrable.

Ah! goo
dark indeed. Ye awfu
reserved! Still must
here, inglorious and unk
assumed your great instrum
oppression to redeem thi
perhaps, the last. But, prin
the noble uses of affliction.
the quick humanity it gives
social sense of human w
stubborn fortitude entir
heart that to another's wo
superior to its own.
yet learn to conque
firmly to the virtuous de
life to life itself,
vain and transient joys, a
to the Sovereign M
cheerful, absolute dependen
wisest government, posses
gay prosperity, when a

Patron of honour, virtue, and religion;
If not to shelter Industry, to guard
Her honest portion from oppressive Pride,
From wasteful Riot, and the sons of Rapine,
Who basely ravish what they dare not earn;
If not to deal out justice, like the sun,
With equal light; if not to spread thy bounty,
The treasures trusted to me, not my own,
On all the smiling ranks of nourish'd life;
If not to raise our drooping English name,
To clothe it yet with terror; make this land
Renown'd for peaceful arts to bless mankind,
And generous war to humble proud oppressors;
If not to build on an eternal base,
On liberty and laws, the public weal:
If not for these great ends I am ordain'd,
May I ne'er idly fill the throne of England!

Her. Still may thy breast these sentiments retain
In prosperous life.

Alf. Prosperity were ruin,
Could it destroy or change such thoughts as these.
When those whom Heaven distinguishes o'er millions,
Profusely gives them honours, riches, power,
Whate'er the' expanded heart can wish; when they,
Accepting the reward, neglect the duty,
Or, worse, pervert those gifts to deeds of ruin;
Is there a wretch they rule so mean as they?
Guilty, at once, of sacrilege to Heaven,
And of perfidious robbery to men?—
But hark! methinks I hear a plaintive voice
Sigh through the vale, and wake the mournful echo.

SONG.

I.

SWEET valley, say where, pensive lying,
For me, our children, England, sighing,
The best of mortals leans his head!
Ye fountains, dimpled by my sorrow;
Ye brooks, that my complainings borrow;
O, lead me to his lonely bed!
Or if my lover,
Deep woods, you cover,
Ah! whisper where your shadows o'er him spread.

II.

'T is not the loss of pomp and pleasure,
Of empire, or of tinsel treasure,
That drops this tear, that swells this groan.
No; from a nobler cause proceeding,
A heart with love and fondness bleeding,
I breathe my sadly-pleasing moan.
With other anguish
I scorn to languish;
For Love will feel no sorrows but his own.

SCENE VI.

ALFRED, HERMIT, ELFRUDA, advancing.

Alf. Sure, by the voice, and purport of the song,
This pensive mourner is my queen Elfruda.
And yet how can that be! O all good Powers!
'Tis she — 'tis she!

El. My lord, my life, my Alfred!
Take me to thy arms, with toil o'erwrought,
In rapture transport, thus at once to find thee,
Thus wild forest, pathless and perplex'd!
Come to my soul, thou dearest, best of women!
Let me repose thy sorrows in my bosom.
Let our passions mix in doubtful strife!

Thou too, Alfred,—
not unattended? None to serve thee,
e thy woes, to watch thy broken slumbers!
n the silent tear o'erflows thine eye,
th the warm and cordial lip of love,
t off! There is in love a power,
a soft divinity, that draws
t even from distress; that gives the heart
ı pang, excelling far the joys
unfeeling life. Besides, my Alfred,
l the fury of this barbarous foe
ed me from the convent, life is short;
' it trembles on the wing of danger:
uld we lose it then? One well-saved hour,
ı tender circumstance, to lovers
than an age of common time.
), 't is too much! thy tenderness o'ercomes me!
k not on me with that sweet dejection,
tears that pierce my soul. Cheer thee, my love;
ll the best; that better days await us,
er from remembrance. Thou, Eltruda,
a pledge of happiness! On thee
gels wait; they led thy journey hither:
ıve heard them, in this wild retreat,
g immortal airs, and strains of comfort.
the foe is round us; and this isle
ds my soul's best wealth, the treasured store
y joys. I go to skirt it round,
every creek and sedgy bank,
ıstles through the reeds the shadowy gale,
e the bending umbrage drinks the stream;
ger unawares should steal upon us.
', by slow degrees, solemn and sad,
ling o'er the world, the nightly shades
e brown woods, and deepen all their horrors;
umbled into rest, and awed by darkness,
ature seeks the covert. To that cell
ıy life. I will not long be absent.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

ALFRED *alone.*

'T is now the depth of darkness and repose.
All nature seems to rest; while Alfred wakes,
To think, and to be wretched. Where yon oak
With wide and dusky shade o'erhangs the stream
That glides in silence by, I took my stand,
What time the glow-worm through the dewy path
First shot his twinkling flame. I stood attentive,
Listening each noise from wood-clad hill and dale;
But all was hush'd around. Nor trumpet's clang,
Nor shout of roving foe, nor hasty tread
Of evening passenger, disturb'd the wide
And awful stillness. Homeward as I sped,
O'er many a delve, through many a path perplex'd,
Maze running into maze; ill-boding thoughts
Haunted my steps: "Perhaps my gallant friend,
Discover'd to the Danes, this moment bleeds
Beneath their swords; or lies a breathless corse,
The prey of midnight wolves."—Some mournful sound
Strikes sudden on my sense.

SCENE II.

ALFRED, ELTRUDA.

Elt. Here will I lean
On this green bank, to wait the wish'd return
Of morning and my lord.
Alf. My gentle love,
Eltruda, why to this untimely sky
Expose thy health? The dews of night fall fast:
The chill breeze sighs aloud.
Elt. I could not rest.
Can Love repose when Apprehension wakes,
And whispers to the heart all dreadful things
That walk with Night and Solitude? Methought,
In each low murmur of the woods I heard
The' invading foe, or heard my Alfred groan!

Our tender infants, too,—their fancied cries
Still sound within my ears!

Alf. Eltruda, there
I am a woman too; I who should cheer,
And shelter thee from every care. My children!
The thought of what may chance to them completes
Their father's sum of woes. O what safe shade
Can screen their opening blossom from the storm
That beats severe on us? Not sweeter buds
The primrose in the vale, nor sooner shrinks
At winter's churlish blast.

Elt. Behold, my lord,—
Good angels shield us!—what a flood of brightness
Waves round our heads!

Alf. The hermit moves this way.
That wondrous man holds converse with the host
Of higher Natures. These far-beaming fires
Were doubtless kindled up at his command.
Be silent and attentive.

SCENE III.

ALFRED, ELTRUDA, HERMIT.

Her. I have heard
Thy fond complainings, Alfred.

Alf. You have, then,
Good father, heard the cause that wrings them from me.

Her. The human race are sons of Sorrow born;
And each must have his portion. Vulgar minds
Refuse or crouch beneath their load: the brave
Bear theirs without repining.

Alf. Who can bear
The shaft that wounds him through an infant's side;
When whom we love, to whom we owe protection,
Implore the hand we cannot reach to save them?

Her. Weep not, Eltruda.—Yet thou art a king;
All private passions fall before that name.
Thy subjects claim thee whole.

Alf. Can public trust,
O reverend sage, destroy the softer ties
That twine around the parent's yearning heart?
That holy passion Heaven itself infused,

And blended with the stream that feeds our life.

Gth. You love your children, prince,—

Alf. Lives there on earth,
In sea or ocean, creature tame or wild
That has not known this universal love?
All Nature feels it intimate and deep,
And all her sons of instinct or of reason.

Gth. Then show that passion in its noblest form:
Show it in their tender years with every virtue,
Social, or self-centred; of public greatness,
[illegible] in the hour of private life;
What is [illegible] that can exalt or can adorn
Their princely rank.

Alf. Alas! their hope must stoop—
Such is unhappy fate—to humbler aims:
Affliction and base Want must be their teachers.

Gth. Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue,
Where patience, honour, sweet humanity,
Calm fortitude, take root, and strongly flourish.
But prosperous fortune, that allures with pleasure,
[illegible] with pomp, and undermines with flattery,
[illegible] and its best product kills.
[illegible] regain thy throne—

Alf. My throne? What glimpse,

usic grand and awful. The Genius descending sings the following)

SONG.

FROM those eternal regions bright,
Where suns that never set in night
Diffuse the golden day;
Where Spring unfading pours around,
O'er all the dew-impearled ground,
Her thousand colours gay;
O, whether on the fountain's flowery side,
Whence living waters glide,
Or in the fragrant grove,
Whose shade embosoms Peace and Love,
New pleasures all your hours employ,
And ravish every sense with every joy:
Great heirs of empire, yet unborn,
Who shall this island late adorn!
A monarch's drooping thought to cheer,
Appear! appear! appear!

rits of Edward III., Philippa his queen, and the Black Prince his son, arise.)

er. Alfred, look; and say,
t seest thou yonder?
f. Three majestic shapes:
habited like mighty warriors old;
ird in whose bright aspect beauty smiles
soft and feminine. A lucid veil
n her fair neck dependent floats around,
t-hovering in the gale.
er. O Alfred, man
ved of Heaven, behold a king indeed;
hless in arms; in arts of peaceful rule,
vereign's truest glory, yet more famed;
and's Third Edward! At his fear'd approach
d France even now through all her dukedoms quakes;
Genius sighs; and from the' eternal shore
soul of her Great Charles, a recent guest,
s back to earth, and mourns the distant woes
realms are doom'd to feel from Edward's wrath.

Beneath his standard Britain shall go forth,
Array'd for conquest, terrible in glory;
And nations shrink before her. O, what deaths,
What desolation shall her vengeance spread,
From engines yet unfound; whose lightnings flash,
Whose thunders roar, amazing, o'er the plain:
As if this king had summon'd from on high
Heaven's dread artillery to fight his battle!
Nor is renown in war his sole ambition:
A nobler passion labours in his breast,—
Alfred, attend!—to make his people bless'd.
The sacred rights that Reason loudly claims
For free-born men,—these, Alfred, are his care;
Oft to confirm and fix them on the base
Of equal laws.—O father of mankind!
Successive praises from a grateful land
Shall saint thy name for ever.

Alf. Holy sage,
Whom angels thus enlighten and inspire,
My bosom kindles at thy heaven-born flame.
Great Edward! be thy conquests and their praise
Unrivall'd to thyself. But, O, thy fame
For care paternal of the public weal,
For England blest at home,—my rapt heart pants
To equal that renown!

Her. Know farther, Alfred,
A sovereign's great example forms a people:
The public breast is noble, or is vile,
As he inspires it. In this Edward's time,
Warm'd by his courage, by his honour raised,
High flames the British spirit, like the sun,
To shine o'er half the globe; and, where it shines,
The cherish'd world to brighten and enrich.
Last, see this monarch in his hour of leisure;
Even social on a throne, and tasting joys
To solitary greatness seldom known,
As friend, as husband, and as father bless'd.
That god-like youth remark, his eldest hope,
Who gives new lustre to the name he bears;
A hero ere a man. I see him now
On Cressy's glorious plain! The father's heart,
With anxious love and wonder at his daring,
Beats high in mingled transport. Great himself,

Great above jealousy,—the guilty mark
That brands all meaner minds,—see, he applauds
The filial excellence, and gives him scope
To blaze in his full brightness!—Lo! again
He sends him dreadful to a nobler field;
The danger and the glory all his own!
A captive king, the rival of his arms,
I see adorn his triumph. Heaven! what grace,
What splendour from his gracious temper mild
That triumph draws! As gentle Mercy kind,
He cheers the hostile prince whose fall he weeps.

Alf. A son so rich in virtues, and so graced
With all that gives those virtues fair to shine,
When I would ask of Heaven some mighty boon,
Should claim the foremost place.

Her. Remember, then,
What to thy infant sons from thee is due,
As parent and as prince.

Elt. Forgive me, hermit;
Forgive a queen and wife her anxious fondness.
Yon beauteous shade, that, as I gaze her o'er,
My wonder draws, escapes your graver thought.

Her. O bright Eltruda! thou whose blooming youth,
Whose amiable sweetness, promise blessings
To Alfred and to England! see, and mark,
In yonder pleasing form, the best of wives;
The happiest too, repaid with all the faith,
With all the friendship, Love and Duty claim.
She, powerful o'er the heart her charms enslave,—
O virtue rarely practised!—uses nobly
That happy influence, to prompt each purpose
Fair Honour kindles in her Edward's breast.
Amid the pomps, the pleasures of a court,
Humble of heart, severely good; the friend
Of modest worth, the parent of the poor.
Eltruda! O, transmit these noblest charms
To that fair daughter, that unfolding rose,
With which, as on this day,* Heaven crown'd your loves!

* This Masque was written to be acted at Cliffden, on the birth-day of her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta.

(The spirit of Elizabeth arises.)

Alf. Say, who is she, in whom the noble graces,
The' engaging manner, dignity, and ease,
Are join'd with manly sense and resolution?

Her. The great Eliza. She, amid a world
That threatening swells in high commotion round her;
Each dangerous state her unrelenting foe,
And chief a proud enormous empire stretch'd
O'er half mankind; with not one friendly power,
But what her kind creating hand shall raise
From out the marshes of the branching Rhine;
And mined, at home, her ever-tottering throne
By restless bigots, who, beneath the mask
Of mild religion, are to every crime
Set loose,—the faithless sons of barbarous Zeal:
Yet she shall crown this happy isle with peace,
With arts, with riches, grandeur, and renown;
And quell, by turns, the madness of her foes.
As when the winds from different quarters urge
The tempest on our shore, secure, the cliffs
Repel its idle rage, and pour it back,
In broken billows, foaming to the main.

Alf. How shall she, hermit, gain these glorious ends?

Her. By silent wisdom, whose informing power
Works unperceived; that seems in council slow;
But, when resolved, and ripe for execution,
That darts like lightning from the secret gloom:
By ever seizing the right point of view,
Her truest interest; which she firm pursues,
With steady patience, through the maze of state,
The storm of opposition, the mix'd views
And thwarting managed passions of mankind:
By healing the divisions of her people,
And sowing that fell pest among her foes:
By saving from the vermin of a court
Her treasure; which, when fair occasion calls,
She knows to lavish, in protecting arts,
In guarding nations, and in nursing states:
By calling up to power and public life
Each virtue, each ability. Yet she,
Amid the various worthies glowing round her,

Still shines the first; the central sun that wakes,
That rules, their every motion; not the slave
And passive property of her own creatures.
But the great soul that animates her reign,
That lights it to perfection, is the love,
The confidence unbounded, which her wisdom,
Her probity and justice, shall inspire
Into the public breast. Hence cordial faith,
Which nought can shake; hence unexhausted treasure;
And hence, above all mercenary force,
The hand that by the free-born heart is raised,
And guards the blended weal of prince and people.
She, too, shall raise Britannia's naval power:
Shall greatly ravish from insulting Spain
The world-commanding sceptre of the deep.

Elt. O matchless queen! O glory of her sex!
The great idea, father, fills my soul,
And bids it glow beyond a woman's passions.

(Spirit of William III. arises.)

Her. Once more, O Alfred, raise thine eyes, and mark
Who next adorns the scene,—yon laurell'd shade.
Ere yet the age that closed this female reign
Hath led around its train of circling years,
Shall Britain on the verge of ruin stand.
A monarch, lost to greatness, to renown,
The slave of dreaming monks, shall fill her throne;
Weak and aspiring; fond of lawless rule;
The lawless rule his mean ambition covets,
Unequal to acquire. Yon prince thou saw'st,
To glory tutor'd by the hand severe
Of sharp Adversity, shall Heaven upraise,
And injured nations with joint call invoke,
Their last, their only refuge. Lo! he comes:
Wide o'er the billows of the boundless deep
His navy rides triumphant; and the shores
Of shouting Albion echo with his name.
Immortal William! from before his face
Flies Superstition, flies oppressive Power,
With vile Servility, that crouch'd and kiss'd
The whip he trembled at. From this great hour
Shall Britain date her rights and laws restored,
And one *high purpose* rule her sovereign's heart,—

To scourge the pride of France, that foe profess'd
To England and to Freedom. Yet I see,
From distant climes in peaceful triumph borne,
Another king arise; his early youth
With verdant laurel crown'd, for deeds of arms
That Reason's voice approves; for courage, raised
Beyond all aid from passion, greatly calm,
Intrepidly serene! In days of peace,
Around his throne the human Virtues wait,
And fair adorn him with their mildest beams;
Good without show, above ambition great;
Wise, equal, merciful, the friend of man!
O Alfred! should thy fate, long ages hence,
In meaning scenes recall'd, exalt the joy
Of some glad festal day, before a *prince*
Sprung from that king beloved,—hear, gracious Heaven!—
Thy soft humanity, thy patriot heart,
Thy manly virtue, steady, great, resolved,
Be his supreme ambition! and, with these,
The happiness, the glory, that await
Thy better days, be shower'd upon his head!
Alf. O hermit! thou hast raised me to new life:
New hopes, new triumphs swell my bounding heart.
Her. It comes, it comes! The promised scene discloses!
Already the great work of fate begins.
The mighty wheels are turning, whence will spread,
Beyond the limits of our narrow world,
The fair dominions, Alfred, of thy sons.
Behold the warrior bright with Danish spoils!
The raven droops his wings;—and hark! the trumpet,
Exulting, speaks the rest.

SCENE IV.

(Symphony of martial music.)

ALFRED, ELTRUDA, HERMIT, EARL OF DEVON, *followed by soldiers.*

Alf. My friend return'd!
O welcome, welcome! But what happy tidings
Smile in thy cheerful countenance?
Dev. My liege,
Your troops have been successful. But to Heaven

Ascend the praise! for sure the' event exceeds
The hand of man.

Alf. How was it, noble Devon?

Dev. You know, my castle is not hence far-distant:
Thither I sped; and, in a Danish habit
The trenches passing, by a secret way,
Known to myself alone, emerged at once
Amid my joyful soldiers. There I found
A generous few, the veteran, hardy gleanings
Of many a hapless fight. They with a fierce
Heroic fire inspirited each other,
Resolved on death, disdaining to survive
Their dearest country. "If we fall," I cried,
"Let us not tamely fall like passive cowards!
No; let us live, or let us die, like men!
Come on, my friends: to Alfred we will cut
Our glorious way; or, as we nobly perish,
Will offer to the Genius of our country
Whole hecatombs of Danes." As if one soul
Had moved them all, around their heads they flash'd
Their flaming falchions. "Lead us to those Danes!
Our country! Vengeance!" was the general cry.
Straight on the careless drowsy camp we rush'd:
And, rapid as the flame devours the stubble,
Bore down the heartless Danes. With this success
Our enterprise increased. Not now contented
To hew a passage through the flying herd,
We unremitting urged a total rout.
The valiant Hubba bites the bloody field,
With twice six hundred Danes around him strow'd.

Alf. My glorious friend! this action has restored
Our sinking country. What reward can equal
A deed so great?—Is not yon pictured raven
Their famous magic standard,—emblem fit
To speak the savage genius of the people!—
That oft has scatter'd on our troops dismay
And feeble consternation?

Dev. 'T is the same.
Wrought by the sisters of the Danish king,
Of furious Ivar, in a midnight hour,
While the sick Moon, at their enchanted song,
Wrapp'd in pale tempest, labour'd through the clouds.
The demons of destruction then, they say,

Were all abroad, and mixing with the woof
Their baleful power: the sisters ever sung,
"Shake, standard, shake this ruin on our foes!"
Her. So these infernal powers with rays of truth
Still deck their fables, to delude who trust them.
Alf. But where, my noble cousin, are the rest
Of your brave troops?
Dev. On t' other side the stream
That half encloses this retreat, I left them.
Roused from the fear, with which it was congeal'd
As in a frost, the country pours amain.
The spirit of our ancestors is up,
The spirit of the free! and with a voice
That breathes success, they all demand their king.
Alf. Quick let us join them, and improve their ardour.
We cannot be too hasty to secure
The glances of occasion.

SCENE (V.) *the last.*

To them CORIN, EMMA, *kneeling to* ALFRED.

Cor. Good my liege,
Pardon the poor unequal entertainment
Which we, unknowing—
Alf. Rise, my honest shepherd.
I came to thee a peasant, not a prince:
Thy rural entertainment was sincere,
Plain, hospitable, kind; such as, I hope,
Will ever mark the manners of this nation.
You friendly lodged me, when by all deserted;
And shall have ample recompense.
Cor. One boon
Is all I crave.
Alf. Good shepherd, speak thy wish.
Cor. Permission in your wars to serve your Grace:
For though here lost in solitary shades,
A simple swain, I bear an English heart;
A heart that burns with rage to see those Danes,
Those foreign ruffians, those inhuman pirates,
Oft our inferiors proved, thus lord it o'er us.
Alf. Brave countryman, come on. 'T is such as thou—
Who from affection serve, and free-born wish,

› guard whate'er is dear and sacred to them—
ıat are a king's best honour and defence.

EMMA *sings the following*

SONG.

I.

IF those who live in shepherd's bower
Press not the rich and stately bed,
The new-mown hay and breathing flower
A softer couch beneath them spread.

II.

If those who sit at shepherd's board
Soothe not their taste by wanton art,
They take what Nature's gifts afford,
And take it with a cheerful heart.

III.

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl
No high and sparkling wines can boast,
With wholesome cups they cheer the soul,
And crown them with the village-toast.

IV.

If those who join in shepherd's sport,
Gay-dancing on the daisied ground,
Have not the splendour of a court,
Yet love adorns the merry round.

Alf. My loved Eltruda, thou shalt here remain,
ith gentle Emma and this reverend hermit.
e silver streams, that murmuring wind around
ıis dusky spot, to you I trust my all!
close around her, woods! For her, ye vales,
hrow forth your flowers, your softest lap diffuse!
And THOU whose secret and expansive hand
oves all the springs of this vast universe;
hose government astonishes; who here,
a few hours, beyond our utmost hope,

Eli. Go, pay the d
If ever woman, Alfre
More fondly than he
That heart-felt happ
I swear, that in a gl
I rather would be w
To charm thee from
So much I think th
And the bright cou

Alf.

Love, at thy voice, i
Be this my dearest
A husband worthy

Her. Behold, my
Aged and blind, hi
Yet ere you go, in
That noblest theme

When Brit
Arose fr
This was t

III.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful, from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves!"

IV.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame:
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.

"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves!"

V.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:
All thine shall be the subject main;
And every shore it circles, thine.

"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves!"

VI.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves!"

Ier. Alfred, go forth! lead on the radiant years,
thee reveal'd in vision. Lo! they rise:
! patriots, heroes, sages, crowd to birth;
d bards, to sing them in immortal verse!
e thy commerce, Britain, grasp the world:
nations serve thee; every foreign flood
jected pays its tribute to the Thames.
ther the golden South obedient pours

His sunny treasures :
Her spices, delicacies,
And thither his rough
See where, beyond th
By boldest keels unto
Shores, yet unfound,
With towering forest
These stoop to Brital
Shook to its centre, t
And there her sons,
The seeds of rising e

Britons, proceed
Awe with your na
Vain are their thr
They rule the bala

END

The
POEMS
of
AMES THOMSON

[illegible]

[illegible]

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

HAIL, mildly pleasing Solitude,
Companion of the wise and good;
But from whose holy, piercing eye
The herd of fools and villains fly!
  O, how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts!
  A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.
Now, wrapp'd in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem:
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky.
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain:
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face:
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Hertford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she,
(Her Musidora fond of thee,)
Amid the long-withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rivall'd nightingale.
  Thine is the balmy breath of Morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
And, while meridian fervours beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat:
But chief, when evening-scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,

Thine i
And th
Dese
The vir
Plain I
Before
Religio
And ch
About
And m
O le
And is
Perhap
When
I just
Where
Think
Then

A PARAPHR
SIXTH

When my b
And o'er my e
While all my
O let me liste
Raptures deep
And thus He
"Think not,
Is spread at o
Think not, wh
While on the
'What farther
And what sha
Say, does not
And the fair b
"Behold, a
See the light
To them nor
Nought but th
Yet your kind
On the least, w

m they sing, when Spring renews the plain;
m they cry, in Winter's pinching reign;
; their music, nor their plaint, in vain:
ars the gay, and the distressful, call,
vith unsparing bounty fills them all.
bserve the rising lily's snowy grace,
re the various vegetable race:
neither toil nor spin, but careless grow;
e how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
regal vestments can with them compare?
king so shining? or what queen so fair?
ceaseless thus the fowls of heaven He feeds,
the fields such lucid robes He spreads;
Ie not care for you, ye faithless? say!
unwise? or are ye less than they?"

SONGS.

I.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
  Yet dares not tell his trembling pain
But to the sympathetic groves,
  But to the lonely listening plain.

O, when she blesses next your shade;
  O, when her footsteps next are seen
In flowery tracts along the mead,
  In fresher mazes o'er the green;

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
  To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
  And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

O tell her what she cannot blame,
  Though fear my tongue must ever bind;
O tell her that my virtuous flame
  Is as her spotless soul refined.

Not her own guardian-angel eyes
  With chaster tenderness his care;
Not purer her own wishes rise,
  Not holier her own sighs in prayer.

But if, at first
Should sta
With that of
True Love

One day the
On mischi
"Why not d
Not own

The shepher
And, soft
"'T is true,
But shall

"The slave
Your bon
But when h
You drag

Unless wit
In vain
Unless to d
In vain

Awaken'd
In vain
In vain the
Without

For ever,
An unrele
And, when
Come in b

* This song was one
verse was omitted in
substituted for it, wh
Earl of Buchan was
variations occur.—Ed

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish and wish the soul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the *life* of life is gone?

But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude;

For pomp, and noise, and senseless show,
To make us Nature's joys forego,
Beneath a gay dominion groan,
And put the golden fetter on.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care:
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

V.—TO MYRA.*

O THOU, whose tender serious eyes
Expressive speak the mind I love;
The gentle azure of the skies,
The pensive shadows of the grove:

O mix their beauteous beams with mine,
And let us interchange our hearts;
Let all their sweetness on me shine,
Pour'd through my soul be all their darts.

In these verses Myra is not "the fictitious name of a lady once too known," as Dr. Johnson has described that Mira who "accom- d Thomson's *Winter* with poetic praises;" but was evidently in- d for Miss Young, whom the poet has celebrated in various parts s writings as the Amanda of his affections. This song forms the lusion of a charming letter which he addressed, on Christmas-day, to her sister, Mrs. Robertson, who was then at Bath with Amanda Miss Berry; and in which he gives this account of its origin:—"I I once engaged myself, while walking in Kew-lane, to write two or songs. The following is one of them, which I have stolen from the of Solomon; from that beautiful expression of Love: 'Turn away eyes from me, for they have overcome me.'" (Canticles vi. 5.)—

Ah! 't is too
At once so
In pity then,
O turn the

But what av
One charm
Their lustre
And let m

V

Come, dear
And to th
Behold! the
A gentle

The birds a
Earth spr
'T is joy and
'T is love

Come, let u
How pee
Till Philom
And perf

E'en so thy
As life's
And, openi
Thy beau

* This song was a co
Sir N. H. Nicolas's edi
free version of a beautif
ten at the same time a
one, and come away!
gone; the flowers appe
is come, and the voice
putteth forth her green
good smell. Arise, my
ii. 10—13.)—Edit.

VII.

Come, gentle god of soft desire!
  Come and possess my happy breast;
Not, fury-like, in flames and fire,
  In rapture, rage, and nonsense drest.

These are the vain disguise of love,
  And or bespeak dissembled pains,
Or else a fleeting fever prove,
  The frantic passion of the veins.*

But come in Friendship's angel-guise:
  Yet dearer thou than Friendship art;
More tender spirit in thine eyes,
  More sweet emotions at thy heart.

O come! with Goodness in thy train;
  With peace and transport, void of storm:
And wouldst thou me for ever gain,
  Put on Amanda's winning form.

VIII.†

Sweet tyrant Love, but hear me now,
  And cure while young this pleasing smart!
Or rather aid my trembling vow,
  And teach me to reveal my heart!

Tell her, whose goodness is my bane,
  Whose looks have smiled my peace away,
O! whisper how she gives me pain,
  Whilst undesigning, frank, and gay.

n some manuscript copies the second verse is omitted, and the ne of the first verse has this slight alteration:—"Or frantic folly's ess drest."—Edit.

'his, as well as the perfect copy of the seventh song, is transcribed Hone's "Table Book," vol. ii. p. 300. They were communicated at publication by a literary gentleman, that had in his possession utograph papers of Ogle, who attempted a modern versification of of Chaucer's poems, and was the author of a work on the Gems of ncients. Among these papers he found, in Thomson's hand-writing, ongs, (this and the preceding one,) which bear upon them every of verisimilitude, the genuine impress of the poet's style and er.—Edit.

'Tis not for
For what
'Tis not a
But 'tis

For that I
For that
O! sigh it,
And mak

VERSES

Ah, cupid too h
Why did I trust m
And then, why di
If not resolved to
Yes, yes: you smil
You must have sw
And when your gl
How my fond soul
But mark me, fair
Thy deep attentio
It is no common
I must be writhin
My woes all other
Or, pitying, give

WITH

Assure, l
To tender
But with
O take to
If Fancy
And if a
You fairer
And all t

* These verses to M
Thomson's death, by
who appended to them
found in different copi
This is from the origi

VERSES TO AMANDA.

IN IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

Huc ades, et teneræ morbos expelle puellæ,
Huc ades, intonsa Phœbe superbe comâ, &c.
TIBULLI *Carmina*, lib. iv. carm. iv.

m, healing God, Apollo, come and aid,
l by the tears of love, my tender maid!
ore let sickness dim those radiant eyes
a never know to cheat or to disguise.
my verse has pleased thy listening ear,
w be friendly, now propitious hear!
every virtuous herb, each root and flower,
dling juice, and salutary power.
is the task :—To touch a hand so fair,
e physician, will repay thy care.
tears are fled : the God my suit approves :
n't be wretched who sincerely loves.
cting Heaven, with more than common care,
s on his hopes, and guards him from despair.
se from the pillow, raise thy languid head,
forth, my love, and quit thy sickly bed!
forth, my love! for thee the balmy Spring
nes every sweet; for thee the Zephyrs bring
healing gales; for thee the Graces lead
miling hours, and paint the flowery mead.
ature, drooping long beneath the reign
ary Winter, now revives again;
ll her beauties out, and charms us more
what we suffer'd in their loss before;
m thy tedious illness shalt thou rise
sweetly fair; and in those languid eyes
ded cheeks, returning health shall place
her bloom, and more attractive grace.
shall my bounding heart forget its woe,
hink it never more a pain can know;
shall my Muse thy charms more gaily sing,
ail thee as the nightingale the Spring.*

m PHILLIMORE'S "Memoirs and Correspondence of George
yttelton," vol. i. p. 310.

VERSES ON RECI

MADAM, the flower
Ere I came home, ha
As flowers deprived o
Its sprightly bloom d
"Dear, fading flower
"The reason that yo
You want the influe
Your case is mine :—
With heavy pace ma
It of my being is an
And hinders me my
Your cheering prese
And new-sprung life

TELL me,
Ah! te
To what
Appoin

Or dost t
And so
Where, v
Can no

O! if tho
While,
I to thy
And e

Should t
Beside
In slumb
O visit

II.—TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

While secret-leaguing nations frown around,
  Ready to pour the long-expected storm;
While she, who wont the restless Gaul to bound,
  Britannia, drooping, grows an empty form;
While on our vitals selfish parties prey,
And deep corruption eats our soul away:

Yet in the Goddess of the Main appears
  A gleam of joy, gay-flushing every grace,
As she the cordial voice of millions hears,
  Rejoicing, zealous, o'er thy rising race:
Straight her rekindling eyes resume their fire,
The Virtues smile, the Muses tune the lyre.

But more enchanting than the Muses' song,
  United Britons thy dear offspring hail:
The city triumphs through her glowing throng,
  The shepherd tells his transport to the dale;
The sons of roughest toil forget their pain,
And the glad sailor cheers the midnight main.

Can aught from fair Augusta's gentle blood,
  And thine, thou friend of liberty, be born;
Can aught save what is lovely, generous, good,
  What will at once defend us and adorn?
From thence prophetic Joy new Edwards eyes,
New Henries, Annas, and Elizas rise.

May Fate my fond devoted days extend,
  To sing the promised glories of thy reign!
What, though, by years depress'd, my Muse might bend?
  My heart will teach her still a nobler strain.
How, with recover'd Britain, will she soar,
When France insults, and Spain shall rob, no more!

III.—TO SERAPHINA.

The wanton's charms, however bright,
Are like the false, illusive light,
Whose flattering, unauspicious blaze
To precipices oft betrays:

But that sweet
Which clears th
Is like the sacre
Who pours a lo
Wide o'er the d
Conducting the
A vicious lov
'T is anguish, g
But Seraphina's
A mild and gra
Such as in visio
Around the he
To love thee, S
Is to be tender,
'T is from low
And woo brigh
'T is ecstasy wi
And heaven in

IV.—O

ÆTHEREAL race, inhabi
Who hymn your Go
Ye unseen beings, to n
And raise majestic s

Those tender notes, ho
With what soft woe
Sure, from the hand o
Who died for love, t

But, hark! that strain
On the deep strings
Or he, the sacred bard,
In the drear waste, a

Such was the song whi
When by Euphrates'
And to such sadly-sole
Angelic harps, to so

* "Æolus's Harp" is a
wind, invented by Mr. Oswa
Castle of Indolence," canto
† Jeremiah.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir
  Through heaven's high dome their awful anthem raise;
Now chanting clear; and now they all conspire
  To swell the lofty hymn from praise to praise.

Let me, ye wandering spirits of the wind,
  Who, as wild Fancy prompts you, touch the string,
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd;
  For, till you cease, my Muse forgets to sing.

V.—TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O Nightingale, best poet of the grove,
  That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,
Bless'd in the full possession of thy love:
  O lend that strain, sweet Nightingale, to me!

'T is mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate:
  I love a maid who all my bosom charms,
Yet lose my days without this lovely mate;
  Inhuman Fortune keeps her from my arms.

You, happy birds! by Nature's simple laws
  Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by Nature's fare;
You dwell wherever roving Fancy draws,
  And love and song is all your pleasing care:

But we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,
  Dare not be bless'd, lest envious tongues should blame;
And hence in vain I languish for my bride:
  O mourn with me, sweet bird, my hapless flame!

VI.—ON MRS. MENDEZ' BIRTH-DAY,

WHO WAS BORN ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

Thine is the gentle day of love,
  When youths and virgins try their fate;
When, deep retiring to the grove,
  Each feather'd songster weds his mate.

With temper'd beams the skies are bright,
  Earth decks in smiles her pleasing face;
Such is the day that gave thee light,
  And speaks, as such, thy every grace.

[illegible]

hose valleys smile, whose gardens breathe the Spring,
hose carved mountains bleat, and forests sing;
or whom the cooling shade in Summer twines,
hile his full cellars give their generous wines;
om whose wide fields unbounded Autumn pours
golden tide into his swelling stores;
hose Winter laughs; for whom the liberal gales
retch the big sheet, and toiling Commerce sails;
hom yielding crowds attend, and Pleasure serves;
hile youth, and health, and vigour string his nerves:—
ven not all these, in one rich lot combined,
an make the happy man, without the mind;
here Judgment sits clear-sighted, and surveys
he chain of reason with unerring gaze;
here Fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes
er fairer scenes and bolder figures rise;
here social Love exerts her soft command,
nd lays the passions with a tender hand;
hence every virtue flows, in rival strife,
nd all the moral harmony of life.
Nor canst thou, Dodington, this truth decline:
hine is the fortune, and the mind is thine.

EPITAPH ON MISS STANLEY,

IN HOLYROOD CHURCH, SOUTHAMPTON.

E. S.

ONCE a lively image of human nature,
Such as God made it
When he pronounced every work of his to be good.

TO THE MEMORY OF ELIZABETH STANLEY,
Daughter of George and Sarah Stanley;
Who to all the beauty, modesty,
And gentleness of nature,
That ever adorned the most amiable woman,
Joined all the fortitude, elevation,
And vigour of mind,
That ever exalted the most heroical man;
Who, having lived the pride and delight of her parents,
The joy, the consolation, and pattern of her friends,

A mistress not o
But in a high degree
Withou
At t
After a tedio
Which
And a
She endured so c
To all pain and su
Gave up her
And left to her m
The memory of he
Virtues which
Were al
And m
Except by those wh

Here, Stanley, res
Above the joys, beyo
Fierce pangs no mor
And sternly try thee
No more sweet patie
Lights thy sick eye,
With tender art, to
No more thy bosom
Now well-earn'd pea
Ours be the lenient,
O born to bloom,
To show us Virtue i
To show us artless R
What boastful Scien
The' obedient Passio
Calm light the head,
Yes, we must foll
When a few suns ha
Tired with vain life,
'T is the great birth

* Miss Stanley was t
allusion to her death is o
sons." Its conclusion is

"Believe the Muse
Kills not the buds
Beneath the heav
Through endless

ass'd be the bark that wafts us to the shore,
here death-divided friends shall part no more!
join thee there,—here with thy dust repose,—
all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.

ON THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT IN THE COLLECTION OF THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Ye fabled Muses, I your aid disclaim,
our airy raptures and your fancied flame:
rue genuine woe my throbbing breast inspires,
ove prompts my lays, and filial duty fires;
y soul springs instant at the warm design,
nd the heart dictates every flowing line.
See where the kindest, best of mothers lies,
nd Death has closed her ever-watching eyes;
las lodged at last in peace her weary breast,
nd lull'd her many piercing cares to rest!
o more the orphan train around her stands,
hile her full heart upbraids her needy hands.
o more the widow's lonely fate she feels,
he shock severe that modest want conceals,
he' oppressor's scourge, the scorn of wealthy pride,
nd poverty's unnumber'd ills beside.
or, see! attended by the' angelic throng,
hrough yonder worlds of light she glides along,
nd claims the well-earn'd raptures of the sky:
'et fond concern recalls the mother's eye;
he seeks the helpless orphans left behind,—
o hardly left! so bitterly resign'd!
Still, still is she my soul's divinest* theme,
he waking vision, and the wailing dream:
mid the ruddy sun's enlivening blaze
Yer my dark eyes her dewy image plays;
nd in the dread dominion of the night
Shines out again the sadly-pleasing sight.
Triumphant virtue all around her darts,
And more than volumes every look imparts,—
ooks soft, yet awful; melting, yet serene;
There both the mother and the saint are seen.

* Instead of *divinest*, Nicolas's edition has *diurnal*.—EDIT.

But ah! that nigh
May Darkness dye it
May Joy on it forsak
And streaming* Sor
When on the margin
Chill'd with a sad pr
Took the last look, t
And mix'd our murm
Heard the last word
Then, wild, into the
Which soon, too soo
Dearer than life, an
Why was I then, ye
Nor sunk that mom
Devour'd at once by
And whelm'd for ev
Down, ye wild wi
I see her with imm
The early wrinkle,
Her tears all wiped
The' exalting voice
To soothe her soul
I see her through t
And now she meet
Heart-cheering sig
By the dark gloom
Come, then, of rea
And let me trust t
Who from the nigh
The poor man's Po

ON THE

O, could I draw,
Just as the living
Of Raphael's figur
Nor Titian's colou
A mind in wisd
From fervent truth
Where all was real
Worth above show

* Instead of *streami*
† On the shore of L

r'd round and round, as lucid diamonds throw,
as you turn them, a revolving glow,
id his mind reflect with secret ray,
arious virtues, Heaven's internal day;
ther in high discourse it soar'd sublime,
sprang impatient o'er the bounds of Time,
wandering nature through with raptured eye,
red the Hand that turn'd yon azure sky:
ther to social life he bent his thought,
the right poise of mingling passions sought,
converse bless'd; or in the thoughtful grove
the heart open every source of love:
varying lights still set before your eyes
just, the good, the social, or the wise.
or such a death who can, who would, refuse
friend a tear, a verse the mournful Muse?
pay we just acknowledgment to Heaven,
ugh snatch'd so soon, that Aikman e'er was given.
friend, when dead, is but removed from sight,
in the lustre of eternal light:
with the mind he wonted converse keeps
he lone walk; or, when the body sleeps,
in a wandering ray, and, all elate,
gs and attracts her to another state;
l, when the parting storms of life are o'er,
yet rejoin him in a happier shore.
s those we love decay, we die in part,
ng after string is sever'd from the heart;
loosen'd life at last, but breathing clay,
hout one pang, is glad to fall away.
nappy he who latest feels the blow,
ose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
gg'd lingering on from partial death to death,
, dying, all he can resign is breath.*

In the early editions of Thomson's collected Works, the last eight only were inserted. In this abbreviated form they were published ord Lyttelton in 1750; and were retained in Murdoch's edition of and in those which rapidly succeeded. Neither of these accomed editors seems to have been aware of the existence of the com- copy. The other thirty-four lines, transcribed from the original uscript in the possession of the Earl of Buchan, were first published is Lordship in 1792.—EDIT.

Wi
Whos
Wi

A fr
Ha

IN THE REF
To B

THE INCOMPARABLE SOPORIFIC DOCTOR.*

Sweet sleeky Doctor! dear pacific soul!
Lay at the beef, and suck the vital bowl!
Still let the' involving smoke around thee fly,
And broad-look'd dulness settle in thine eye.
Ah! soft in down these dainty limbs repose,
And in the very lap of slumber doze.
But chiefly on the lazy day of grace
Call forth the lambent glories of thy face,
If aught the thoughts of dinner can prevail;
And, sure, the Sunday's dinner cannot fail.
To the thin church in sleepy pomp proceed,
And lean on the lethargic book thy head.
These eyes wipe often with the hallow'd lawn,
Profoundly nod, immeasurably yawn.
Now let the prayers by thy meek lips be sung,
Nor let thy thoughts be distanced by thy tongue;
If e'er the lingerers are within a call,
Or if on prayers thou deign'st to think at all.

* These burlesque verses are said to have been addressed to the Rev. Patrick Murdoch, on his entering into holy orders in the Church of England. They embody the current opinion of those who resided on the northern side of the Tweed; where it was then more generally believed than it is now, that every one who was so happy as to enter on parochial duties in one of the well-endowed livings of the English episcopal church, immediately became a fat and pampered incumbent, slept in a bed of down, read the Liturgy like a drone, preached in lawn sleeves, and put all his hearers into a sound sleep. From the jocular expressions in his "Castle of Indolence" (stanza lxix.) respecting the "little, round, fat, oily man of God," and the ludicrous picture of him in the following note as looking well "in his gown and cassock," it has been inferred that these verses were presented to that excellent man when he first entertained thoughts of becoming a deacon in the English church, as a piece of innocent satire; and that they conveyed an ironical description of a *genus*, not, in this instance, of a *species*. The date indeed renders it improbable that they were specially intended for him, as they were written and published in 1729, at least ten years before Thomson's letter, which describes him as being then (1738) about to dress himself for the first time in his canonicals. Yet he must have been some time a curate, before he could have been made a rector.

These verses were inserted by Thomson in the quarto edition of his Works in 1730; but were omitted by him in the octavo edition of 1738. In that of Lord Lyttelton, also, in 1750, they found no place; and, in their stead, the subjoined verses, so highly complimentary to Murdoch, and personally inscribed to him, were substituted.—Edit.

Yet—only yet—the
But when, serene, the
Through every joint a
And round you the co
So when an ass with s
The horses start, and
But, soon as e'er the a
The fields all thunder

TO THE

RECTOR OF STRADI

THUS safely low, m
Here reigns a deep tr
No noise, no care, no
Men, woods, and fiel
Then keep each passi
Trust me, the tender
Guard, while 't is thi
And ask no joy but t
That bids defiance to
High bliss is only fo

* These lines were wr
living; most likely when
A few months previously
tioned the circumstance
of his rectory in the co
here two or three days ag
to-be. He is to be parso
sock will become him! a
females! There is no do
to enter upon a tolerabl
himself. It rejoices me t
at least to an independen
early friend are repeated
It was addressed to thei
"Peter Murdoch is in t
good hope of another li
where he will then burr
country of *tranquillity*."
these verses: "Here rel
These verses, first publ
brated quarto edition of
those "On the incompar

A POEM TO THE MEMORY OF MR. CONGREVE:

INSCRIBED TO HER GRACE, HENRIETTA, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE author of the following poem, not having had the happiness of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Congreve, is sensible that he has drawn his private character very imperfectly. This all his friends will readily discover; and therefore if any one of them had thought fit to do justice to those amiable qualifications which made him the love and admiration of all who knew him, these verses had never seen the light.

THIS poem was published in 1729, without the name of the author. It was reprinted in 1843, "for the Percy Society, with a Preface and Notes by Peter Cunningham, Esq."

This passionate admirer of the author of *the Seasons* informs his readers, that the poem was pointed out to him by the late Rev. H. F. Carey, the gifted translator of Dante, "who assigned it to Thomson, from the characteristic impress which it bears to the acknowledged productions of that delightful poet. Millan was at this time Thomson's publisher. *Winter* and *Summer*, the *Poem to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton*, and *Britannia*, were all, like *this on Congreve*, 'printed for J. MILLAN, at his shop near the Horse Guards.' Nay, more; these several poems by Thomson are advertised among Millan's books, and at the head of his list at the end of this very publication. These are facts of importance in assigning the authorship of this poem to Thomson: separately, indeed, they are of little value; collectively, as I think, conclusive."—CUNNINGHAM'S Preface.

From internal evidence the ascription of the authorship to Thomson seems to be correct; and a diligent critic would find no difficulty in identifying several of the sentiments and epithets in these verses with others of remarkable affinity in "the Seasons."

This attempt to ingratiate himself, by gross adulation, into the good opinion of the young and profligate Duchess of Marlborough, whose disgraceful connexion with Congreve was in those days no secret, may be traced to the state of his finances, at that time wofully low, and to his intimacy with Mallet; who himself ultimately succeeded, under the guise of promised literary services which were never performed, in abstracting from the thrifty Duchess dowager some of the wealth which she had contrived to amass. Much allowance, however, must be made for Thomson in the untoward condition in which he then found himself, and of which he was painfully conscious, as the following lines will testify:—

> "*No more to please,*
> Borne by the torrent down, *a sensual age.*
> Pardon, loved shade, that I, with friendly blame,
> Slight-note thy error; not to wrong thy worth,
> Or shade thy memory, far from my soul

o choose each better grace, unseen
· eyes; wild delicacy free;
abour'd, happy; and though strong, refined. 30
t, severely cool, o'erlook'd his toil,
ient, finish'd all; each fair design,
edom regular, correctly great,
·'s skilful daring. Closely wrought
ning fable, with deep art perplex'd, 35
iking ease unravell'd: no thin plot,
ough at once and scorn'd, or ill-conceal'd
w'd aids of mimicry and farce.
acters strong-featured, equal, just,
er Nature drawn; and all the Mind 40
all her mazes traced,—each darker vice
ling folly, under each disguise,
r sex assumed, of studied ease,
endship, loose severity, vain wit,
kness, shallow depth, or coward rage. 45
hole Muse possess'd, his piercing eye
l each richer vein of genuine mirth,
or wit; where differing, where agreed;
nterfeited, or by Folly's grin,
tation's air; and what their force 50
e, to move, to shake the ravish'd scene
ighter unreproved. To him the soul,
r higher workings, too, was known:
ssions tumult there; whence their prompt spring,
dden flood of rage, and gradual fall; 55
motion! source supreme of bliss
o man; our heaven or hell below!
was his *public* name: nor less allow'd
vate worth; by Nature made for praise:—
ng form; a soul sincere and clear, 60
ll the human graces mix'd their charms,
ndour, easy goodness, open truth,
eous all; where strength and beauty join'd
t indulgent, humble in the height
d honours, and, but rarely found, 65
ealous friend of every rival worth.
for social life; each talent his
each heart, the charm of happy ease,
rth, gay learning, ever-smiling wit,
ndear'd, a pleasure without pain; 70

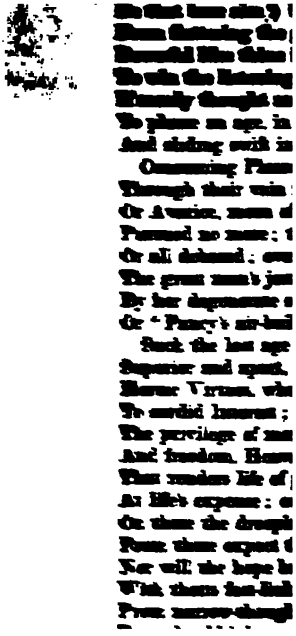
Obliged, ungrateful
Poor, vicious, old :
New manner Cenus,
Courts poor applaus

* In the severe chara
thought to have intende
that of Cenus was me
Pope enables us easily
former of these gentlem
our post, which for som
furnishes strong ground
plicity, and possessed a
this strong philippic. B
displayed itself, about t
the renewal of his epistol
to whom, dated Dec. 18
tions in behalf of Aspu
town have been rather h
of old Demis." Our p
aid the benevolent inten
who had tendered to the
casion. The proceeds,
last days comfortable ;
his death, the following
are honourable both to t

TO MR. THOMSON, ON

While I re
Thy various S
Sparse in thy
And, like thy

And scorn of serious thought; to mischief prompt,
Though impotent to wound; profuse of wealth,
Yet friendless and unloved; vain, fluttering, false;
A vacant head and an ungenerous heart! 85
  But, slighting these ignobler names, the Muse
Pursues her favourite son, and sees him now,
From this dim spot enlarged, triumphant soar
Beyond the walk of time to better worlds,
Where all is new, all wondrous, and all bless'd! 90
  What art thou, Death? by mankind poorly fear'd,
Yet period of their ills! On thy near shore
Trembling they stand, and see, through dreaded mists,
The' eternal port, irresolute to leave
This various misery, these air-fed dreams, 95
Which men call *life* and *fame*. Mistaken minds!
'T is reason's prime aspiring, greatly just;
'T is happiness supreme, to venture forth
In quest of nobler worlds; to try the deeps
Of dark futurity, with Heaven our guide, 100
The' unerring Hand that led us safe through time;
That planted in the soul this powerful hope,
This infinite ambition of new life,
And endless joys, still rising, ever new.
  These Congreve tastes, safe on the' ethereal coast, 105
Join'd to the numberless, immortal choir
Of spirits bless'd. High-seated among these,
He sees the public Fathers of mankind,
The greatly good, those universal minds
Who drew the sword, or plann'd the holy scheme, 110
For liberty and right; to check the rage
Of blood-stain'd tyranny, and save a world.
Such, high-born Marlborough, be thy sire divine
With wonder named: fair Freedom's champion he,
By Heaven approved, a conqueror without guilt; 115
And such, on earth his friend, and join'd on high
By deathless love, Godolphin's patriot worth;
Just to his country's fame, yet of her wealth
With honour frugal; above interest great.
Hail, men immortal! Social Virtues, hail! 120
First heirs of praise! —But I, with weak essay,
Wrong the superior theme; while heavenly choirs,
In strains high-warbled to celestial harps,
Resound your names; and Congreve's added voice



JUVENILE POETRY.

Under this title I have selected, from Thomson's youthful productions, those only which may serve to prove the early impulse and tendency of his mind to the contemplation and poetic description of the works of God, the acts and effects of Creative Wisdom, and the admirable arrangements of Divine Providence. I have placed them in the order in which they are supposed to have been written,—from the tenth year of his age to the sixteenth.—Edit.

LINES ON MARLEFIELD,

THE SEAT OF SIR WILLIAM BENNETT, OF GRUBIT, BARONET.

What is the task that to the Muse belongs?
What but to deck in her harmonious songs
The beauteous works of nature and of art,
Rural retreats that cheer the heavy heart?
Then Marléfield begin, my Muse, and sing;
With Marléfield the hills and vales shall ring.
O! what delight and pleasure 't is to rove
Through all the walks and alleys of this grove,
Where spreading trees a chequer'd scene display,
Partly admitting and excluding day:
Where cheerful green and odorous sweets conspire
The drooping soul with pleasure to inspire;
Where little birds employ their narrow throats
To sing its praises in unlabour'd notes.
To it adjoin'd a rising fabric stands,
Which with its state our silent awe commands.
Its endless beauties mock the poet's pen;
So to the garden I'll return again.
Pomona makes the trees with fruit abound,
And blushing Flora paints the' enamell'd ground.
Here lavish Nature does her stores disclose,
Flowers of all hue, their queen the bashful rose:
With their sweet breath the ambient air's perfumed,
Nor is thereby their fragrant store consumed.
O'er the fair landscape sportive Zephyrs scud,
And by kind force display the infant bud.
The vegetable kind here rear their head,
By kindly showers and Heaven's indulgence fed.
Of fabled nymphs such were the sacred haunts,
But real nymphs this charming dwelling vaunts.

Now to the green-hou
To shun the heat of Sol'
Immortal authors grace
Of ancient times, and of
Here would my praises
But it, alas! descriptio
O may this sweet, this
Remain the charge of t

LIZZY'S* PA

The dreadful hour w
Lash'd fiercely on by u
When Lizzy and her b
For now, to school and
She 's banish'd from h
And all the pleasing i
With her gray comrad
Her tender moments,
Glow'd with ambition
Or lay dissolved in Sl
And from their dewy
Shed on their friends
But see where mou
With outstretch'd tail
On melting Lizzy, in
Stood tremulous, and
If Nature had not tie
"Unkind, O! who s
With flesh, with brea
Regale my taste? and
Ah, who shall bask n
Who shall invite me
The bed-clothes o'er
When Eurus roars?
Soft shall I purr? B
What is the dull offic
I loathe the thoughts
While Lizzy felt, by

* Elizabeth, Thomson'
Mr. Bell, and mother of
stream.—Edit.

These anxious thoughts that in her mind revolved,
And, casting on her a desponding look,
She snatch'd her in her arms with eager grief,
And, mewing, thus began :—" O Cat beloved!
Thou dear companion of my tender years!
Joy of my youth! that oft hast lick'd my hands
With velvet tongue ne'er stain'd by mouse's blood!
O gentle Cat! how shall I part with thee?
How dead and heavy will the moments pass
When you are not in my delighted eye,
With Cubi playing, or your flying tail!
How harshly will the softest muslin feel,
And all the silk of schools, while I no more
Have your sleek skin to soothe my soften'd sense?
How shall I eat while you are not beside
To share the bit? How shall I ever sleep
While I no more your lulling murmurs hear?
Yet we must part: so rigid Fate decrees!
But never shall your loved idea, dear,
Part from my soul; and when I first can mark
The' embroider'd figure on the snowy lawn,
Your image shall my needle keen employ.
Hark! now I 'm call'd away! O direful sound!
I come, I come! but first I charge you all,—
You—you—and you, particularly you,
O, Mary, Mary,—feed her with the best,
Repose her nightly in the warmest couch;
And be a Lizzy to her!"—Having said,
She set her down, and, with her head across,
Rush'd to the evil which she could not shun,
While a sad mew went knelling to her heart!

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM CIV.

To praise thy Author, soul, do not forget!
Canst thou, in gratitude, deny the debt?
Lord, thou art great, how great we cannot know;
Honour and majesty do round thee flow.
The purest rays of primogenial light
Compose thy robes, and make them dazzling bright;
The heavens and all the wide-spread orbs on high
Are like a curtain stretch'd of curious dye;

On the devouring flood
Established; a lofty cle
Which quick through t
On swift-wing'd winds,
Of spiritual substance
Active and bright, pier
Thou 'st firmly founded
"Stand fast for aye," t
The swelling flood t
And cover'dst it with t
Then hills and vales di
But levell'd nature lay
With speed they, at th
Shrinked within the li
Through secret tracts
And rocky caverns fru
Which sweetly throug
Till 't is devoured by t
The feeble sands thou
Its foaming waves sha
Again to triumph ove
Between the hills, g
Soft warbling rills the
By Him appointed ful
When the hot dog-sta
The raging thirst of e
Of the wild ass that r
The feather'd nation,
In lowly brambles or i
By Nature taught, on
That with inimitable
They for the shade an
With natural music c
He doth the clouds
Which on the shrivell
And Nature's lap with
"The giver, God!" al
With freshest green H
Thereon the grazing
With vital juice he m
herbs securely sp
man may be sust
the tit-pr

th a plenteous harvest does at last
e memory of labours past;
m the product of the generous vine,
ıy oil that makes his face to shine:
.is granaries with a loaden crop,
he bare barren winter his great prop.
es of God with kindly sap do swell,
rs tall in Lebanon that dwell,
ose lofty tops the birds erect
ts, as careful Nature does direct.
neck'd storks unto the fir-trees fly,
their crackling cries disturb the sky.
uented hills wild goats resort,
leak rocks the nimble conies sport.
anging moon He clad with silver light,
the black dominion of the night:
ough the skies in silent state she rides,
.er rounds the fleeting time divides.
ing sun doth in due time decline,
shades the murmuring world resign.
ight thou makest succeed the cheerful day,
rest beasts from their lone caves survey:
se themselves, creep out, and search their prey.
ngry lions from their dens come out,
l on blood, stalk fearfully about:
ak night's silence with their hideous roar,
ı kind Heaven their nightly prey implore.
ie lark begins to stretch her wing,
cering on her nest, makes short essays to sing,
sweet dawn, with a faint glimmering light,
he face of nature to the sight,
lark dens they take their hasty flight.
the husbandman,—for with the sun
ıis pleasant course of labours run;
th content in the cool eve returns,
sweet toils until the morn adjourns.
ıany are thy wondrous works, O Lord!
hy wisdom solid proofs afford:
y boundless goodness thou didst fill,
ıes and delights, both vale and hill;
broad ocean, wherein do abide
that flounce upon the boiling tide,
ms of lesser beasts and fish beside.

Thou beautifully c
And scatter'st plea
Thy vital Spirit m
The face of nature

God's awful glor
To vast eternity it
When he surveys h
He doth rejoice, an
His look the earth
A touch of his to s
I 'll to God's honou
And when I cease t
Upon the Lord, a s
My meditation 's sw
Let daring sinners
May they no more
My soul and all my
And the whole rac

The hoop, the da
Of every generous s
It is unmanly to de
'T would urge a sto
To hear staunch hy

As when the hoop and tartan both combine
To make a virgin like a goddess shine.
Let Quakers cut their clothes unto the quick,
And with severities themselves afflict;
But may the hoop adorn Edina's street,
Till the south pole shall with the northern meet.

FRAGMENT OF A POEM

ON THE WORKS AND WONDERS OF ALMIGHTY POWER.

THIS is part of a Poem which Thomson gave to Aaron Hill, and which the latter inserted in the 46th number of "The Plain-Dealer," with the subjoined introduction:—

"A society of young gentlemen, most (if not all) of them students in the University of Edinburgh, from a sympathy of affections, founded on a similitude of parts and genius, have united themselves into a body, under the title of THE GROTESQUE CLUB. Their business (to express it in the words of one of their own members) is, *a friendship that knows no strife, but that of a generous emulation to excel in virtue, learning, and politeness.*

"To how surprising a degree these fine spirits have succeeded in their noble end, let the following sentiments declare; conceived and expressed with all the clearness, depth, and strength of an experienced philosopher, by a member of this GROTESQUE CLUB, who was *in his fourteenth year only* when he composed, in blank verse, a Poem now in my hands; and founded on a supposition of the author's sitting a whole Summer-night in a garden, looking upward, and quite losing himself in contemplation on the works and wonders of Almighty Power. If this was a subject naturally above the capacity of so very a boy, to what a degree does it increase our wonder, when we find it treated in this masterly manner!"—EDIT.

Now I survey'd my native faculties,
And traced my actions to their teeming source.
Now I explored the universal frame;
Gazed nature through, and with interior light
Conversed with angels and unbodied saints,
That tread the courts of the Eternal King!
Gladly I would declare, in lofty strains,
The power of Godhead to the sons of men.
But thought is lost in its immensity;
Imagination wastes its strength in vain;
And fancy tires, and turns within itself,
Struck with the amazing depths of Deity!
Ah my loved God! in vain a tender youth,

Unskill'd in arts of deep
Attempts to search the
To trace the rules of mo
The phantom Time, too
Yet may I, from thy mo
Form some idea of their
And celebrate thy prais

How can I gaze upon
And view the planets r
Yet be an atheist! Ca
And think of others far
Yet want conviction of
What but a Being of in
Could, through unboun
Such numerous bodies,
The undesigning hand
Could never fill, with g
That lofty concave!

Where shall I trace
What seats assign the
That, unconfined, thro
Here could I lie in hol
And pass with pleasur
But 't is too much for
Teach me, with humbl
The mysteries I must

OF A

BY A STU

I HATE the clamour
But much admire the

* This poem, the one
"Verses on receiving a Fl
in "the Edinburgh Miscell
date of 1720; but the first
the Rev. John Mitford, mi
poetic effusions therefore m
after Thomson entered t
March, 1715; and the da
from the fifteenth year of h

Where some remains of innocence appear,
Where no rude noise insults the listening ear;
Nought but soft zephyrs whispering through the trees,
Or the still humming of the peaceful bees;
The gentle murmurs of a purling rill,
Or the unwearied chirping of the drill;
The charming harmony of warbling birds,
Or hollow lowings of the grazing herds;
The murmuring stockdoves' melancholy coo,
When they their loved mates lament or woo;
The pleasing bleating of the tender lambs,
Or the indistinct mumbling of their dams;
The musical discord of chiding hounds,
Whereto the echoing hill or rock resounds;
The rural mournful songs of love-sick swains,
Whereby they soothe their raging amorous pains;
The whistling music of the lagging plough,
Which does the strength of drooping beasts renew.
And as the country rings with pleasant sounds,
So with delightful prospects it abounds;
Through every season of the sliding year,
Unto the ravish'd sight new scenes appear.
In the sweet Spring the sun's prolific ray
Does painted flowers to the mild air display;
Then opening buds, then tender herbs are seen,
And the bare fields are all array'd in green.
In ripening Summer, the full-loaden vales
Give prospect of employment for the flails;
Each breath of wind the bearded groves makes bend,
Which seems the fatal sickle to portend.
In Autumn, that repays the labourer's pains,
Reapers sweep down the honours of the plains.
Anon black Winter, from the frozen North,
Its treasuries of snow and hail pours forth;
Then stormy winds blow through the hazy sky,
In desolation Nature seems to lie;
The unstain'd snow from the full clouds descends,
Whose sparkling lustre open eyes offends.
In maiden white the glittering fields do shine:
The bleating flocks for want of food repine.
With wither'd eyes they see all snow around,
And with their fore-feet paw and scrape the ground:

Then cheerfully do ere
The shepherds, sighing
Then pinching want t
Then huntsmen on the
Keen frost then turns
Arrests the dancing ri
How sweet and inn
And, as man's temper
You, on the banks
May in your toils ens
And nicely lead the a
Which when the nim
He at the bended ho
Then in that instant
And, when he's hook
May draw him strug
Then at fit seasons
With a sweet bait, d
The greedy pike dart
And, being struck, i
He rages, storms, an
But all, alas! his life
At other times yo
And hunt the nimbl
See, when the dog is
Out at a side she 'll
And ere he can dive
She, far before him,
She 'll shift and man
At last, outwearied h
She falls a sacrifice t
And with sad piteou
See how the hawk
And in his course o
Beats down the flutt
See how the wary
Watching the fittest
Quick as the fatal li
He gives the springi
He pours upon 't a s
And ere the noise is

* A very unco

Sometimes he spreads his hidden subtile snare,
Of which the' entangled fowl was not aware;
Through pathless wolds he doth pursue his sport,
Where nought but moor-fowl and wild beasts resort.
When the noon-sun directly darts his beams
Upon your giddy heads, with fiery gleams,
Then you may bathe yourself in cooling streams;
Or to the sweet adjoining grove retire,
Where trees with interwoven boughs conspire
To form a grateful shade;—there rural swains
Do tune their oaten reeds to rural strains;
The silent birds sit listening on the sprays,
And in soft, charming notes do imitate the lays.
There you may stretch yourself upon the grass,
And, lull'd with music, to kind slumbers pass.
No meagre cares your fancy will distract,
And in that scene no tragic fears will act;
Save the dear image of a charming she,
Nought will the object of your vision be.
Among the vicious pleasures of the town
Let empty partial Fortune on me frown!
But grant, ye Powers, that it may be my lot
To live in peace, from noisy towns remote.*

ON HAPPINESS.

Warm'd by the Summer sun's meridian ray,
As underneath a spreading oak I lay
Contemplating the mighty load of woe,
In search of bliss, that mortals undergo,

* Not having had an opportunity of consulting "the Edinburgh Miscellany," I have followed the transcript of this poem, as given by the Rev. John Mitford; which differs in many respects from that of Sir N. H. Nicolas, and especially in the last paragraph, which in his copy stands thus:—

"Away the vicious pleasures of the town;
Let empty partial fortune on me frown;
But grant, ye powers, that it may be my lot
To live in peace from noisy towns remote."

The discrepancies between the transcripts are capable of explanation, when it is recollected that one of the copies was taken from the second edition, while the other probably embodies the variations found in the Goodhugh manuscript.—Edit.

Who, while they think
Embrace a curse wrapt
I reason'd thus: "Sinc
Who in eternal love h
Hath blended with th
An appetite as fixed a
That's always eager in
And always veering ti
There is some object a
This boundless wish o

New, while my tho
(A bolder journey tha
This chief and satiati
The' attracting centre
My ears they deafen'd
His magic wand the
Bound all my senses
While mimic Fancy
Yet still, methinks, s
Ranged the ideas in

Methought I wande
Beneath a high prodi
Above the clouds wh
With utmost labour o
Who grovelling preju
And with incessant s
Where all who stood
With headlong ruin t
This mountain is thro
And, as I learned, "C
O happy me! when I
Unto my sight a boun

First, sadly I survey
Of restless men below
Who hunted trifles in
Like foolish boys, on
Pursuing butterflies w
Who can't their troub
The painted insect be
Grieves most when it
Or, should it live, with
Lest it take wing and

I saw their utmost art employ
n a false, deceitful joy,
afar conspicuously did blaze,
tance fix'd their ravish'd gaze,
hand it mock'd their fond embrace;
gain it flashed in their eyes,
they drew near, the fond illusion dies.
seen a water-dog pursue
duck within his greedy view:
s, panting, at his prey arrived,
b fooling, suddenly it dived;
g, is almost with water choked,
at all his towering hopes are mock'd:
rges, he renews his toil,
l o'er again he gets the foil.
joys beneath the conscious sun,
nes that his inspection shun,
ir pleasures in fruition fade:
o'er them throws a sullen shade.
s, we promise vaster things,
joy, than from their nature springs;
are lost, weep the apparent bliss,
at really in fruition is;
griefs are greater than our joys,
in springs from fantastic toys.
ll terrene delights of men below
nothing but a glaring show;
always were a virgin joy,
er fades, to soothe the wanton boy,
at might excuse his heedless course,
of reason for the same enforce:
Nature wisely does deny
such profuse variety;
nat is needful to us given,
cheer us in the way to heaven;
ould but the traveller delay,
clog him in his upward way.
mount all mortal pleasures saw
within a narrow compass draw;
e a nauseous circle run,
cted what he 'd often done.
n Luna darts her silver ray,
on silent earth a paler day;

From Stygian caves the
And on the margent of
Which by reflected moo
In midnight circles rang
"To-morrow," cries h
Pray, what 's to-morrow
Deluded youth, no mor
So oft deceived, no mor
Though in a constant a
Of acting well there is
Of solid satisfaction, pu
(For Virtue's pleasures
Yet hither come, climb
Your painful labour yo
From Heaven itself he
Here 's the præludium
Here you 'll behold the
And all perfections in
You 'll see that God w
From empty nothing
Made beauteous order
And every part subser
Here you 'll behold up
The God of nature ble
For such as 'gainst his
And such as bid defia
Through the dark gul
'Twixt narrow Time a
Behold the Godhead j
And vengeance pour'd
But all the tears wipe
And for their entranc
Then, sure, you will w
And to seraphic heats
Then in your eyes all
And leave of mortal b
Yourself to him you
To him, without whos
You 'll of his service
And to his praises all
You 'll celebrate his n
Which well-pleased sh

* See O

This is the greatest happiness that can
Possessed be in this short life by man.
  But darkly here the Godhead we survey,
Confined and cramped in this cage of clay.
What cruel band is this, to earth that ties
Our souls from soaring to their native skies?
Upon the bright Eternal Face to gaze,
And there drink-in the beatific rays;
There to behold the Good One and the Fair,
A ray from whom all mortal beauties are?
In beauteous nature all the harmony
Is but the echo of the Deity,
Of all perfection who the centre is,
And boundless ocean of untainted bliss,
For ever open to the ravish'd view
And full enjoyment of the radiant crew,
Who live in raptures of eternal joy,
Whose flaming love their tuneful harps employ
In solemn hymns Jehovah's praise to sing,
And make all heaven with hallelujahs ring.
  These realms of light no further I 'll explore,
And in these heights I will no longer soar:
Not like our grosser atmosphere beneath,
The ether here 's too thin for me to breathe;
The region is unsufferably bright,
And flashes on me with too strong a light.
Then from the mountain, lo! I now descend,
And to my vision put a hasty end.

END OF POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

I.—COMMENDA'
SECONI

ON

O, gaudy Summ
Dull is thy sun, an
From thy short ni
My kindling thou
Majestic Winter
And o'er the world
From north to sou
Blue frost, bleak ra
In thee, sad Win
Far more related t
To thee my gently-
Thy sigh my sister
On thee I muse, an
See life expiring e
Thy sickening ra
Show life's last scen
But thou art safe, a
Immortal in the no
From time and dea
O may such numbe
Secure and glorious

Firm in your native strength, thus nobly shown,
Slight such delusive props, and stand alone;
Fruitless dependence oft has found too late
That greatness rarely dwells among the great.
Patrons are Nature's nobles, not the state's,
And wit's a title no broad seal creates;
Even kings, from whose high source all honours flow,
Are poor in power when they would souls bestow.
Heedless of fortune then look down on state,
Balanced within by reason's conscious weight:
Divinely proud of independent will,
Prince of your passions, live their sovereign still.
He who stoops safe beneath a patron's shade
Shines, like the moon, but by another's aid;
Free truth should open and unbiass'd steer,
Strong as heaven's heat, and as its brightness clear.
O, swell not then the bosoms of the vain
With false conceit that you protection gain;
Poets, like you, their own protectors stand,
Placed above aid from pride's inferior hand.
Time, that devours the lord's unlasting name,
Shall lend her soundless depth to float your fame.
On verse like yours no smiles from power expect,
Born with a worth that doom'd you to neglect:
Yet, would your wit be noised, reflect no more,
Let the smooth veil of flattery silk you o'er;
Aptly attach'd, the court's soft climate try,
Learn your pen's duty from your patron's eye.
Ductile of soul, each pliant purpose wind,
And, tracing interest close, leave doubt behind:
Then shall your name strike loud the public ear;
For through good fortune virtue's self shines clear.
But, in defiance of our taste, to charm,
And fancy's force with judgment's caution arm;
Disturb, with busy thought, so lull'd an age,
And plant strong meanings o'er the peaceful page;
Impregnate sound with sense; teach Nature art,
And warm even Winter till it thaws the heart:
How could you thus your country's rules transgress,
Yet think of patrons, and presume success!

A. Hill.

TO

ON HIS PUBLISHING T
CA

Charm'd and instruct
I have, unjust, withheld
This debt of gratitude
Warmly sincere, 't is all

Thy worth new light
And shows it, blazing,
Through all thy variou
Magnificence of though
Clear depth of sense, ex
And goodness, eminent
For this, the wise, the
With zealous joy—for t
Even Age and Truth s
That Heaven inspires t

Thus I dare sing of
Friendless—supported
For those whose aided
In fortune, see not wit
Nor place nor power h
And wealth enlarges n

How couldst thou th
Or hope reward by dar
Unskilful of the age! u
Those favours which th
A thousand shameful a
Falsehood and flattery
If thy loved country li
Thou must drive out t
Extinguish each bright
And centre in thyself

But hence that vilen
Cast each low thought
Neglected into noble s
From that worn path w
Inglorious herd! profu
And by the pride despi
Thou, careless of the st
Treadst that straight way

By virtue guided, and by glory fired,
And by reluctant envy slow admired,
Dare to do well, and in thy boundless mind
Embrace the general welfare of thy kind;
Enrich them with the treasures of thy thought,
What Heaven approves and what the Muse has taught,
Where thy power fails, unable to go on,
Ambitious, greatly will the good undone.
So shall thy name, through ages, brightening shine,
And distant praise from worth unborn be thine:
So shalt thou, happy, merit Heaven's regard,
And find a glorious, though a late, reward.

D. MALLOCH.

II.—SPECIMENS OF THOMSON'S PROSE.

I PRESENT the reader with two specimens of Thomson's composition in prose, the one written twenty-two years after the other.

PREFACE.*

I AM neither ignorant nor concerned how much one may suffer in the opinion of several persons of great gravity and character by the study and pursuit of poetry.

Although there may seem to be some appearance of reason for the present contempt of it, as managed by the most part of our modern writers, yet that any man should, seriously, declare against that divine art is really amazing. It is declaring against the most charming power of imagination, the most exalting force of thought, the most affecting touch of sentiment; in a word, against the very soul of all learning and politeness. It is affronting the universal taste of mankind, and declaring against what has charmed the listening world from Moses down to Milton. In fine, it is even declaring against the sublimest passages of the inspired writings themselves, and what seems to be the peculiar language of Heaven.

The truth of the case is this: these weak-sighted gentlemen cannot bear the strong light of poetry, and the finer and more amusing scene of things it displays; but must those, therefore, whom Heaven has blessed with the discerning eye, shut it to keep them company?

* Prefixed to the second edition of "Winter," 1726.

[illegible] government [illegible] a
[illegible] against [illegible].

That there are [illegible]
[illegible] so [illegible] that the [illegible]
[illegible]: but is there [illegible]
[illegible] the use of him[illegible]
I hope that no man w[illegible]
[illegible] will [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a[illegible]
of the stage.

To make no further [illegible]
restored to her ancient [illegible]
from heaven, and, in [illegible]
let her exchange her [illegible]
are fair, useful, and [illegible]
[illegible] as it once to please.
them, of necessity, the [illegible]
dice shall be struck du[illegible]
and wonder of mankin[illegible]

But this happy peri[illegible]
wished illustrious man[illegible]
on the wintry world [illegible]
bounded greatness and [illegible]
all the pomp and prid[illegible]
ful flatterer, pierces th[illegible]
discountenances all th[illegible]
and who, stretching [illegible]
true interest of virtu[illegible]
heart. A character, [illegible]

and the reader feel, unwarranted by reason, or followed by repentant disgust. To be able to write on a dry, barren theme, is looked upon by some as the sign of a happy, fruitful genius,—fruitful indeed! like one of the pendent gardens in Cheapside, watered every morning by the hand of the alderman himself. And what are we commonly entertained with on these occasions, save forced, unaffecting fancies, little, glittering prettinesses, mixed turns of wit and expression, which are as widely different from native poetry as buffoonery is from the perfection of human thinking? A genius fired with the charms of truth and nature is tuned to a sublimer pitch, and scorns to associate with such subjects.

I cannot more emphatically recommend this poetical ambition than by the four following lines from Mr. Hill's poem, called "the Judgment Day," which is so singular an instance of it:—

> "For me, suffice it to have taught my Muse
> The tuneful triflings of her tribe to shun;
> And raised her warmth such heavenly themes to choose,
> As, in past ages, the best garlands won."

I know no subject more elevating, more amusing, more ready to awake the poetical enthusiasm, the philosophical reflection, and the moral sentiment, than the works of Nature. Where can we meet with such variety, such beauty, such magnificence? all that enlarges and transports the soul? What more inspiring than a calm, wide survey of them? In every dress Nature is greatly charming; whether she puts on the crimson robes of the morning, the strong effulgence of noon, the sober suit of the evening, or the deep sables of blackness and tempest! How gay looks the Spring! how glorious the Summer! how pleasing the Autumn! and how venerable the Winter!—But there is no thinking of these things without breaking out into poetry, which is, by the by, a plain and undeniable argument of their superior excellence.

For this reason, the best, both ancient and modern, poets have been passionately fond of retirement and solitude. The wild romantic country was their delight. And they seem never to have been more happy than when, lost in unfrequented fields, far from the little busy world, they were at leisure to meditate, and sing the works of Nature.

The Book of Job, that noble and ancient poem, which even strikes so forcibly through a mangling translation, is

Me vero primum
Quarum amore f
Antigiand ; cui
Rigidus calle ca
Unde bruma tu
Obficibus rupti
Quod tantum oc
Hiberni : vel qu
Sun, has ut pom
Frigidus obtide
Iturs mihi et rig
Flumina amem

Which may be Engli

Me may the M
Whose priest I
Snatch to their
The sun's distr
Whence the ca
Heave at the ro
Why winter-sn
And what retar
But, lest I shou
If the cold curr
The country me
'Mid woods and

I cannot put an en
freedom to offer my n
ments to all those gu
formance so favourabl
It is with the best

most gentle power of poetry in the lines with which Mira has graced my poem.

It perhaps might be reckoned vanity in me, to say how richly I value the approbation of a gentleman of Mr. Malloch's fine and exact taste, so justly dear and valuable to all those that have the happiness of knowing him; and who, to say no more of him, will abundantly make good to the world the early promise his admired piece of "William and Margaret" has given.

I only wish my description of the various appearance of Nature in Winter, and, as I purpose, in the other Seasons, may have the good fortune to give the reader some of that true pleasure which they, in their agreeable succession, are always sure to inspire into my heart.

LETTER TO MR. PATERSON.*

The notes appended to this interesting letter were written by the Earl of Buchan.

DEAR PATERSON,

IN the first place, and previously to my letter, I must recommend to your favour and protection Mr. James Smith, searcher in St. Christopher's; and I beg of you, as occasion shall serve, and as you find he merits it, to advance him in the business of the Customs. He is warmly recommended to me by Sargent, who in verity turns out one of the best men of our youthful acquaintance, honest, honourable, friendly, and generous.—If we are not to oblige one another, life becomes a paltry selfish affair, a pitiful morsel in a corner! Sargent is so happily married, that I could almost say, "The same case happen to us all!"

That I have not answered several letters of yours, is not owing to the want of friendship, and the sincerest regard for you; but you know me well enough to account for my silence, without my saying any more upon that head; besides, I have very little to say, that is worthy to be transmitted over the great ocean. The world either futilizes so much, or we grow so dead to it, that its transactions make but a feeble impression on us. Retirement and nature are

* Mr. Paterson, a companion of Thomson, afterwards his deputy as surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands, and his successor in the office, used to write out fair copies of his works, several of which are in my collection.

much to the same
two fields next to
(no, no,—paled in
of before: so that
you may figure me
times under night.

For you,—I im
palmettos, and the
than are known to
rendered awful and
fervors of the torri
drinking punch in
pine-apples from
berries, poetizing
full-spread myrtles

But,—to lower
ine lover of garde
that instance, and
succeed here durin
fect their seeds su
mate, to propagat
that, from the see
ricketty, and good
certainly with you,
flourish here in th
provided they were
house. You will
me, from time to

With regard to the brother gardeners, you ought to know, that, as they are half vegetables, the animal part of them will never have spirit enough to consent to the transplanting of the vegetable into "distant dangerous climates:"* they, happily for themselves, have no other idea but to dig on here, eat, drink, sleep, and kiss their wives.

As to more important business, I have nothing to write to you. You know best the course of it. Be (as you always must be) just and honest: but if you are unhappily romantic, you shall come home without money, and write a tragedy on yourself. Mr. Lyttelton told me that the Grenvilles and he had strongly recommended the person the governor and you proposed for that considerable office, lately fallen vacant in your department, and that there were good hopes of succeeding. He told me also that Mr. Pitt had said, it was not to be expected that offices such as that is, for which the greatest interest is made here at home, could be accorded to your recommendation; but that, as to the middling or inferior offices, if there was not some particular reason to the contrary, regard would be had thereto. This is all that can be reasonably desired: and if you are not infected with a certain Creolean distemper, (whereof, I am persuaded, your soul will utterly resist the contagion, as I hope your body will that of their natural ones,) there are few men so capable of that unperishable happiness, that peace and satisfaction of mind, that proceed from being reasonable and moderate in our desires, as you are. These are the treasures, dug from an inexhaustible mine in our own breasts; which, like those in the kingdom of heaven, the rust of time cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. I must learn to work at this mine a little more, being struck off from a certain hundred pounds a year which you know I had. West, Mallet, and I were all routed in one day. If you would know why—out of resentment to our friend† in Argyll-street. Yet I have hopes given me of having it restored with interest, some

specimen in his "Liberty," as he has of the first in his "Seasons" and "Castle of Indolence." Gardening, except in the stiff ornamental style of Holland, had made but little progress in England in the days of Thomson.

* Nearly the poet's own expression in his (then recently altered) "Hymn on the Seasons:" "To distant barbarous climes."—EDIT.

† George, afterwards Lord Lyttelton.

time or other. Ah! that
deceiver.

"Coriolanus" has not y
the little dirty jealousy of
desired to act Tullus—t
Coriolanus. Indeed, the
off the stage for this seaso
him next season, like a g
little more patience, Pate
last all will be well; at le
God forbid it should be
a God, that will not be so

Now that I am pratin
teen or fifteen years, the "
in a fortnight.§ It will
You have an apartment
you may remember I fill
party at North Ham. W
Do not you remember y
never caught?

All our friends are pre
poor Mr. Lyttelton. He
mane tender heart can
will at last close up his w
remain an inward smarti

Mitchel¶ is in the
spoken modestly well: I
soon. None deserves be
dwell in his heart. Gr
accounts. I spoke to h
you any trouble about it,
of it strangely; but I
He values himself justl

* Garrick.

‡ It is pleasing to see the la
the form of the soul is eter
body. There may be worthle
for destruction; but of all t
enjoy it, nothing shall be lost,
again at the last day.

§ The "Castle of Indolence
guage,—worthy of the ripened

‖ The death of his Lucy.

¶ Sir Andrew Mitchel of T

friends, and you are among the oldest. Symmer is at last tired of quality, and is going to take a semi-country house at Hammersmith.

I am sorry that honest sensible Warrender (who is in town) seems to be stunted in church preferment. He ought to be a tall cedar in the house of the Lord. If he is not so at last, it will add more fuel to my indignation, that burns already too intensely, and throbs towards an eruption. Peter Murdoch is in town, tutor to Admiral Vernon's son; and is in good hopes of another living in Suffolk, that country of tranquillity, where he will then burrow himself in a wife, and be happy. Good-natured, obliging Millar is as usual.

Though the doctor* increases in his business, he does not decrease in spleen; but there is a certain kind of spleen that is both humane and agreeable, like Jacques in the play. I sometimes have a touch of it.—But I must break off this chat with you about our friends, which, were I to indulge it, would be endless.

As for politics, we are, I believe, upon the brink of a peace. The French at present are vapouring in the siege of Maestricht; at the same time they are mortally sick in their marine, and through all the vitals of France. It is a pity we cannot continue the war a little longer, and put their agonizing trade quite to death. This siege, I take it, they mean as their last flourish in the war.

May your health, which never failed you yet, still continue, till you have scraped together enough to return home, and live in some snug corner, as happy as the *Corycius senex*, in Virgil's fourth Georgic, whom I recommend both to you and myself as a perfect model of the truest happy life.

Believe me to be ever most sincerely and affectionately

Yours, &c.,

JAMES THOMSON.

* Doctor Armstrong.—Armstrong was a worthy man, a good physician, and perhaps one of the best scientific didactic poets in the world, as appears from his poem on the Art of preserving Health. Thomson has described his absent moods in the "Castle of Indolence," in the sixtieth stanza.

When the good Doctor was with the British army in Flanders, as surgeon or physician, he was taken prisoner one day, taking what he called a stroll beyond the lines.

III.—SPECIMENS OF
THE "SEAS

In the "Seasons" publ
graph occupied the sp
"Spring." But in the ed
it to "Summer," and i
By comparing them toge
improvements in style a

I. ALL N

THESE are not idle ph
Full NATURE swarms wi
In putrid steams emits
Of pestilence. Through
Where searching sunbe
Earth animated heaves.
Wants not its soft inhal
Hard as it is, in every
Holds multitudes. Bu
Which dance unnumbe
The downy orchard, an
Of mellow fruit, the na
Of evanescent insects.
Stands mantled o'er wi
Amid the floating verd
Each liquid too, wheth
Potent, or mild, with
Nor is the lucid stream
Though one transparen
Devoid of theirs. Eve
On animals, in infinite
And all so fine adjuste
Of the least species wo
Stranger than this the'
And to the curious giv
Of lessening life; by W
From eye and ear of m
The worlds in worlds c
Seen by his sharpen'd
Intensely bended hear

The freshest viands, and the brightest wines,
He 'd turn abhorrent, and, in dead of night,
When Silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.

II. DESCRIPTION OF THE TORRID ZONE, AND OF A CITY COVERED WITH SAND IN THE DESERT OF ARABIA.

THUS far transported by my country's love,
Nobly digressive from my theme, I 've aim'd
To sing her praises in ambitious verse;
While slightly to recount I simply meant
The various Summer-horrors, which infest
Kingdoms that scorch below severer suns;
Kingdoms on which, direct, the flood of day
Oppressive falls, and gives the gloomy hue
And feature gross; or, worse, to ruthless deeds,
Wan jealousy, red rage, and fell revenge,
Their hasty spirit prompts.* Ill-fated race!
Although the treasures of the sun be theirs,
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
Whence, over sands of gold, the Niger rolls
His amber wave;† while on his balmy banks,
Or in the spicy Abyssinian vales,
The citron, orange, and pomegranate, drink
Intolerable day, yet in their coats
A cooling juice contain!‡ Peaceful beneath
Leans the huge elephant; and in his shade
A multitude of beauteous creatures play,
And birds of bolder note rejoice around.§
And oft amid their aromatic groves,
Touch'd by the torch of noon, the gummy bark,
Smouldering, begins to roll the dusky wreath.
Instant, so swift the ruddy ruin spreads,
A cloud of incense shadows all the land;
And o'er a thousand thundering trees, at once,
Riots with lawless rage the running blaze:
But chiefly should fomenting winds assist,
And doubling blend the circulating waves
Of flame tempestuous; or directly on,
Far-streaming, drive them through the forests.

* See this sentence amplified in verses 884—890 of "Summer" in the present edition.

† See verses 869—875.

‡ See verses 657—668.

§ See verses 716—732.

But other views await
Glows like an arch of lo
The brown-burnt earth
Of fruits, and flowers, a
Barren and bare, a joyl
Thin-cottaged; and, in
Abandon'd by the vanis
Of fading fortune by hi
Such are thy horrid
Zaara, thy hot inhospit
Continuous rising often
Till the sun sees no mo
Shook by the South int
Falls in new hilly king
Hence late exposed
A smother'd city from
Emergent rose; with o
Fresh woods, reclining
Amusing all and incor
For by the nitrous pen
Mix'd copious with the
Each object hardens gr
Its posture fixes, and i
The statue-folk, within,
The streets, in various
By sudden fate, and li
The passions caught, l
Here, leaning soft, the
Delighted even in deat
Feeling alone, with tha
Which perfect Nature
And there the father a
Fond o'er his weeping
Aghast and trembling,
The stiffen'd vulgar str
With horror staring; w
Assembled full, the ho
Sit sadly-thoughtful of
As when old Rome ben
Sunk her proud turrets,
Around the Forum sat
Of senators, majestic, m
With ivory staves, and

Dress'd like the falling fathers of mankind;
Amazed and shivering, from the solemn sight
The red barbarians shrunk, and deem'd them Gods.
'T is here that thirst has fix'd his dry domain;
And walks his wide, malignant round, in search
Of pilgrim lost; or on the merchant's tomb *
Triumphant sits, who for a single cruse
Of unavailing water paid so dear:
Nor could the gold his hard associate save!
Here the green serpent gathers up his train
In orbs immense; then darting out anew,
Progressive, rattles through the wither'd brake;
And, lolling frightful, guards the scanty fount,
If fount there be: or of diminish'd size,
But mighty mischief, on the' unguarded swain
Steals, full of rancour.† Here the savage race
Roam, licensed by the shading hour of blood
And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
His sacred eye. The rabid tiger then,
The fiery panther, and the whisker'd pard,
(Bespeckled fair, the beauty of the waste,)
In dire divan, surround their shaggy king,
Majestic, stalking o'er the burning sand,
With planted step; while an obsequious crowd
Of grinning forms at humble distance wait.
These all together join'd from darksome caves,
Where o'er gnaw'd bones they slumber'd out the day,
By supreme hunger smit and thirst intense,
At once their mingling voices raise to heaven;
And with imperious and repeated roars,
Demanding food, the wilderness resounds
From Atlas eastward to the frighted Nile.‡

I have adduced this long passage to show the extensive improvements which the author made in his "Seasons," in the interval between 1738 and 1744. In the edition of 1738 it is numbered 671—777, and is enclosed between the paragraph which commences, "O Thou, by whose almighty

* In the desert of Araoan are two tombs with inscriptions on them, importing that the persons there interred were a rich merchant and a poor carrier, who both died of thirst; and that the former had given to the latter ten thousand ducats for one cruse of water.

† See verses 898—911. ‡ See verses 912—938.

[illegible]
description of the "[illegible]
"Seasons" after 1730.

The reader will now
critic on the subject of

"The authority of I
opinion, that the 'Seas
improved by the succes
He says that they lost
seased. This opinion,
correct. They improve
course of the second a
have often been struc
stages of their improv
which must have taken
ing so short a period.
can now account satisf
copy of the 'Seasons' (
to Thomson, with his o
alterations and additio
most all the amendme
Thomson in the last ed
sons,' as they now sta
MITFORD's "Essay on th

the same service. We possess the means of ascertaining e nature and extent of their several labours, in conse-ıence of the unexpected discovery of the interleaved copy, ıich contained their proposed emendations. The edition 1744, therefore, was a greatly enlarged one; and for any years was accounted the standard, till Mr. Corney ew the attention of the learned to the superior merits the impression of 1746.

The difference between the editions of 1744 and 1746, is ɔt very great. In the former of these the two following rses (378, 379) in "Spring" are not found:—

> Besides, who knows how, raised to higher life,
> From stage to stage, the *vital scale ascends?*

d in the latter the following verse is not found, in the scription of the Thames, in "Autumn," verse 123:—

> Than whom no river heaves a fuller tide.

her variations are observable between these two valuable itions; but these may at present suffice.

In 1750, two years after the death of Thomson, Lord rttelton with pious care superintended an edition of the Seasons," which is nearly an exact reprint of that of 1746; cept that, without any intimation to the reader, his Lord-ip preserved the regular numbering of the verses, and ırposely omitted the celebrated description of the return the hunters from the chase, and of their more inglorious hievements in the "ghostly hall of grey renown with ɔodland honours graced." ("Autumn," verses 492—568.) ıt he inserted it, as a separate poem, in the second volume Thomson's Works, which were published at the same ne, under the title of "the Return from the Fox-Chace: burlesque Poem, in the Manner of Mr. Philips;" and ap-nded to it the following explanatory note:—"The greater ırt of these verses were formerly inserted in Mr. Thom-n's 'Autumn;' but, being of a different character and ɣle from the rest, and rather belonging to the mock heroic burlesque way of writing, it has been judged proper to ıve them out *there* in the present edition, and insert them *re* by themselves." Beside this ungracious act of disse-ring, his Lordship made some additions not countenanced any previous or subsequent edition. "The Return" mmences thus:—

The lov'ly lad'l —
In weary triumph.
And hush'd to ghastly
With woodland ho
Descending down
O'er the drear wild
The stag's large lo
Their wear appear
Mix their lond hol
Beneath their ope
Were Ella's mour
When, with disord
Thessalian Cerlon
Behold! the foal!

The unwarranted lib
with the text, indeed
doch, one of Thomson'
tion of the "Seasons,"
years after the appeara
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1746: For instance,—

———Nature f
Shines out afresh
Even charm the

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most popular poem among them, he printed a greater number of that part of the impression to be sold as a separate volume. The preceding remarks therefore apply equally to the "Works" and to the "Seasons."

The first edition of the "Works" was that of 1730, published by subscription, in one quarto volume. It contained the "Seasons," and the "Poem to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton;" and to it are usually subjoined four of his minor pieces, with a separate paging, in the form of an appendix. In the year 1736 a very handsome volume was printed as the second of his "Works," comprising "Sophonisba," "Britannia," and "Liberty." This was numbered as the second volume on the title, and sold as a companion to that of 1730.

The next was that of 1738, in 2 vols. 8vo., "with alterations and additions." It comprised "Agamemnon," in addition to the contents of the two quarto volumes.

The third, in 1744, was a beautiful and correct edition, in 2 vols. 8vo., and comprehended all Thomson's poems published previously to that date. This I believe to be the last edition printed under the author's supervision; for I have never seen a fourth edition, of the year 1746.

After the poet's death, his noble friend Lord Lyttelton collected all his Poetical Works, and published them in 1750 in 4 vols. 12mo.; which contained all those poems that afterwards appeared in Murdoch's edition of 1762. A copy of it, on fine paper, has been long in my possession: the typographical execution is very respectable.

The high opinion which the noble editor entertained of his own labours may be gathered from an extract of a letter which he addressed to Dr. Doddridge, March 22d, 1750:—"You will find this edition much preferable to any of the former, though not entirely free from false prints. Great corrections have been made in the diction; and many redundancies have been cut off, which hurt the spirit, and weakened the force, of the more sublime and nervous parts. So that, upon the whole, I am persuaded you will think Mr. Thomson a much better poet, if you take the trouble to read over his 'Works' in their present form, than you ever thought him before. Nor will such an amusement misspend your time; for a divine spirit of piety, virtue, and goodness breathes through them all." I have already animadverted on his Lordship's treatment of the "Seasons," in his un-

[illegible]

were entertained concerning that which appeared in 1762, and the onerous duties which consequently devolved on Murdoch. His unassuming title is, "The Works of James Thomson, with *his last Corrections and Improvements.*" Under the peculiar circumstances which have now been detailed, the responsible task which the new editor undertook was well fulfilled; and, to this day, no whisper has been heard of any undue influence having been employed by him either for or against the admission of a single phrase or epithet. It was published by subscription in two noble quarto volumes, and dedicated to his Majesty King George the Third, who headed the "List of the Encouragers" with a royal gift of "a hundred pounds." There were at least two editions of it in 12mo., before the appearance, in 1768, of a new one in two vols. 4to., with a few emendations in the Life. The public evinced their confidence in Murdoch as an editor, by the rapid sale of the collected "Works" and of the "Seasons;" and all subsequent editors have had recourse to his quarto volumes, as containing the standard text of the author.

V.—ALTERATIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS IN THE "SEASONS" BY THOMSON AND POPE.

As early as the year 1816, the Rev. John Mitford, in his Life of Gray, announced to the world the interesting circumstance, that he had an interleaved copy of the "Seasons," containing numerous emendations, of which he gave a few specimens. In a more ample communication to the "Gentleman's Magazine" in 1841, he informs us that for one shilling and six-pence he purchased, what he "would not exchange for the great ruby in the royal crown, the edition of the 'Seasons' of 1738, 8vo. interleaved, filled with Thomson's alterations in his own hand in every page, and with numerous emendations and alterations by Pope, in his small and beautiful writing." From this gentleman's communication I proceed to borrow a few instances of the alterations made in the "Seasons."

I. BY THOMSON.

In "Spring," the paragraph commencing at verse 356 of the edition of 1738, reads thus:—

Are but a beam from Him. The glittering stars,
By the deep ear of Meditation heard,
Still in their midnight watches sing of Him.
He nods a calm. The tempest blows his wrath,
Roots up the forest, and o'erturns the main.
The thunder is his voice, and the red flash
His speedy sword of justice. At his touch,
The mountains flame. He shakes the solid earth,
And rocks the nations. Nor in these alone,
In every common instance God is seen;
And to the man who casts his mental eye
Abroad, unnoticed wonders rise. But chief
In thee, boon Spring, and in thy softer scenes,
The smiling God appears, &c.

The character of Spenser was not in the edition of 1738; but Thomson wrote it nearly as it now stands in "Summer," verses 1572—1579:—

Nor shall my verse *forget* that elder bard, [forget,]
The gentle Spenser, Fancy's *gaudy* [pleasing] son,
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
Nor *him*, [thee,] his ancient master, laughing sage,
Chaucer, whose native manners-painting sense,
Well-moralized, shines through the Gothic cloud
Of *lift* [time] and language o'er his genius thrown.

II. ALTERATIONS BY POPE.

The emendations on the text of 1738 by this eminent poet, display a taste and elegance which, had he made the attempt, would have insured him the highest place in blank verse as well as in rhyme.

In the edition of 1738, the following passage occurs in "Summer," verse 620:—

Let comprehensive Newton speak thy fame
In all philosophy. For solemn song,
Is not wild Shakspeare Nature's boast and thine?
And every greatly amiable Muse
Of elder ages in thy Milton met?
His was the treasure of two thousand years,
Seldom indulged to man; a godlike mind,
Unlimited and various as his theme,
Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, soft as the talk
Of our grand parents, and as Heaven sublime!

This is Pope's charming alteration:—

Let Newton, pure intelligence, whom Heaven
Lent to mankind [to mortals lent] its boundless works to trace,
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame

The last four lines o
are Pope's entirely :—

> The fields, the master,
> If to the various bless
> Has *shower'd upon me*
> That *sweetest* [dearest]

The four lines which
the place of these, in t

> With harvest shining,
> And, if my wishes ma
> Their master too, who
> To make the daughter

In the same episode,
lines :—

> Thoughtless of beauty,
> Recluse among the wo
> Will deign their faith
> By strong Necessity,
> And pleased a look as
> To glean Palæmon's fi

These lines Pope eras
place, which now stand

> Thoughtless of beauty,
> Recluse among the clo
> As in the hollow brea
> e shel
> ises, f

Then blazed his smother'd flame avow'd and bold,
And as he rus her, ardent, o'er and o'er, &c.

This, however, Thomson himself altered.

These emendations in the text of 1731, and hundreds more, after a little additional polishing on the part of Thomson, were inserted in the edition of 1744; a fact which much enhances its value.

VI.—LORD LYTTELTON'S PROPOSED EDITION OF THE "SEASONS."

THE literary world was long entertained with the wonderful information, that a copy of the "Seasons" was in existence, which contained extensive alterations by Lord Lyttelton, and which ought to be published. But since the facts concerning it have become known, it is deservedly consigned to everlasting oblivion. His Lordship, not content with his editorial feats in the "Seasons" and "Liberty," in 1750,* and heedless of the strong expression of public opinion against all unauthorized tampering with the works of a deceased author, commenced offensive operations upon the out-works of Thomson, by altering the title-page of a copy of his former edition, 1752, into 1758, which marks the time of his aggression. In one of the blank leaves before the poem, he wrote the following

"PREFACE TO THE SEASONS."

"IN this edition, *conformably to the intention and will of the author*, some expressions in the 'Seasons,' which have justly been thought too harsh, or obscure, or not strictly grammatical, have been corrected, some lines transposed, and a few others left out. The Hymn, which was printed at the end of the 'Seasons' in some of the last editions, is likewise omitted, *because it appears to good judges, that all the matter and thoughts in that hymn are much better expressed in the 'Seasons' themselves.*"

The complaint against Lord Lyttelton in this Preface, as well as in that to "Liberty" in 1750, is, that his language is designedly misleading. He either acted very culpably as editor of his friend's "Works" in 1750, by presenting to the world nearly a verbatim reprint of the best edition of

* See an account of them in pp. 667, *et seq.*

the "Seasons;" (that of
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which has been the o
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John Mitford, having
this *improved* copy, g
of it: "Lord Lyttelton
very timid or reluctant
sages, transposed others
particular expressions a
specimens, he significa
proving the 'Seasons!'"

It seems to have bee
to his friend Mrs. Mo
given to the late Earl
found nothing in it of
the library at Hagley.
it slumber, as a real heir

35:24 M

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